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2nd ed. circa 1897

E. S. Wayland
January 185

From Oxford to Rome:

AND

HOW IT FARED WITH SOME WHO LATELY MADE THE JOURNEY.

By a Companion Traveller.

Ohne Rast—Ohne Hast.

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS.
1847.

LONDON:
HARRISON AND CO., PRINTERS,
ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

DEDICATED,
AFFECTIONATELY
AND
VERY EARNESTLY,
TO THOSE WHO, DISSATISFIED WITH THE PRESENT,
AND TRUSTING, YET, THAT THEIR EYES MAY SEE
'THE CHURCH OF BETTER DAYS,'
RATHER LOOK BACKWARD TO ROME
AS THE UNFAILING SPRING OF TRUTH AND PURITY,
THAN FORWARD
TO THE TIME OF THE 'CERTAIN' 'SUDDEN' COMING
OF 'THE LORD WHOM THEY SEEK' 'TO HIS TEMPLE,'—
TO PERFECT HIS OWN
'AS WITH A REFINER'S FIRE AND WITH FULLERS' SOAP;'
AND TO TAKE HIS SIDE,
AND GIVE THE BATTLE TO THE RIGHT
IN THE FINAL STRIFE OF PRINCIPLES:
TO THOSE
WHO VISIT NOTRE DAME, AND ST. PETER'S, AND COLOGNE,
AND ARE FASCINATED WITH THE SPLENDORS OF THE
LATIN RITUAL:
AND TO THOSE
WHO,
TOO LIGHTLY,
LEAVE THE UNWARY WANDERER
TO BE LOST
IN STRANGE PATHS.

PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

It has been suggested to the Author that it would be advisable to preface the present edition of "From Oxford to Rome" with these few words.

First, it seems needful that it be sorrowfully avowed the actual work of an actual convert. Further, the papers which compose this little book were originally commenced with the intention of their forming a simple record of one—a devoted Anglican parish priest—then lately "known no more in his place," in connexion with a narrative of that tendency of circumstances and progressive feeling through which the Roman Church is in our midst, in these days, winning the allegiance of many, even of the most dutiful and true minds. Subsequently they were augmented by matters of detail and the introduction of personages subsidiary to the chief character, and intended rather as a veil than a distinguishment.

It was, however, found impossible so to cut out or re-create the portraits of some living characters, as to leave the picture purely an historical ideal; and the book therefore comes before its readers in its present, we are told, unintelligible form. It does not appear that it would be just or desirable to illustrate the following pages with a preface of references indicating beyond a doubt the scene and actors of each event:—nor is it needful to correct so minutely the misconceptions which have obtained in some quarters,—as to say that Leeds was not the parish of Eustace's location, (no person acquainted with that town and its ecclesiastical arrangements would suggest that it could be intended,) or to disclaim any reference to the distinguished occupant of a high prelacy in the English Church, to a nobleman on whom many eyes are turned as a star and a Providence in this land, and to a poet and scholar to whom our homes and hearts are indebted for half the Christian harmonies which rejoice them,—as any of the Three of whom it has been ventured in the closing page to predict success, as the Champions of Catholic faith and customs. These are matters of small importance, of local interest or private impression; now the object of the writer,—the first and the final,—however otherwise the aspect of the story underwent change—right or wrong, in wisdom or in sin,

God knows,—was the utterance of a Warning Voice that should be heard and felt, from the furnace whose teaching is with tongues of fire, and whose discipline is administered to the refugeless soul.

The book has been accused of sinister objects under its ostensible professions. To this it remains but to say that—however the condemnation of presumption or injustice or weakness may lie against it, on account of the writer's want of age and importance and sufficient information of the whole case, especially where it is attempted to frame reasons and to judge between the several claims upon us of the great visible parts of The Holy Catholic Church,—still, what was written was written in the sincerity of strong conviction, with the fervent aspiration urging the pen through every page—Convertere Domine captivitatem nostram, sicut torrens in Austro—Bring back, O Lord, our captive people, like a torrent in the South!

London,
St. George's Day, 1847.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE FIRST EDITION.

To THOSE who contemn Oxford and Rome alike, this book will be without interest; it is a history which will speak deep meanings only to those before whom the course it describes has arisen as a temptation and a snare—to them it is addressed. It should be remarked, that it was put together and prepared for the press in the midst of strong excitement, and the opposite disadvantages of feeble health, by such a one as its title-page indicates. Subsequent revisions have, it is hoped, corrected some harshness and some incertitude of language; but, should it happen that any such remains, should it seem that the writer has been so unhappy as to add to, instead of in measure expiating, the sin of rashness and impatience, and, it may be, insufficient consideration in past dealings with the holiest things,—let it incite the reader, not to anger or to scorn, but to the prayer of

charity for the weakness of one who has made, and who has witnessed, the course of which no mere conjecturer can know the trial—the course which who has gone, can never more "think as he hath thought, or be what he hath been, again."

WINDSOR,
Christmas Day, 1846.

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From Oxford to Rome.

Heureux celui que la vérité enseigne par elle-même, non par des figures et des paroles qui passent, mais en se montrant telle qu'elle est! Nos opinions nous trompent souvent, et leurs vues sont très bornées. A quoi servent ces grandes subtilités sur des choses cachées et obscures, dont l'ignorance ne nous sera point imputé au jugement de Dieu! C'est une grande folie de négliger les connoissances utiles et nécessaires, pour nous appliquer à celles qui sont curieuses et nuisibles. Nous avons des yeux et nous ne voyons pas.—Thomas a Kempis.

AT noon, on the — of July, 184—, two members of the University were pacing slowly along the High Street of Oxford. One wore his scholastic dress, the other was equipped as for a journey, and their words seemed to be those of friends parting on the eve of an anxious event.

"I cannot," said the elder, who was known as the distinguished Fellow of a chief College in the University,—"I cannot see with you, Eustace; to me it appears that in these faithless times we should rather lay up our treasure, which the Truth is, in our hearts, than expose it to the common gaze and

scoff of men. Remember how fearfully we in many ways of necessity augment their responsibility and condemnation by setting before them holy and saving doctrines which we know they will not receive while their hearts are hardened; and is it right, is it good, is it the part of tender watchers for the souls of men, is it following His blessed example Who 'did not many mighty works in Nazareth because of their unbelief,' to throw on the ignorant multitude also this new addition to their account, by opening before them the full system of doctrine and ritual which we have ourselves only gained through much patience and mental trial?"

"But surely, dear sir," replied the collegian who was thus addressed, "you would not allow things to go on in their present way, exhibiting to the world such a scene of dilapidated worship? That was a beautiful thought L. expressed the other day, 'that perhaps it was rather in compassion to the weakness of men's faith than because She had lost the power, that the Church refrained in these times from working miracles as of old;' but admitting that Her miraculous gifts should be veiled and reserved from the irreverence of the age, is it not the more incumbent on us to maintain that 'decent form and state,' which in the dearth of better principles has at least a hold upon the minds of men through the imagination and the taste?"

"It is true: and you will not suspect me of having become a votary of niggardliness in these things. I would have all done at length, but noiselessly, unobtrusively, by degrees. Restore and beautify the edifice of the Church, but do not suddenly introduce the Lectern and Credence, and Piscina, and Vestments which, however pleasing

and appropriate, are at present unusual to the people. Content yourself yet with the strict practical observance of the Rubrics of the Common Prayer Book, and wait awhile to see the expediency of further developments of Catholic habitudes. In those authorised Rubrics undoubtedly I would not have a hair's breadth yielded, because they are before the eyes of every one as the Statutes of the Church, and opposition must arise from wilful disobedience, not ignorance; and even while I caution you against too hastily beginning to enforce Canons which have been long in disuse, I would as little have you keep them out of sight; for it will be clearly your duty, receiving them at the hands of the Church with your own Commission to administer them, to prepare their way, and perhaps by-and-by bring them forward at risk and with sacrifice, even, if need be, of that greatest good—peace; remembering always that the Word of Christ was not sent to accomplish a universal cessation of strife, but really as a Sword to separate truth from error, evil from good. Much more should you keep all this in mind with regard to doctrine and expositions of Holy Scripture; but both in matters of form not strictly rubrical, and in manners of speech involving important questions, be lenient towards the weak; spare prejudices; I could almost say even in such a connection, respect early associations—*in necessariis unitas, in omnibus caritas*,—while you pursue the first, let the last part of that motto never be out of your mind."

The younger gentleman who had been addressed as Eustace, replied:

"It does not become me to oppose opinions to yours; yet I covet to see diffused over the Church

that mind of fearless and aggressive energy which has sanctified the names of Jerom, and Augustine, and Ambrose, and Gregory, and Chrysostom; and I confess my conviction is still very strong that an open, manly, honest, avowal of principles will more often convert by its speaking directly to the heart, than the wisest and most circuitous development which prepares the Mind and educates the Will before it touches even the outskirts of the Feelings. It challenges sympathy at once; and it seems to me that there is that in man which is readier to yield sympathy where confidence is given and counted on, than where wariness and caution put a tacit insult on his best nature."

"You speak, my Eustace, rather as an amiable theorist, than as a practical philosopher; but tell me from what data referable to these times you draw your conclusion, that men are more penetrable by an extreme candour than by a skilful diplomatic treatment. If it is so indeed, much labour might be spared to governments, both religious and political, in the arrangements of their hierarchical and international affairs!"

"I draw my belief from what we see everywhere about us here; and allow me, dear Sir, to submit that at least your doctrine is not your own practice: have *you* so reserved your sentiments that there is a man in Oxford who is unfamiliar with them? Nay, is not all England, the world, are not even the corridors of the Vatican, ringing at this hour with your name, as the very Avatar of Religion and Catholic Truth? Are not thousands blessing you in their secret homes, and on the highways, and in the busy marts, for the streams of living water, which it has been your glorious mission to loosen from their fountains for their refreshment?

The plan of conduct you inculcate would not have done all this."

The youth stopped abruptly, as if conscious that his zeal carried him somewhat beyond the bounds to be observed between the teacher and the pupil.

For a moment the clear pale brow, whose fine proportions were displayed by the close band of the college cap, was overspread with a flush, as answering to the note of triumph so enthusiastically sounded; but it was calmed with a sad smile, and perhaps a sigh, the only reply to this warm and headlong charge of inconsistency. It might be a rapid glance along the path of the past, at the wants that first elicited the energies of a revolution, now become a wide-spreading and dominant Event, and a momentary trial of the power still urging it forward, that abstracted the attention of the Leader: it might be a severer arraignment at the bar of conscience, testing motives, feelings, purposes, that suddenly engrossed the Moral Agent; it might be some solitary thought that occupied the mind of the Man. But Eustace became impatient at the loss of moments which should give him last words of counsel and kindness.

"Forgive me," he said, "if I have spoken rashly."—

"Forgive you, my Eustace!" exclaimed his friend, "May I have as little need of forgiveness at your hands as you have at mine; but you think my conduct has been at variance with my rule; I believe I can explain to you the discrepancy. You have seen me in my position in the University, developing, certainly not concealing, Catholic sentiments. I will not remind you how these have been first growing in silence in my own heart, but, you know, I feel that I am here surrounded by

men capable of understanding and appreciating; by scholars, conversant with the learning, theological as well as classical, of past ages; by gentlemen, whose minds are open to accord hospitality to new thoughts and suggestions; by students of history, who know, and feel through their knowledge, that the Kingdom of God is an objective reality; and philosophers whose intellects are yearning after that True and Good which their hearts are struggling to tell them is—Faith; to men, in short, who have already practically received that remarkable saying of Guizot's, 'The Church is a Great Thought, go and study it.' You will not find men usually candid and open to conviction as they are in a University, where professedly they congregate *to learn;* and where, owing to the high class of the majority and the civilising influence of literature, an elegance and polish prevail which correct those asperities of feeling that are the strongest fetters on the judgment; yet, with all this, even Here much reserve is maintained. The same conversation would not pass with H. R. and C. as with yourself and L.; with you we speak freely even of our doubts, with them we only talk of what is evident and sure. Besides, among my parishioners I believe you would find me adopting precisely the plan I have indicated to you as the safe and best one, and what I said referred to your course as a parish clergyman, when your ministrations, public and private, will be subject to comment from persons of all classes; perhaps a preponderating number of the rash and the vulgar, those not simply ignorant and therefore to be taught, but whose minds are filled with an antagonism which they imagine to be knowledge, and which, accordingly, they exhibit with

much vanity wherever they can find a field for its display. You will be wasting your pearls indeed, if you string them round the necks of these people; they will rend your silver cord and trample your scattered jewels. There is another class who may deceive you into sanguine hopes for a time, who will appear delighted with the truths you teach them, and almost enraptured with your rubrical observances; while if you mark them carefully, you will find that this is not the living vigorous product of the germ of true Catholic faith, but a passion for sentimentalism and often really for innovation; these revivals of unaccustomed practices being pleasant and exciting. Such will readily present themselves *for a while* at your daily services, and supply flowers for the decoration of your altar, and make marvellously fine embroidery for you to step over and kneel on; but you will not find them growing in that inward higher life which is nourished by these ordinances and fostered by these symbols. And even among the sensible and educated few (in the true sense of these words) much will arise to disappoint and dispirit you; some will be cold and impracticable where you would have them most aroused; some will look grave when you expect sympathy. You think I counsel you to feebleness and over-caution, I would only urge on you a clear foresight; and believe me, my friend, you will not only find the reverent reserve which in every sensitive mind invests the expression of deeper evangelic feelings, forced also by a thousand circumstances into the development of your sentiments on ecclesiastical usages, but even then you will have to gird yourself with all your armour of patience to encounter your daily life."

"But we have been talking, dear sir, of much Hope, and a Religious Age, and the Revival of Catholicity. Where are these, if the condition of our parishes—and, I presume, you speak of them in general—is such as this? Indeed, you have shewn little to encourage in the picture you have drawn. I confess it damps the high confidence with which I was going to the labour allotted me."

The Bachelor of Divinity passed his arm affectionately within that of his young companion. "My Eustace," said he, "you were going in *too much* confidence. I saw that the feeling growing in you was not a lowly trusting Hope, but a Certainty with which none of us have a right to invest our own work. You believed that you would have little more of care than the gathering in of a spontaneous harvest. It is not so. The field is very great, and the true labourers have been few. The Lord of the harvest has indeed sent many labourers into His field now; and as we, from our elevated position, look over the land and observe them busy in their lots with the plough, and the seed-corn, and the harrow, and the sickle, we are apt to exult too much in the goodly prospect, because we do not see the difficulties of the soil,—and they are many. It is not now that 'other men have laboured, and we have entered into their labour;' but, alas! other men have let the ground lie fallow, and it has overgrown with evil plants, which have taken deep root, and bear fruits of poison. In such ground will be your labour, my friend; but do not be discouraged. There *are* Signs which may well sustain a hero's heart under heavy difficulties. Take one feature alone of the age—the enquiring spirit and the revived fondness for everything that tends to the illustration of antiquity. Every province in

Europe is burnishing up its recollections; every city is turning over the leaves of its chronicles, and repairing its cathedral or its town-house; everywhere there is a looking back into the Past —a considering, as it were, whether, perhaps, those old things are not better and truer than these new things; and this spirit inevitably brings men's minds into the contemplation of that Great Fact wich fills antiquity, penetrating, overruling all—a Catholic Church. And then if you follow the various winding ways of German philosophy and American transcendentalism, they all issue in a *want*—a demand for something superlatively excellent and beautiful, and what is there to answer this but the Catholic Church? And as the great religious system of the East grows weak in its age, whence shall appear to it that last and greatest Incarnation, for which it looks to consummate all things, but from the Catholic Church? We might draw much encouragement, too, from the outward, or what men call the political, state of the world. Wars and rumours of wars tell us that we are on the eve of great events, and that the redemption of Judah draweth nigh; and at the same time that we rejoice to think of the promises and prophecies of peace and good, as applying to God's ancient chosen Hebrews, we know that they have also a higher signification—that the new Israel destined for the new Jerusalem is the Catholic Church, and that the time of Her captivity is accomplishing."

"Ah! there spoke our own fearless general again. You would not part me from you in sorrow?"

"No, not in sorrow, but in deep, deep seriousness, for the charge you will soon receive is of overwhelming moment."

"Sometimes it seems too great for me; I am

afraid of it, and would rather fall back into some secular office, but——"

"God be thanked, my brother, each holy sacrament imparts a strength sufficient for every responsibility it involves; and, doubtless, as that of Holy Orders initiates us into a course of such peculiar trials of earnestness and faith, it is also the medium of singular grace. As to yourself, rest assured if my prayers can help you they shall be many on your account at the time of your ordination, for I am deeply interested in your course; but only let me entreat you now, as you are purposing to retire outwardly from the world for these few days, to be very careful to improve them to the utmost. They will be a season of leisure which you may never have again, and the records of eternity may prove them invaluable. Brighten your armour; gather your energies into your heart; condense the force of your spirit, as it were, into itself; do not too eagerly seek for sympathy and interchange of friendship; many words, even on holy subjects, dissipate the inward strength. We fancy we gain by companionship with those of kindred feeling with ourselves, but how often has it proved otherwise with us! If we lived more alone with God, and when our feelings were strongest, restrained, and reserved the expression of them—as I said, condensed them within—I believe we should often find ourselves stronger and readier in the day of trial. Silence is the secret armoury of the soul, whence it brings forth its truest weapons."

They had arrived at the hotel whence the traveller was to start. The rapid utterance of the speaker ceased. A commendation and blessing in Latin passed between them, and the young Oxonian

mounted to his place, and cast a lingering earnest look upon the retreating figure of his friend and master, as the wind floated the folds of the gown from his singular but fine form. Eustace thought, 'Certainly that man must be a king or a martyr!' But the unconscious object of his and hundreds of others' speculations trode staidly on, and turning into a street which would conduct him by a short way to his own College, was lost to the eye that watched him with such intense affection and veneration.

We need not follow Eustace A. through the stages of a long journey. It may suffice, that the morning of the next day found him among the hills of Devon, while the dew was on their pleasant beds of heath and scented flowers; and he chose for himself, for a month's retreat, the seaward rooms of a far, solitary cottage, where the myrtles were brightest where all were bright, and the roses were sweetest where all were sweet:—not for the sake of the luxurious indulgence of the senses, but for the gentle and quieting influence which birds and flowers and clear skies, and, above all, the grand ocean, oppose to the fever of the heart, and lay upon the strife of the thoughts.



CHAPTER II.

Holy Orders.

How didst thou start, Thou Holy Baptist, bid
To pour repentance on the Sinless Brow!
Then all thy meekness, from thy hearers hid,
Beneath the Ascetic's port, and Preacher's fire,
Flowed forth, and with a pang thou didst desire
He might be chief, not thou.

And so on us, at whiles, it falls to claim
Powers that we fear, or dare some forward part;
Nor must we shrink as cravens from the blame
Of pride, in common eyes, or purpose deep;
But with pure thoughts look up to God, and keep
Our secret in our heart.—*Lyra Apostolica.*

La diffidenza propria, avvengachè in questa pugna, come abbiamo detto sia tanto necessaria, nientedimeno, se l'avremo sola, o ci daremo in fuga, o resteremo vinti e superati dai nemici; e però oltre a questa ti bisogna ancora la totale confidenza in Dio, da lui solo sperando ed aspettando qualunque bene, ajuto o vittoria.—*Il Combattimento Spirituale*, c. iii.

"BRETHREN, who are about to take upon you such solemn vows and promises, consider the obligations under which they will place you, publicly, now, and for ever. You are going to promise before the Church, and in the presence of Her Chief Ministers, *to lay aside henceforth*

the study of the world and the flesh; and that promise once made will stand against you throughout life: *it will rise in condemnation against you when you are following, though but for a day, the vanities of the world, or looking but for an hour on its sinful pleasures.* You are going to promise to *give your faithful diligence in the ministration of the cure and charge committed to you: your own word will condemn you when you are indulging in luxurious ease, or any other needless gratification of the bodily appetite, or deferring any duty.* You are going to ratify your belief in all the doctrines of the Christian Faith; and the Angel who records that solemn pledge *will see and note if ever you turn to the right hand or the left, trifling irreverently in speculation, or even listening unnecessarily to the doubts and disbeliefs of others.* He will hear and see and note it, be sure, to your cost. He will not overlook your iniquities, for the Name of the Lord is in him. NOW, THEREFORE, WHAT MAN IS HE THAT IS FEARFUL AND FAINT-HEARTED AMONG YOU, LET HIM GO AND RETURN TO HIS PLACE."

And as the Bishop pronounced his awful text, he cast deep searching glances all around upon the candidates for Ordination at his hands, who were gathered in the chapel of his palace. And there were those even of the elder clergy who met his keen eye and shrank in their hearts. They had been used to hear the episcopal address on these occasions selected from thoughts on the Apostolic Commission, or the Charges of S. Paul, or the Wisdom of Solomon, and they were startled possibly for the past, by so novel a view of their actual position, and its clear applicability to the necessities of the times. And the young men who had come thither to be specially addressed, to make those vows, and to receive the administra-

tion of those solemn promises,—in some the spirit trembled with dismay at the severe reality that had not been brought home to them before, now so impressively presented in the grave caution of the ancient Hebrew Chief. But the Bishop proceeded—

"You have a long and arduous task before you. You must wear the Daily Cross, and conquer the Daily Sin, till you become wholly crucified to the world, and are faultless in the eyes of the world. Before God it may not be given you to be pure while this life lasts; but beware that you cast no stumbling-blocks of conduct in the way of His people, 'for they are the sheep of Christ, which He bought with His death, and for whom He shed His blood. The Church and congregation whom you must serve is His spouse, and His body. And if it shall happen the same Church, or any member thereof to take any hurt or hindrance by reason of your negligence, ye know the greatness of the fault, and also the horrible punishment that will ensue.' You must realize the Eastern fable of the sovereign, who wore upon his brow a circlet of diamonds, in whose talismanic lustre were concentrated the existence and prosperity of his realm: your virtues must compose your circlet, and each precious brilliant shall be a talisman to bind to you the minds of men. You will be placed in the midst of many trials. The more striking Misfortunes (as they are called) of life may indeed be less likely to visit you than many of those about you, who are the large proprietors of life's goods; but they only bear the war and detriment of *their* commonwealth; you must sustain what it shall be given you to suffer in *yours*. And take pattern in a measure by them and their wisdom, for they are

wiser in their generation than the children of light. See to it, my brethren, that you do not bear your daily little Cross less bravely than they their crushing weights of Evil Chances. Keep the true image of this Holy Badge ever in your mind; realise it in all your conduct. If you do not wear this Daily Cross, show me what Cross you profess to wear; what Cross it is that you are promising to take up to-day to follow your Lord with? for, as far as we can see in probability, you will be subjected to no forms of fiery trial; you will not have to seek hiding-places for yourselves and for your flocks in dens and caves and thick forests from the persecution of men. Churches of noble architecture are awaiting your ministrations, and congregated multitudes of the Refined and the Courteous will give you their soft applause, and the rewards of their pleasant smiles. Then beware that ye forget not the Lord your God, and lay not aside His Cross which He has laid upon you. In your daily life, in your every work, in your most secret thoughts, serve Him under the Shadow of the Cross. There are few Great Saints of late days. Why is it? Men have left off to go up in their daily work, and in their household thoughts, in the ways of the Lord. They have not been earnest and faithful in a few things, therefore He will not make them rulers over many things. If the world is to be regenerated, my brethren, your part is to be awake, and every man at his work, unceasingly, unwaveringly. Now ANY MAN THAT IS FEARFUL AND FAINT-HEARTED AMONG YOU, LET HIM GO AND RETURN TO HIS PLACE."

And again the solemn speaker looked round on the assembly he addressed with a sternly scrutinizing gaze. Once more he continued: "You are about to receive the most tremendous pledges of

the power of the Lord in His Church: to become, as it were, the Tabernacles of His Sacraments: to enter with Him, the Great High Priest, into the Holy Place: to dwell with Him, The Wonderful, in Unity of Action. Awful words these are, my brethren; but more awful far than their description are the facts they represent. Therefore, HE THAT IS FEARFUL AND FAINT-HEARTED AMONG YOU, LET HIM GO AND RETURN TO HIS PLACE."

And again the searching grey eye was directed to one countenance and another, as putting the appeal personally to each. Happily there were those before the tribunal ready to reply in heart and faith to the awful caution, with S. Peter under his threefold question of truth, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love Thee;" and such consciousness is unfailing strength. The scrutiny appeared almost to satisfy even the Reverend Prelate, if one might judge by the beaming pleasure which afterwards illuminated his countenance in looking round upon the band of the young Devoted there. But they had yet a few more words of instruction to receive.

"I will speak to you," said the Bishop, "shortly and plainly of those matters which may be called Questions of the Day, on which you have doubtless all formed already your own opinion and theory, but which will soon grow beyond theoretic treatment, becoming Actual Influences to advance or disturb your future usefulness and peace.

"First of all, let brotherly love be among you: do not be at contention one with another. How shall the world be convinced that you are God's Commissioned, if you strive continually among yourselves about this slight thing and that, and lose the Unity of the Spirit, and dissolve the Bond of Peace

which should distinguish you as the appointed Servants and Fellow-workers of one Master? You will desire that I should state my own feeling as to what are *slight* things. Nothing is slight that involves Church Principles, for the Church is the utterance of God's eternal Voice of Truth. Nothing is slight that involves Church Discipline, for the Church is the Embodied Will of Christ. Nor is that unimportant which involves the Symbolical Meanings of the Church, though it must stand in a lower class than the afore-mentioned. You well know that I am not one to deny the deep and pious intention of worship which pervades ancient esoteric forms in ecclesiastical things; or to raise objections against Catholic usages, or the sacred emblems of the Invisible Abstract, which, by every means, we should keep in reverent remembrance; but you must deal with the Age as you find it:—these are not days of confiding simplicity, you must study the way to bear upon their hard and degenerate scepticism; possibly, holding back from enforcement some things that were otherwise good and advantageous."

The Reverend Prelate then gave a short general direction as to some disputed points, concluding, "But multiply the Cross in your *hearts*, my brethren, whether or not its Material Shape is presented before your eyes. Ever walk among your people in the Robe of Fine Linen, white and clean, which is the Righteousness of Saints, whether you address them from the pulpit in an attire from the looms of this world, of one texture or another."

Rich music followed the close of the sermon. The Benedictus was performed as an anthem, by a choir of rare merits: one splendid contralto voice

singing alone from the "Mighty Salvation" in the second verse, to the conclusion of the eighth verse, where the full harmony united; and then again a single pure soprano taking up the words—"To give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace"—and dwelling upon the last word —peace—with such a long, soothing, penetrating sweetness, that it seemed as if the very eolian strings of the soul itself were touched, and pouring out melody fitting to that place and hour. The Litany and Communion Service were performed, and the solemn ceremony of the day went on.

Of some was asked,—

"Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration?" Awful words when they are addressed to worldly hearts, but those present, it might in all hope be believed, were earnest and pure-intentioned. And then proceeded the Ordering of the Priests. The VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS was sung by the Bishop and the people, and the silence of secret prayer was kept while each was recommended to supplicate blessing on the scene and the assembly.

There was one there before whom more in mental than bodily vision, all was passing with an overpowering vividness: and it came to his turn to receive his Holy Order,—"the receiver humbly kneeling upon his knees, the Bishop saying,

"RECEIVE THE HOLY GHOST FOR THE OFFICE AND WORK OF A PRIEST IN THE CHURCH OF GOD, NOW COMMITTED UNTO THEE BY THE IMPOSITION OF OUR HANDS. WHOSE SINS THOU DOST FORGIVE, THEY ARE FORGIVEN; AND WHOSE SINS THOU DOST RETAIN, THEY ARE RETAINED. AND BE THOU A FAITHFUL DISPENSER

OF THE WORD OF GOD AND OF HIS HOLY SACRAMENTS; IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST." AMEN.

For many weeks he had been occupied in serious and steadfast preparation and prayer and watchings, for this day, this hour, this moment. He had been the subject of the vigilant care of one who had tutored his mind with every view of the awful course in which henceforward he must walk. And in this hour returned upon his mind, in all their strength, the feelings that such instructions and such thoughts had generated. The trials and the struggles and the sacrifices for which they must be ready who wear the power and the privilege of the Christian Ministry distinctly rose before him; exemplified in the record of SS. James and John who had looked for the triumphant joys of heaven at once, but had to bear, instead, shame, and pain, and toil,—inculcated in the warning to S. Peter, who, impatient to act in his office, was told of a searching trial yet to come, from which he should scarce escape,—explained by the questions, and the restraint, as it were, from any unreal step of devotion, put by our Lord on all who came to Him in the course of His earthly ministry.

He remembered how the pastor must be a pure example to the flock, and how at the same time he must struggle with the sins of his lonely heart; how, whatever tempers he might meet with, he must always be prepared to be sweet, and kind, and unselfish; how he must forget joy, and learn to lead a severe and mortified life; and all this under the most serious sanctions of God's Word and of His Church. He had been striving,—O, how hardly!—to withdraw his heart from every earthly attraction and object of desire, to

devote it with all its force to this great responsibility.

> Yea—and that long prayer is granted—
> Yea—his soul is disenchanted.

How often it happens that sensible things affect us suddenly to pain or pleasure, in the midst of an apparently most entire abstraction from them. The mind of Eustace A. had been engrossed by these reflections, and the full solemn weight of his position was almost overwhelming his spirit, when the sun, which had been shining obliquely on the painted panes of the oriel window, in front of which they had knelt,—passed beyond the external angle of the building, and, at the moment when the final benediction was pronounced, its pure light streamed in through the southern clerestory arches, and the figure of the prelate and the assistant clergy, in their dresses of dazzling whiteness, and the vessels of the Holy Communion, and the whole altar-place, suddenly became the centre and source of a received and emitted glory. And this seemingly chance circumstance struck a chord of strength in his soul, which vibrated long and sustainingly when the swelling discords of the world would else have overpowered him. This simple emblem, and, as he lovingly believed, pledge of the grace residing in these holy things and holy persons, derived from the Sun of Righteousness, the Lord and Everlasting Light of the Church, communicated a sweet repose to the thought-oppressed mind, and the "Peace which passeth understanding" was not only a sound falling on his outward ear, but an influence and a power sinking deep within.

From the place of ordination he retired to journey once more to Oxford. The object of his visit there was to confer with the friend, whose parting

conversation with him we have already detailed, on matters deeply affecting his future course.

That these may be sufficiently understood, it is needful to state, that, as well by being the sole heir in one branch of a family whose name and style could boast its thirty descents, as by all with which nature and the advantages of scholarship could enhance the accidents of birth, Eustace was what the world calls—a Gentleman. Being placed thus in a worldly situation likely to draw around it many beneficial adventitious circumstances, a boyish engagement of marriage had been easily sanctioned with a wealthy and attractive heiress, whose father's hospitable house had been his frequent sojourn during his long vacations; and this engagement had been followed by a promise on the part of a near relative of his betrothed, to hold for the young clergyman a lucrative living in his gift, the entrance on which should immediately follow his full Orders and his marriage. But his last months at the University, passed in more intimate communion with his chosen guide, had filled him with interests in which the syren voice of lady's love had no place, and among which the agreeable concomitants of immediate life were almost forgotten; and he received all that might be said on the duty of the clergy to live above all earthly ties with scarcely a reference to his own position, so little did that occupy his mind. When, however, the last term drew to its close, and the future grew nearer, and involuntary pictures of it passed before him, flashes of that joy which is the exuberant life of youth and prosperity would often cross his thoughts in the midst of study or meditation, and then the truth arose within in distinct and anxious questions,—how could he, the advo-

cate of celibacy and poverty, conform to the course before him? It was very much with a view to resolve these doubts that the recommendation was given him of retirement during the weeks that intervened between the close of term and his ordination. And now he hastened back to communicate his decision and receive further counsel.

"And are you sure you are quite ready, my Eustace," said his friend, as they sat at breakfast alone, on the following morning, "quite ready to give up all for your Lord's sake?"

"Quite, quite ready, dear Sir, and proud to be so called; indeed, I have felt the separation much less keenly than I had feared in looking forward to it when I left you."

"It is always so; distance magnifies danger, and many trials which appear cruel a year off, are scarcely felt when they really come. But how did your friend receive your determination?"

"At first she appeared much hurt; indeed the first hints I gave of my changed views drew from her a letter that made me doubt whether I could honourably recede from an engagement which involved so deeply the happiness of a fellow creature."

"Ah—so are we tempted; if one subtlety fails, another is prepared; but God can bring the blessing out of the curse. Your own inclination and will having been subdued, the contest with these specious ideas of rectitude is presented; but the victory over both gained, your honour, my brother, is the larger."

"Yet the struggle was severe. At last mingled pride and determination seemed to have silenced the reproachful feeling, and she wrote to me a calm and firm farewell. Perhaps, too, other sources of happiness might have arisen for consolation. I

am told that another lover was ready to present himself; and, as her father coolly observed, she would soon forget the grave churchman in the society of the gay baronet."

The young man's heart was full; an hour before he had felt himself weaned from all earthly feelings, but this conversation revived their force, and he tried to hide his burning cheek by bending over his untouched breakfast-plate, and tracing its engraving with his fork. But he who was opposite to him had already become a Confessor, and the Confessor gains an infinite knowledge of human nature. Conversant as he was with the mysteries of many of his brethren's hearts, it was easy for him to read this by analogy, even had he not known its depth, its fervency, its natural wild pathos, almost romance, of feeling. A powerful tonic to the mind was needed, and who knew better how to administer it successfully? Who is there that ever by companionship or correspondence came within *his* circle but will testify to the power we describe? Who that ever appealed to *him* in the hour of the spirit's need but felt that his Master's mantle rested upon him? Ah, alas, that his children are orphans now! and his friends miss him from his place of counsel.

"Of all virtues," began that chastened voice, whose very whispers had come to be waited for by following thousands, "without doubt, of all virtues the greatest and the purest is Conformity to the Will of God. It is the key-stone of the arch of Holy Works the Christian has to rear; and if you have felt, as I believe, my brother, that you have been called to a correspondence with His Will in this especial thing, how glorious a vocation is it. In a peculiar manner has come to you that sweet

word, 'My son, give me thine heart.' You know a great Divine distinguishes the Cherubim and the Seraphim of the heavenly state by the idea that the Cherubim *know* most, and the Seraphim *love* most: the latter, in his judgment, are infinitely the higher order among the Blessed; and, I think, he says, if the Seraphim understood it to be the will of God that they should be employed for eternity in raising heaps of sand on the sea shore, or in the meanest calling on earth, they would give themselves to it with the utmost delight; and even if God should signify to them that they should suffer the pains of hell, they would immediately cast themselves into hell, to do the Divine Will; then when our blessed Lord chooses one member of His Church to be nearer and dearer to Him than the rest, and speaks to him in his secret heart in the sense, if we may so say, of a divine jealousy, 'Abide in my love,' shall not that one so dearly chosen, with the alacrity of the Joyful and the Honoured, put away from the sanctuary of his affections all other love to abide in His love? If we would conform, as we hope, to the ever-blessed Will in great and painful things which apparently present no recompense for the distress they bring, how very joyfully may we not respond to it when it calls us to small sacrifices for such sweet privileges and such uncounted gain? To give up the creature for the possession of the Creator; to turn from the broken cisterns to the fountain of living water; to be secluded from mortal confidences to hear what He, Who is Love, will speak to us."

"Oh yes, dear sir, I feel it all; and I had not thought that any weakness of the past could return upon me again. It is surely want of Faith; I shall have hard work yet. I often feel this want, in a

constrained credence of some holy doctrines, and in defective mortification, and many other ways, but it does not so often attack me in weakness of purpose."

"There, then, you must be most of all guarded and armed, for probably the grand attack will be at last made there; and your deepest energy should be given to procure not only, under these circumstances, Conformity to God's Will, but Oneness with It. This is the summit of perfection, to which we should always aspire; but let it be peculiarly the object of all your desires, your actions, your meditations, your prayers. Give your Will to God, and in exchange take His Will. He who gives his Will gives everything. He who offers his property in alms, his blood in disciplines, his food in fasts, gives to God a part of what he possesses; but he who gives Him his Will gives Him the whole—realises the command, 'Son, give Me thine heart,' and will fulfil the sweet precept, 'Abide in My love!'"

"And how shall all this be? The way seems too long for me. I do not know how it is, but inestimable by all price as your instructions are to me, they always fill me with fears and distrust, and the weakness of a child seems to fall upon me."

"That is because I speak to you without any of the varnished words of the world, to which they who live in the world get so accustomed, that, to speak to them without these, is like laying a heavy weight upon their hands at once without assistance and warning. But you say, how shall this be of which I have spoken. Prayer, my Eustace, deep, faithful, never-flagging prayer is the certainly attaining means. Invoke your Lord from the scene of conflict, that He will descend to your help, and shield you by His powerful protection.

Beseech Him in the very hour of trial, that the evil One may not prevail against you, that the wickedness of the flesh may not seduce you; that neither the salutary strictness of religious discipline, nor the severity of your necessary labours, may ever overcome you."

"And can I hope to run so difficult a race?"

"Surely you can. The road is—to conquer headstrong will, patiently to bear with the weakness of your brother, and to mortify the flesh; and in this road we labour on, in fear, in feebleness, in much trembling often; yet, still we labour on, knowing that our labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Of course, A.'s withdrawal from his matrimonial engagements involved the loss of the promised rectory. He was at present appointed to the exercise of his holy functions in the junior curacy of an extensive parish in the midland districts of England. And thither he proceeded; without one feeling of regret or mortification for the lower outward position given him. He had to do the Office and Work of a Priest in the Church of God, what mattered it whether in the parlance of the law of England he should be styled a Rector or a Curate?



CHAPTER III.

Parochial Course.

"Thou, O man of God, follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness.

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses.

"I give thee charge in the sight of God, who quickeneth all things, and before Christ Jesus, who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession;

"That thou keep this commandment without spot, unrebukable, until the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ."—*S. Paul to Timothy*, 1 Ep. vi. 11—14.

IT was the fortune of Mr. A.,—a singularly happy one in these vexed times,—to be associated in the pastorate of a parish of great extent with a vicar and fellow-curate of most kindred feeling in all those points and principles which constitute the common distinction between High and Low Churchmen. The first hour of intercourse with each left him rejoicing in the sympathy and valuable direction which he might confidently look for from Dr. L., and the consoling unity of path which must surely distinguish his partnership with Mr. Mac N. as his fellow-labourer in all subsidiary work. In the state of the district to which they were devoted neither of the clergymen could

easily rejoice; for division and disunion, anger and uncharitableness, were marking the course of the revival of the Church's ancient Holy Customs among a people half puritanised by spiritual indolence, and half bewitched from all true faith and discipline by the growing spirit of the rationalism of the age. The prophecy of a severe and soldier life was to be sternly verified.

It was a glorious autumn evening when the young clergyman arrived at E——. The crescent moon had sunk already below the horizon of hills, and Corona, and Lyra, and Orion, and Sirius and the Pleiades stretched their splendid array of lights from the zenith either way. He had preferred making the latter part of his journey on the top of the stage communicating between the metropolis and the town of his destination, to committing himself to the railway-train for the whole distance; and he did not repent the choice when the calm influences of the night stole over him, and he was able to collect his thoughts and concentrate them upon the immense destiny to which every revolution of the wheels brought him nearer. The feelings of his Ordination morning returned powerfully upon him, and Eustace looked forward to the cure of those thousands and thousands of souls with an awe only qualified by that morning's rich and precious grace, and the knowledge of the sufficiency of His strength, in Whom and through Whom he looked to work.

Rapid thought and mental prayer obliterated time and space, until these were recalled by the observation of a fellow passenger, that they were drawing near to E——.

"We are," remarked a young gentleman with a slightly military air, "already within sound of the

new curfew, which Dr. L. has imposed upon what he seems desirous should be his parishional kingdom!"

Eustace pondered for a moment what this would-be witticism might mean, when the mellow voice of a distant chime penetrated his thick travelling cap, explaining to him the remark of his more quick-eared neighbour. There was a home sound in those bells; and he turned to the young man to enquire if he interpreted his observation rightly, that a service in the parish church at that hour was customary at E——.

"It has been so, sir," replied the youth, "ever since the installation of the Rev. Mr. Mac N. as Curate of the parish."

"Ay," observed the senior traveller, "we have lived to see strange times; it was thought well enough when I was young to appear at church every Sunday in the morning, and now they must have afternoon prayers and evening lectures, and even church-going every day, and twice a day. Strange times, strange times."

"But," said Eustace, "I hope the strangeness of these customs does not weigh with you against them if they are found otherwise beneficial."

"May be not. In truth it is little concern of mine: I leave such matters to my wife and daughters. But we live in strange times, as I said before, strange times."

"Well," replied the clergyman—as yet unknown —"I could not help admiring the association drawn by this gentleman between the church morning and evening bell and the ancient curfew. Perhaps as a sure, though secret, power noted the obedience to the new and singular command of the king, a power as certain, though unperceived, may be

vigilant over those who observe or disregard the Church's curfew, God's curfew I may even call it."

He would have said more, but he checked himself, remembering that he might soon meet these travelling companions where he could more appropriately follow up these wayside whispers with words of serious warning and instruction. The man of business again asseverated that these were "strange times;" the military youth looked surprised at the turn given to his wit, yet half gratified with the importance attached to it; and the rest of the stage was made in silence on all sides.

As they drove across the principal street of the town of E——, the lighted church was before them, and Eustace there left his conveyance, for he thought no fitter opening could be given him for his parochial labours than to pray among the people. He was not a little pleased to observe both the persons with whom he had been in conversation follow his example, and also turn in to the open door: the one, as he said, to discover if any of his family were there whom he might escort home; the other, without any observation, to see and hear at least, if nothing more. After-months proved that this handful of good seed dropped by the wayside had not been lost; for the elder passenger came forward as an active supporter of clerical views in parochial discussions, and the younger was changed into a calm and steady Churchman, ready in obedience to every "curfew," and alert for every alarum.

But as yet the seed was left on the surface and its sower could exercise no more immediate agency upon it: he joined the evening worship unobserved, and, with its influence sweetly

imprinted in his feelings, retired when it was over to the residence which had been prepared for him, with the anticipation of meeting on the morrow, as friends and brothers, those whom he had witnessed officiating so impressively in the services of the Church.

At an early hour on the following morning he received a call from Dr. L., welcoming him as a helper in the wide sphere of duty which lay around them. The Doctor entered into minute descriptions of his plans of parochial labour, and not a little happy was A. in discovering that they had all, or chiefly, been derived from the well-known and noble ones which had already obtained eminent success in a neighbouring diocese under the direction of the Reverend Rector of ——. He was scarcely left to find out the coincidence, for the Doctor was prompt to acknowledge his obligation, saying, that his acquaintance with the valuable plan on which he and those with him now worked had been gained through Mr. Mac N., Eustace's future coadjutor, who had filled a curacy in the town where it had been originally set on foot. Of Mr. Mac N. the Doctor spoke with affecting kindness. "As a dear son, truly," he said, "he had laboured with him in the Gospel; and more than that, he had been before him, had led him forward, had supported his steps where an old man might have failed." Many an occasion of this kind he described, where custom might have carried the day with himself, or where he might have yielded to party prejudices, but for the vigour and decision of his young assistant. As Joshua held up the hands of Moses, so, it seemed, the Curate sustained those of his Vicar: and it is beautiful, when this is so. Dr. L. took leave, inviting Eustace to join his family at

dinner, when he should meet Mr. Mac N., who regretted that the necessity of a journey of some distance that morning must prevent his earlier introduction to his brother clergyman. When evening came, and they met, it was doubtful whether was most admirable, the calm firm character of the Scotsman, formed at Cambridge, or the nervous and refreshing warmth of feeling, thought, and expression of the young Saxon, dutifully proud of Oxford as his Alma Mater. But each in his own order. Among the Apostles, as there was the great devotedness of a S. Paul, so also was there the uncalculating zeal of a S. Peter; and these and S. James the Patient and Unseen, and S. Jude the Fearless Witness, and S. John the Best Beloved, too, have their several counterparts in our succeeding ministry. That evening was the initial of many days and months of sweet brotherhood in purpose, opinion and action between A., Mr. Mac N., and their esteemed Vicar. Oh that the links of such a bond should have been obliged to be severed at last.

We wish to distinguish as clearly as we are able the progressive course, sentimental and practical, of him who is the One Character of our history; an individual, whom we believe to be the type of a large class: but it is difficult to do this in a consecutive manner without exceeding our limits of time and attention; we will therefore present under detached heads the chief features of his parochial life, intervening details being obvious to every reader. And we shall but seldom further in these sketches take occasion to mention the two senior clergymen of E——. As we are not detailing the history of the general advancement of the parish to which they contributed as largely, or

perhaps from their position more than did Mr. A., but merely attempting to trace the biography of two or three years of the life of this junior Curate, the notice of his own immediate labours only is necessary to our purpose.

Eustace A. was one whose habits had been formed in his first college days by sentiments such as these,—which here and there he would quote and comment on with singular effect:—that is, he would do so in the unreservedness of conversation where he had confidence in his company;—probably he would never, after the responsibilities of a Teacher were laid upon him, have introduced such quotations in public or before mixed hearers, so as to imply or inculcate *dependence* on their source (Carlyle), or so as to give his countenance to *any* moral precepts not distinctly founded on Christian Faith, and referring itself to the authority of the Church; at the same time he never ceased to appreciate fully and intensely the great and gifted author of these his old and favorite maxims—

"Know what thou canst work at, and work at it like a Hercules. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man that he cannot work, that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled?" "Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there, in God's eternity, surviving, they alone surviving, sacred band of the Immortals. To thee Heaven, though severe, is not unkind: Heaven is kind as a noble mother, as that Spartan mother saying, as she gave her son his shield, 'With it, my son, or upon it.'" "One monster there is in the world, the idle man." "The wages of every noble work do yet lie in heaven. The brave man has to *give* his life away: give it, I advise thee, with a royal heart;

thou wilt never *sell* thy life in an adequate manner." "He works resolutely for deliverance; in still defiance steps proudly along. The thing that is given him to do he can make himself do; what is to be endured he can endure in silence."

And as he turned all these thoughts into the current of a Christian Churchman's feelings, they supplied him with a force and rectitude of character which cowered not before any storm, and which no hard position could ever daunt. We will turn then to pursue a while the traces of his active path and labours. Commencing the history with

THE FIRST SUNDAY.

Who does not know the busy excitement prevailing in a parish when a new minister, henceforth the pastor, is about to make his first appearance in his public capacity; especially when he is an entire stranger in the surrounding locality, and when, too, minute shades of sentiment and doctrine are scrutinized with such anxious curiosity as in these days? The Sunday morning dawns in its peacefulness, but the holy bells ring their chime to hearts that are heated and hurried as if it were a working day. The old gentleman is prepared betimes, with hat, and walking-stick, and newly polished glasses, to go to his post of jealous watch against any more "new-fangled notions." The heads of families are more often seriously interested in the character of the future instructor, to whom their children are to be taught to look up, and from whom themselves will often stand in need of counsel, and kindness, and sympathy; and they walk early to the church, speaking together of what they wish, and what they fear, and what they have heard. The younger portion of the

parishioners evince no less their own eager anxiety to judge of their future spiritual guide; young ladies have the last bow arranged and the last braid adjusted, to be in their places with most unwonted punctuality; and young men are warm partisans in the questions of the day; some also, it may be, have begun to feel their need of a father and a brother's help in the upward rugged path; and they, with all the rest, are early in the church to consider the gain or loss which this day may have brought them. Thus it *is*. We are not speaking of things that *should be*. The spirit of simple faith that looks up to every authorised minister of God's word with confiding veneration—alas for the days!—is a rare spirit among us. Years may be needed yet to correct the evil habit of centuries; years, and many a lesson; such, for instance, as one we knew administered a short time since by an eminent clergyman, to whom a large parish offered a very splendid testimonial of esteem for his gratuitous official services; he declined the gift, desiring that, if he had been any instrument of good among them, they would *thank God* by dedicating what they chose to give of their substance to His especial service in a contribution to some charity's fund, or other pious purpose; but intimating that he recognized no right in them to express approbation any more than disapprobation of the conduct of their pastor. A soldier might not so make his comment, even of admiration, on the merits of his officer, and was not his station among them more unquestionable?

What we have observed is, of course, much more the case at the appointment of a new Rector or Vicar of a parish, but it distinguishes in a considerable measure the choice of the assistant Curate.

Thus it was at the appearance of Mr. A. in his first Sunday duty in the parish of his location; for the people were already in much excitement of party feeling, and either side anxious to find in him an advocate and illustrator of their prejudices.

The first sight of the young clergyman could not but be to every one prepossessing in a high degree. The purest ideal of Raphael could not more than describe the expression of his pale and beautiful countenance. His large blue eyes were filled with that heavenly light which gives, perhaps, the loveliest notion of an angel's spirit: his fair hair, of a singularly brilliant texture, formed a natural coronet above his high and expanded brow, and gave a classic finish to the finely marked profile His figure, indeed, might be said to want the athletic fulness which would usually be called handsome, and had already lost the buoyancy which distinguished it in youth; but this was only the outward sign of that intenser inward life which is most often fatal to physical vigour, and the slender form of the unmistakable scholar harmonised the better the perfectly proportioned limbs with the hand and foot, which were somewhat smaller than the strict line of the artist might have required. But personal beauty was not the first thing thought of in meeting *him*. His voice and air—grave, measured, and subdued—would impress you as the manner of one eminently holy—one less of earth than heaven. These matters may be called very minor, yet we certainly believe that the outward man is most frequently an index, and true letter, to the inner mind.

His office in the morning of the day was reading prayers only, but in this many were startled by, what appeared to them, a novelty. The church being very spacious, and somewhat ill calculated

for sound—one of the buildings of the *mediæval age of taste*, with galleries, and tribunes, and corners innumerable—and, at the same time, excessively crowded in every part with the ill-accommodated parishioners, it had been a matter of despair with those who officiated to exert voice enough to secure even their sermons being heard by half the congregation, and as to the prayers it was unattempted. Eustace performed the service in a clear, distinct canto, never elevating or lowering his tone from the fixed key which he chose as most suitable to the capacity of the place, and the consequence was, that probably not a child in the farthest gallery recess missed a sentence of the prayers or lessons. Much whispering and many comments passed among the easily chagrined parishioners, because this was defrauding them of the benefit of "fine reading," and because they *would* not see what was so evidently to be seen, that such a manner of reading and speaking was current in the Ancient Church, and revived from it, *not* because that Church was Romanised, but because they who officiated in it had meaning and use in all they did, and this is the easiest and surest method of throwing the voice to great distances. This, even taking the lower ground of *utility*, though the higher ground of *reverence* may be claimed; but we rejoice to see *both* occupied, in this, as in every, case, where in full union with the highest development of sanctified imagination, the intelligent adaptation of every act, and instrument, and form, to its design, appears the great characteristic of truly Catholic Christian worship. All things are in *order*, all in wisdom, and all in beauty.

In the afternoon it was Mr. A.'s appointment to preach, he having himself so chosen it in preference

to doing that duty in the more conspicuous morning or evening service. But he that humbleth himself is ever exalted; and his warm and earnest address on the Sacramental Union of Christ with the Church, strengthening, guiding, proving, always to the Consummation of the World, was listened to by many hundreds of impressed hearers.

It was the first day of knowledge that ripened into the tenderest love between the young clergyman and many of that people—the first cord was woven then of an influence which, with some, became afterwards almost magnetic or mystic.

Thus it is that some men seem the rightful rulers of other men's minds; and a noble empire is this empire of the mind. That territorial government which the mighty in arms have striven to win for themselves, and have won, and then lived to see it pass to other hands, is an infant's plaything in comparison with this. It is that power which the great emperor, Charles of Spain, after possessing, and proving, and giving up the splendours of his monarchy, lamented sadly that he had never been able to acquire—that which no Legion of the Eagle ever reckoned among its conquests—that which no kingly coffer ever bought—yet is it the unboasted possession of many a parish curate little known to the world's fame.

POPULARITY AND GENERAL POSITION.

Thus from the first, Eustace was respected and beloved. The winning manners and the gentle benevolence that distinguished him would have been a passport everywhere and always, even had not his birth-rank and education entitled him to the companionship of the superior classes, and the deference of all. In the parish where he was fixed

there was a great keeping up of caste among a few old families, who looked with jealous eyes upon the amassment of princely fortunes, and here and there the gain of even a title, by the manufacturing lords. These hailed him as an equal with themselves in point of family pretensions, and he very soon became the anticipated star and choicest guest among their select réunions. Here was a field for the man of God which he never neglected to cultivate, and the fruit of his labour remains in the humbled heart of more than one or two proud members of those haughty houses, who, before he came among them, with his persuasive lessons and example of lowliness, were too apt to forget that God made of one blood all the kindreds of men. Those who were immersed in business, too, courted his society as the informed and impartial student of science and world-philosophy, and so another channel was opened for the stream of good influences; for he could teach them, in a silent, unobtrusive, practical way, that the strictest Churchman, obeying to the letter every Rubric, need not be, therefore, an ignorant bigot; and that the simply believing soul of faith, bending devoutly to holy mysteries, is never necessarily inconsonant with the active mind able to explore the secrets of science, and rise inquiringly to the highest points of art. With the lowly classes he was equally a friend, and they all loved him alike; but still they tried him hard through their opposition to his principles—to Truth; and when they would have sat at his feet to learn at last, he was taken from them.

In his intercourse with his parishioners might be applied to him in its measure what has been said of St. Francis Xavier, of whom it is related that, in the gayest circles of the most licentious

courts, where he was applauded as a man of learning and courted for the fascination of his manners, he would frequently introduce remarks of holy tendency, so striking, and so strange, that courtiers and nobles forsook their frivolous amusements and accounted the hours appointed for the fête better spent in listening to his peculiar and seldom-forgotten words. This the world would call "out of season," but S. Paul says, "be instant" then.

At first Mr. A. occupied appartments in the town, but he soon found that he wanted a kitchen for the poor, and many other things for them which only a private residence would enable him to supply; and he agreed with his eldest sister to come and arrange for him a house and housekeeping which should answer all these ends;—*these* ends, for no thought of the display of worldly things entered into his purposes. With a noble inheritance in the goods that men covet, he had no thought of using them for pride or personal glory, or even private comfort; but, to save all temptation to this, he made a solemn vow, unknown, in its full extent, till his death, to embrace a life of austere voluntary poverty, in practice of the strictest self-denial, reducing his habits of living to the level of the poor of his flock, and feeding *them* with all the overplus of his large personal income. And to this he adhered during the subsequent period of his holding office in the English Church.

His scantily-furnished room, his sleeping-place on the hard floor, and almost coarse diet were known only to the two or three who saw him at all times, and to Him who seeth in secret and will reward openly. Friends and visitors were received with every due attention to their comfort and

pleasure, but no array of elegant and expensive modernisms decorated any of his rooms, and no useless luxuries were displayed upon his table. A simple, kindly, household look just reigned everywhere, as it might easily have done in the dwelling of a man possessed of a tenth of his income. But the blessings of the fatherless and the widow and the hungry and the sad, were more to him than illuminated halls, and of those he had abundance.

His parochial duties were often most heavy. On Sundays, for some time after his settlement, his office was to take the morning prayers, the full afternoon service of the Church, beside christenings and burials, to the amount on an average of between fifteen and twenty of each before and after the service, and a full evening duty at the town gaol, where he also paid private visits to many of the prisoners: it was his frequent practice to leave his house after breakfast for the Sunday Morning Service, and not return, and take no refreshment, till late in the evening of the day, every moment having been crowded with active duty. This was the case, except on days of mid-day Communion, when, as he always fasted from midnight until after that sacrament, he would take a slight refreshment in the vestry before the afternoon service, but never to any greater extent than a glass of wine and biscuit.

His daily round of work was even more pressing than this. The first thing in the morning was his part in the prayers at the church: then the National Schools, which he visited and opened in person every day, unless importantly prevented: then attention to the poor and other domiciliary visits; his various parts of parochial business of a secular nature, with burials and frequent calls on

the sick, filled up the day, till Evening Prayer again presented its hour of rest and calming influence. And with all, and in all, he evinced that untiring energy which showed that his heart was in the service constituting the yoke easy and the burden sweet.

It is strange that when characters like A. are growing up thickly in the Church of England, the time should be chosen for exciting doubts of its validity and faithfulness. It can scarcely be denied that among the laity there is perceivable a cheering revival of much holy and correct feeling, but among the clergy are shining those marked examples of the Light of God, those manifestations of Him in the midst of a wrongful and turbulent world, which seeing, dare we, can any, without great sin, or sad delusion, or by a grievous unhappiness, doubt His favour and His blessing?—Men who count not any earthly thing, nor their lives, dear to them, so that they may win the Truth and Righteousness; who, having each laid his *soul* with all its powers and affections, as the greatest gift he had, on the altar, and offered it up as a burnt-offering before the Lord, can have no idea of their lesser possessions being of such value as to be reluctantly parted with when the same high demand has need of them.

PROGRESS: STRIFES AND TRIALS.

The first very visible change in practices which followed the induction of Mr. A. into his curacy, was in the form of the arrangement of the Sabbath Services. These, as we have indicated, had been continued in the common fashion of the last century up to this time; but after much consultation among the clergy, it was at length decided to

arrange them, as many others were beginning to do, in the more desirable form for which they were originally *intended*. An Early Communion was made for the advantage of those many who could not possibly be present at the mid-day hour, and also to advance gradually the practice of the communicants' coming to the sacred rite fasting, the undoubted reverent habit of the Primitive Church. The Morning Order of Daily Prayer was then read two hours later, and a short address given, suggesting remembrances, and meditations, and holy engagements suitable to the season, whatever it might be; then, an hour later, the Litany was read alone; and then the Communion Service and Sermon, without administration, except on high Festivals. The afterparts of the day were occupied as before, only that Catechising was substituted for the afternoon sermon. All the services were performed with the impressiveness of Catholicity; metrical hymns were for the present banished with their kindred abominations of conventicle tune books, until by the revival of the spiritual simplicity of better days, it should be possible to restore those old, and saintly, and glorious compositions, of which our (at least *unpoetical*) Reformers denuded the Anglican Worship.

It is not to be supposed that all this was accomplished without struggle and opposition. We need not fill pages with details of strife; we might give some wretched and grievous. Faith and high-minded calm determination on the part of the clergy overcame them.

> "Moses was one yet he stayed the sin
> Of the host in the Presence bright;
> And Elias scorned the Carmel-din,
> When Baal would scan Heaven's might."

The question of the Weekly Offertory was the first field of combat with the laity, in which any danger appeared of the cause of the Church being lost. Here, as in many places, it was a grievous subject of contention. A vestry was summoned. Glancing round on the persons assembled, the result of its vote as a *veto* was evident enough to those who would have it so, and to those who would it were otherwise. A long discussion, however, and a noisy one, ensued; and it did not seem that the minds previously made up were open to conviction. Mr. A. spoke long and, as ever, earnestly, and set before them many powerful arguments for the charitable and good old practice; but some loved their purses, some their private opinions, some the mode, or rather want of mode —which, because it had anticipated their years of age, was to them *ancient*, and the vote was called for. Just at the juncture came hurrying in the old gentleman whom we have mentioned as a fellow-passenger with Mr. A. when he first entered the parish, followed by several more persons, looking perhaps rather uninformed as to the object of their own coming. The truth was, that this gentleman, having seen how the vote would probably go among those assembled, and being himself entirely swayed by the arguments of Eustace,—now his undoubted oracle,—had left the vestry and hastily collected a number of voters, who took little interest in either view of the question, and securing them to the side he wished, had thus brought them to turn the scale of influence. The point was carried: and on many other occasions the same fine true-hearted agent was the means of saving his fellow-parishioners from decisions which would have disgraced their parish books on matters which they

did not understand, yet could not for pride trustingly believe in, following the guidance of those who did.

The Surplice question was not suffered to pass undiscussed, but there conformity rested with the will of the clergy, and they were loyal to the intentions of the Church, looking to the future recompense.

Darker and darker for a while, indeed, seemed to hang the cloud. Finding that their opposition was continually overruled, or passed by in silence, or gently set aside, the malcontents betook them to their *own way* in a course where they would be out of the reach of reproof, or what they termed coercion: and the pastors had the deep grief of seeing the sheep wandering very far from the still waters. Here was a hard trial. Could it be that they were setting stumbling-blocks in the way? Eustace recalled his friend and father's cautions—but no, these questions were far within their boundary. No "Credence," nor "Piscina," nor "Vestments," had been imposed, but the plain simplest offices of the Church were called to be obeyed; and when asked by his colleagues, whether he believed they could certainly be right in reviving customs offensive to the masses, and so causing them to run, if not actually into, clearly into the temptations of heresy—his reply was worthy of a Christian, of a Churchman, of a *noble* Churchman, "Right is ever right—come what may!" And they went forward though aspersed as ambitious of domination, and scandalised as harsh and proud—they offered up their way to God and went on, when they whom they would have served, reviled them, and they from whom better things were due deserted them; and such was the influence which Holiness and Truth, as exemplified in their own lives, had begun to hold

in the minds of the most restless of their people, and such the unsatisfyingness of *other ways*, the *strange paths*, that a few months saw most of the vacant places filled again. So, the Right prevails.

The Daily Services were very scantily attended, and to correct this fault, Eustace applied most earnest efforts; for to these he attached the highest importance. He never ceased to impress everywhere, in public and in private, the *duty* as well as the privilege of regular attendance on all the Ritual Demonstrations of the Church. He would say,—"Does it seem a great requirement? True, the ordinances are many: our ever kind and patient Mother has provided for Her erring and wayward children frequent opportunities of confession and prayer, frequent means of strengthening: but *is there one too many?* Are they provided for us unnecessarily? Have we not rather found, if indeed we have been self-observant enough to know it, that whenever we have wilfully neglected the Means of Grace we have soon after fallen into sin? Yet how many holy Prayer-times and readings of the Blessed Word have we lost through sloth or negligence! We know not what spiritual advantages we have thus cast away for ever: or how, but for this, we might now have been grown up in piety and holiness."

Strange it is that a practice like this, the beautiful bond of the undivided Church, so consoling and so surely true, should have fallen into such disuse among Christian people, that it is really harder to revive it than to exact obedience to the most stringent man-created law. The Daily Office, according to the requirement of the Rubric, is yet but here and there restored; in most places if the wayfarer passes by, if he would pray or make his

secret sin offering, or peace offering, or offering of praise, the doors are shut, and even the churchyard gate is made fast with chain and padlock; and elsewhere, when twice in the week and on the Holy-days, the accustomed chime is heard,—in the cities half-drowned by the din of the market and the exchange,—wait in the church porch, and there will pass you at distant intervals a cripple, and a beggar, and a woe-worn widow, and a few men and women, but oh, how few! who can bear to give from pleasure and from business of this world, one hour to higher and truer things; and these and the children of the school are the congregation! You enter the temple and your heart fails within you, while you bend the knee with those scattered ones in holy fellowship, to hear the worldly sounds without that remind you how busily every man runs to his own house-building while so few come to edify the House of the Lord; and they break upon the solemn cadence of the minister's voice while he reads, "Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it," and a shudder comes over you to think what the end of these things will be—personally—nationally.

In *some* places, in some *towns* even, not only is the Daily Sacrifice still taken away, but this small and occasional admonition is still silent. The doors of the House of God are closed from Sabbath to Sabbath, save when the casualty of a *wedding* or a *funeral* opens them, and men go on in their iniquity and their worldliness undisturbed. Once, indeed, as the year goes round, at the season of Lent, they are reminded that the weeks are not all their own; that it will take them *more than Sundays* to repent of their long accumulating sins; but the habit of apathy is so impossible to arouse, this

world-drugged sleep so difficult to break. Not *impossible*, perhaps, we should say, but most hard. It wants the energy of a Moral Samson; and we say not impossible, because God has endowed some to meet the need.

We knew three years ago a striking instance of this power. In a considerable country parish, with a large proportion of well-conditioned inhabitants, people not earning their living with their time and labour,—in one Lent, after the first two Wednesdays, the curate went up to the church again and again at the appointed hour, and returned to his home heart-stricken and sad because there were *not* "*three*" persons to join with him in prayer. He thought gravely over the matter, and laid it before God, and then he proposed to his rector,—a strange proposal it will seem,—that a *Daily* Service should be established! The Rector smiled at the self-imposed labour, but agreed to attend it and take his part on Holy-days. And every morning the bell chimed out a melancholy peal, calling those who would not come: the Rector, the Curate officiating, his house-keeper, and the clerk, were all who met together. For three months it went on so, and the soul of the devoted labourer was faint within him, and then God sent His times of refreshing. Occasional stragglers began to appear, then a few regular attendants in their places, then more and more, and at last they requested that they might have the service in the early morning, because so many would attend who could not leave their homes or business later in the day. It was joyfully given, and Evening Prayers added also, and great blessing followed the revival. Such is one of the seals of earnestness.

If all could know the joy, the sweet and perfect

peace of those Hours of Prayer,—if the poor, weary and sad with their cheerless, galling life,—if the immersed in business, whose every nerve is drawn to a painful tension from morning till late night,—if the people of society, who are so ennuyed with their frivolities,—if they even, who look upon religion as, among other things, a refuge from severe mental toil—could know the satisfying happiness (we do not use unconsidered or unproven words) of those Hours of Prayer, how seldom would the bell make its admonition in vain for any who could by possibility attend it! and where that could not be, where they were "truly hindered," as Archdeacon Manning somewhere beautifully says, "The bell heard afar off, and the known Hour of Prayer come, they would say with us the Confession, and the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed, and so, though away from us on earth, meet us in the court of heaven."

And the *influence*, example, and sanction in inducing others to follow this holy custom, how high and important it may be! Who knows when that touching Confession, "Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep," shall find its responsive tone in the erring wanderer's heart? Who knows when the deep, trusting confidence of that Prayer "In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord, deliver us," shall first settle in his mind? Who knows when the first but indelible impression shall be made there of the Great God's "inestimable Love in the Redemption of the world by His dear Son?" When the long latent Baptismal Gift shall be stirred up to do its own mighty work, who knows? but when so likely as in the hour of

Daily Prayer, when all these things strike most vividly upon the mind just withdrawn from worldly avocations?

"When to the exiled seer was given
A rapturous foregaze into heaven,
All glorious though the visions were,
Yet he beheld no temple there.

"The New Jerusalem on high
Hath one pervading sanctity:
No guilt to mourn, no grief to mar,
God and the Lamb its temple are.

"But we frail sojourners below,
The pilgrim heirs of guilt and woe.
Must seek a tabernacle where
Our scattered souls may blend in prayer."

We make no apology for introducing even these many words upon a subject of so high importance. That the world has to be Regenerated some way, is allowed everywhere, and how shall it be Regenerated but by man growing liker to God, Pure, and Benevolent, and True; and how is that likeness so hopeful as through communication with Him in His Perfectness; and when is that so sure as in His Consecrated House, where His Eyes are, and His Ears, and His Heart continually, and in the prayer, of which God manifest in the Flesh has said, that it brings Him into the midst of His people?

But we offer no apology because these are not our words: they are but the priceless precepts which we wish to record and spread. We learnt them in many lessons; we repeat them but imperfectly as to the letter, but in truth as to the spirit.

The next call on Mr. A.'s fund of large and varied energy arose from a considerable legacy being bequeathed by a parishioner for beautifying

the church then existing, or for the commencement of another building for the accommodation of the growing parish, whichever the clergy might choose. Dr. L. wished the former; Mr. Mac N. the latter, urging that numbers around were destitute of the means of worship and instruction, without one Holy Day from the beginning to the end of the year, and that the natural craving in the human mind for some object of belief and homage, if the true and perfect faith be not propagated, will afford abundant facilities for the growth of a thousand forms of error. Eustace feelingly responded to this, but declined himself giving a vote either way; for in his heart he was doubting which was the more important, a grand and worthy worship keeping up the royal splendour of heaven's Religion before the eyes of men, or the devotement of every talent to the work of conversion. He was fond of looking back to the days when men thought not their whole substance too great a gift for the foundation of an Abbey or a Cloister, and could devise no offering too costly for an Altar or a Shrine; days from which a few Minsters and Cathedrals have been preserved to us in primitive grandeur, displaying to our wondering eyes the emphatic Beauty of Holiness;—may the hand of the spoiler come on them never!—but days to which we have as yet given no equals to hold our names in honour in the day when every man and every generation of men will be judged by their works. Frequently he would lament when he heard persons detail their visits to any of the magnificent Sacred Ruins of the past, that so little impression should be received from those silent, solemn Reproofs that none like them had risen to be the glory of the land when their grey

walls, in the natural course of time's decay, must moulder on the earth.

So it is. Many men visit the sites of former holy splendour, they examine curiously the wrecks of what has been, and admire and marvel at their sculpture, and their tracery, and perhaps moralize on the passing away of man and man's noblest work, while decaying fragments of the pillars and the arches fall about them, and the chancel-stone crumbles beneath their tread, and they pass by and return to their own houses—ceiled, and of cedar, and marble, and vermilion—and consider not that this is the House of the Lord which is waste.

In speaking of these things in a note with reference to the disposal of the pending question, Mr. A. remarked,—"We see a beautiful manifestation of the worshipper's love to the God he adores in the splendid ceremonial of Rome and its expensive places of devotion; but in visiting the disciples of George Fox we should have no idea either of love or service, there being no outward expression to indicate it: it would seem that the nearer we come to the one or the other of these extremes in practice, so will the idea we create in the minds of men of the importance of our faith rise or fall, and so our consequent influence for their good." The matter was decided in deference to the wish of Dr. L., and the restoration of a substantial and originally handsome church became a subject of exciting interest in which Eustace's ecclesiological learning and fine taste prepared him to take an active part.

REPAIRING THE PARISH CHURCH.

The centuries succeeding the martyrdom of King Charles the First decayed the architectural beau-

ties of the Anglican Church, no less than they dimmed the splendour and loveliness of its ritual, by their overcrust of atheism, and contumacy, and fanatical impureness. As we pass over the pages of history, indeed, it would seem that "that dark stream of Royal Blood" became a curse and an impassable barrier between the people and all truth. But the few faithful have persevered in their witness of penance,—and is it quite beyond the compass of hope that in his place among the Noble Army of Martyrs, that King who died by England's wickedness has prayed for her?—until at length the expiation is allowed, and the command has been heard going forth in love, to build up the old wastes and the desolations of many generations, and from end to end of the land, as we make our rapid survey from elevated observatories or along great lines of road, everywhere are to be seen rising fresh towers and bright spires up-pointing to the heaven of truth and blessing. As the prudent affix the Lightning Conductor to their houses of earthlier intention to save them in the hour of the storm, may the Holy Symbol crowning the pinnacles of these tall piles of consecrated masonry begin to avert the harmful sentence from the long stricken land. And while a thousand kindling aspirations are awakened in the Churchman's mind as he watches, growing, as it were, and budding forth from metal, stone, and timber, the sacramental expressions of his mysterious faith, a thousand holy teachings likewise will the fabric of the church communicate to an outer world with whom she can effect—for they will none of Her—no other converse. How strange, and how unwise the principle that only would aim to supply Church-Room for such or such a calculation of the units of the

kingdom, conceiving then its duty done; caring nothing that these units will not come to fill their room,—nothing that they be persuaded, drawn, induced,—nothing that they be taught by sign and symbol, by type and form, by parable and image, in silent, during, mural witness multiplied about them, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear. But this happily we may call a principle fallen and past. These, in this respect, *are* better days. To us is reviving the reality of "sermons in stones." And shadowy figures flit before the eyes of the fashion-tired or mammon-loving passenger—cursing while he loves—of meanings, that he cannot choose but see, in glowing fresco or ensculptured capital or mystic number or geometrical design. In Catholic Architecture creation is made tributary to express the uncreated. All things are called to exercise a holy energy, to read a sacred lesson. In the words of the Reverend Editors of "Durandus":—

"The Transepts, striking out cross-wise, tell of the Atonement; the Communion of Saints is set forth by the chapels clustering round Choir and Nave: the mystical Weathercock bids us to watch and pray and endure hardness: the hideous forms that seem hurrying from the eaves speak the misery of those who are cast out of the Church: spire, pinacle and finial, the upward curl of the sculptured foliage, the upward spring of the flying buttress, the sharp rise of the window arch, the high thrown pitch of the roof, all these, overpowering the horizontal tendency of string course and parapet, teach us, that vanquishing earthly desires, we also should ascend in heart and mind. Lessons of holy wisdom are written in the delicate tracery of the windows: the unity of many members is shadowed forth by the multiplex arcade: the duty of letting our light shine before men, by the pierced and flowered parapet that crowns the whole."

Peculiarly and marvellously are the doctrines of the Christian Faith set forth within the sacred edifice, especially in the complex Decorated Style; perhaps it needs an Initiate to read them well, but the outward works of the Gothic Church are so plain and legible that he who runs may read; and who can tell the extent of their power to instruct? Whilst it is matter of great rejoicing, then, to see on every side the Church extending her borders to admit the growing multitude in the rural district, in the close crowded factory town, in the ancient city, in the great metropolis, everywhere the hallowed edifices rising, till the Churchman truly and in thanksgiving may exclaim,

> "Where'er I rove in this fair English land,
> The vision of a temple greets my eye,"

whilst this is matter for deep praise, no less so is it that the same energizing impetus has acted on the taste and understanding of those officially or otherwise concerned, to fetch again from afar the exiled *beauties* of the past, and restore them to their reign.

Eustace had to superintend the reparation of the church of E——: and he never, whether in the direction of the smallest mechanical arrangement, or the most difficult necessitous adaptation, lost sight of the broad and beautiful principles which the Church's structure should embody; or suffered meretriciousness, or display, or presumptuous unmeaning embellishment to usurp the place of important, however small, witnessings of truth. It is not worth while to follow step by step the path of his overseeing labours; though each step might instruct in wisdom, they would be but the repetition of facts which to every Catholic mind must be productive

of profitable reflection. We will but shortly say, that amidst storms of anger from churchwardens and "influential gentlemen," the great body of the old encumbering pews were replaced by neat and tasteful benches, the upright ends of which abutting on the centre aisle, terminating in a tall trefoil point; the effect of such an arrangement, though it may seem a small matter, is important (so long as we must have the pavement of our churches covered at all with conveniences for easy worship), as having the effect of leading the eye of a person entering the church immediately to the altar:—the unchurchlike closets of some noble families, with their prominent escutcheons and exclusive crimson curtains, were removed from their inappropriate position immediately above and around the Holy Place; and let it be testified in honour, that some of them were abolished altogether, and their titled owners took their seats on the benches where the poorest might be their neighbours; for Eustace had taught their *hearts* that in the sight of God they and those poor were equal. The unobtrusive pulpit and conveniently arranged reading desk, of open tabernacle work, for the priest's turning eastward in the devotional parts of the service, and south and westward otherwise, were substituted for the awkward mass of costly timber which had before obscured the view of the chancel and its furniture. Mr. A. presented a handsome octagonal stone font, in place of one of metal which had been used, and he did not suffer his gift to occupy an untrue position in the temple; it was fixed where the place of the new-baptized is—at the entrance. He much desired to erect a stone altar, of the design then lately revived by the invaluable Witness of Catholicity,

the Cambridge Camden Society; for he venerated that form, originating as it did in the times when the hidden Christians worshipped in the Catacombs, and their tables of Communion were the tombs of the Martyrs—fit shrines for the commemorative Sacrifice—but in acquiescence with a request of Dr. L. the wish was withdrawn; as was also at a latter period a proposal to restore the ancient Benetura. There were obtained, however, the erection of the Rood Screen and the setting of the "Two Lights," the blessed "signification that Christ is the very True Light of the world;" and the "Cross of Calvary" was elevated on the Altar,—and it was found that still, as in Saint Paul's days, the "scandal of The Cross" is great among men;—and goodly altar-cloths, and embroidered damasks, and kneeling hassocks, and a chancel carpet, with stools of costly workmanship for the priests not offering, all in emblematic designs, were presented,— some of them by wealthy persons in the parish who went with the reviving feeling, others to Eustace by friends of his own; and in the porch and at the transept doors were refixed the long banished alms' boxes, with an appropriate verse of benediction: so that at last when the repairs were completed, and Mr. Mac N. addressed to the crowd, who resorted to the church on the first day of its re-opening, a beautiful and impressive discourse from Holy David's aspiration, "In the name of the Lord we will set up our banners," all felt and saw and knew the meaning of those "banners,"—the testimonies that rose about them on every side to Catholic principles and practice.

In all this it may seem that Eustace had forgotten the caution of his friend of Oxford, as to

unaccustomed things being forced upon the popular eye—yet he had not forgotten it; he forgot no words of *his* ever or anywhere; and it is probable that under the circumstances the wisest of the votaries of Development would not have disapproved his course, certain it is that friend did not, and he knew it step by step—but Eustace's own principle was, what it had always been, the firm declaration of unmitigated truth — come what might.

One of our most esteemed writers on ecclesiastical architecture and ecclesiological arrangements, (Poole), has remarked that the Beauty of the Church is a freehold of which the clergy are the trustees for *all* the people,—not only the rich and great, the poor have rights in it to be defended; —and not only for the people of the present time, but for the future generations—this Beauty is an heir-loom, and therefore not to be alienated; and when the clergy find the powerful usurping it to themselves, as when they erect a monument in a position of false taste, or darken a window with one of their high pues, they, the clergy, are bound to prevent the defrauding of the weak and the poor, whom the Church loves as well, aye often better, than the rich—always, better than the proud—of their rightful share in the inheritance of Beauty. It would be well if this principle were more widely recognized. But we may *hope* all things. Much good has been effected. Much light has penetrated the obscurity of centures. The quaint adage of the Puritans, "When the Church hath wooden chalices she hath golden priests, but when she hath golden chalices she hath wooden priests," ruled the instincts of the popular mind, till chalices, and priests, and all well nigh decayed and were lost;

but the inspired principle of Israel's noble King, that the house that the Lord will have, and all the utensils for the temple "must be exceeding magnifical" is beginning to live again amongst us:—God send it rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, that it may grow and overspread the land, till in the metropolis of every circuit of Great Britain, and even in the capital of every county, shall stand testifying monuments of love and duty, temples of British Worship, the devotions of *individuals*, (for such is the great desideratum as a sign of better times) equal even for splendour with that one of which the world has heard so much, shewn by a kindred communion as the late gift of the proud munificence of the Coroneted Head of the Talbots.

FURTHER PRACTICAL COURSE.

About the commencement of the second year of his curacy at E——, remark was rife with the name of Mr. A., in consequence of the fact becoming known that he had fitted up a small east room in his house with an Altar and the symbols of religion, and that his sister and himself repaired every morning and night to prayer in the Oratory.

It was rumoured also that he was in the habit of inflicting corporeal Penance on himself: indeed he conceived it right that example should be set in the way of mortification as well as in holy living; and though he ever strictly adhered to the Scripture precept,—not to be seen of men in these things,—he yet chose that it should be evident that his rule was of the character inculcated by Bishop Taylor: "He that desires to die well and happily, above all things must be careful that he

do not live a soft, a delicate, and a voluptuous life. He that would die holily and happily, must in this world love tears, humility, solitude, and repentance."

A well-meaning but over-opinionated parishioner took the singular liberty of writing to her pastor a long letter of remonstrance on these points of his practice and creed. Too kind and too humble to resent this eccentric step, he replied simply by a short extract from the fourth volume of Mr. Newman's Parochial Sermons, "choosing rather," as he said, "to give her, in answer to her objections, the *testimony* of one of the holiest men of the age, than to offer the *opinion* of one of the lowest." He wrote, therefore,—

Men speak of these religious observances as if it were the easiest thing in the world to fast, and pray, and do austerities, and as if such courses were the most seductive, easiest, pleasantest modes of attaining heaven. I do not deny that there are certain states of society, certain ages and countries, in which they are much easier than in others; but this is true of all duties. We, for instance, of this day, find manliness and candour as easy as some Eastern nations might find fasting and meditation. But that is not the question. We are what we are—Englishmen; and for us who are active in our habits and social in our tempers, fasting and meditation have no such great attractions, and are of no such easy observance. When, then, an objector fears lest observances should make him self-righteous, were he to attempt them, I do think he is over-anxious, over-confident, in his own power to fulfil them; he trusts too much in his own strength already, and, depend on it, to attempt them would make him less self-righteous, not more so. He need not be so very fearful of being too good; he may assure himself that the smallest of his Lord's commandments are to a spiritual mind, solemn, arduous, inex-

haustible. Is it an easy thing to pray? It *is* easy to wait for a rush of feelings, and then to let our petitions be borne upon them, and never to attempt the duty till then; but it is not at all easy to be in the habit, day after day, hour after hour, in all frames of mind, and under all outward circumstances, to bring before God a calm, collected, awakened soul. It is not at all easy to keep the mind from wandering in prayer, to keep out all intrusive thoughts about other things. It is not at all easy to realize what we are about, and who is before us, what we are seeking, and what our state is. It is not at all easy to throw off the world, and to understand that God and Christ hear us, that saints and angels are standing by us, and the devil desiring to have us. What indeed *is*, after all, meant by asserting that regular and stated prayers are dangerous to a sensitive and serious mind? They are dangerous to the blind and formal, but so all things are; but where is the really serious mind that will say it is easy to take delight in stated prayer, to attend to it daily? Is not, at the best, our delight in it transient, and our attention irregular? Is all this satisfactory and elating? And so again of austerities; there may be persons so constituted as to take pleasure in mortifications for their own sake, and to be able to practise them adequately; and they certainly are in danger of practising them for their own sakes, not through faith, and of becoming spiritually proud in consequence; but surely it is idle to speak of this as an ordinary danger. And so again a religious mind has a perpetual source of humiliation from *this* consciousness also, viz,, how far his *actual conduct in the world* falls short of the profession which his devotional observances involve. It is not a pleasant, not an inspiring, not an elating reflection, to think that you are making a profession which you must in some measure dishonour by your daily imperfections. There is nothing flattering and soothing in the thought that you are inviting the world to criticize you, and preparing it to expect more than it

will find; to say nothing of the more bitter feelings which the professions and the vows of obedience made in church and broken in the world, cost you when thought of in God's sight. Alas! is it at all a comfort to add to the catalogue of those sins which we must answer for in the last day? Yet this we must do, or at least run the risk of it, if we attempt those services which some persons would persuade us necessarily tend to self-righteousness.

The lady was silenced, let us hope also humbled and convinced.

Another sore offence arose in the curate's admitting a few persons, by their own special desire, to private Confession. High and loud was the storm blown up against him: the hoarse anger of the Age would outshout the thunders of the Church; its opinions and refinements would drown Her still and solemn voice: even many who went far in Catholic principles forsook him here; while the ultra class grew violent and treated him with the directest insult, and others who had no opportunity of personally displaying their disesteem armed themselves with the pitiful missiles of newspaper paragraphs and untrue representations to do their little to wound or to annoy him.

But turning again from this sadder phase of the pastor's life, let us, for a moment, be refreshed as he was, by seeing how True Labour is never wholly lost, and trusting that the Lord the Spirit will yet by His blessed influences create a harvest where, like the rice-corn on the inundating river of Egypt, the seed has been cast in upon the dark waters. The philosopher who delivers a new thought to the world may be *scarcely* responded to, *scarcely* heard, as the rush of men goes on; but having *just* arrested enough attention to convey his Thought

into a second mind his vocation is fulfilled: that Thought will go on, endlessly producing fresh intelligence and power, and growing up a bright laurel-tree out of his buried ashes: and in moral things how mighty is the trust latent in a single impulse!

His people did not prize him as they ought, at least many of them, and as they wished they had done when they lost him; but *some* have thanked God, and will thank him to eternity, for sending "His angel before their face," and not among the least grateful will be these several of his

SEALS OF EARNESTNESS.

DR. ——.

He held a Professorship in a foreign University of note, but came to England and to the neighbourhood of E——, shortly after Mr. A.'s settlement there.

He was a man of no ordinary attainments in the learning of this world. An elegant classic and an admired philologist, he was no less a profound logician and deep-thinking student of mathematical science. In modern research, both in its Actuals and its Theories, he was rarely versed, and intensely interested, and himself a well-known contributor in its course: and in these all, as he believed, he bowed before, and worshipped God. The grand principles which make the wonder of the vulgar, were to him the Alphabet which in its infinite combinations and associations forms the language of the whole outer world—the *una terricolis lingua* through which high communings may be held with the glorious universe of nature. Of that outspread Scheme, or Genius, or Efficience, he spoke seldom, nor ever lightly as men speak; feeling that every-

where and always it might be surrounding humanity with subtile influences, attenuated essences, latent or undiscovered, incalculable in their effects and irresistible in their power—that is, he worshipped Nature which was his—God.

At the time when Eustace first knew him, this gentleman had suffered a severe domestic trial, which bowed his thoughts and his head to the very ground; and then following in the train of the grief, there overspread his whole intellectual constitution an under-current of doubt and disbelief, and all those calm deductions with which years had stored his brain and memory, were to him nothing. He reasoned that the notions men receive, worked out to their extent, overturn themselves, and all knowledge, and all certainty; and then he chose to follow the strange exploded system of Pure Immateriality, and give up all belief in the agencies of a Real physical Existence; his world was a great chart of "ideas," a phantasmagoria, and Mind the all in all: the *cogito ergo sum* became his creed, and more than that, save the being of an Eternal mind whence *his* mind had emanated, he believed nothing. He made no half-way stay, and sadder and sadder he grew, wrapped up in the forlorn egoism to which his wanderings had led him.

He was induced to seek the frequent company of Mr. A. by a kindred taste for literature; and Eustace, soon growing aware of the character and also the real worth of the character thus lying within his sphere of effort, neglected no hour or place of meeting where the finger of the Impression of Truth could be laid. Often his sensitive mind was shocked to hear how Dr. —— would speak of God with the irreverent arrogance of an Intellect, using

the Name which the Hebrews scarcely knew how to utter, as he would a term in philosophy; and to see him turn to His Revelation, not to gain enlightenment of heart in Holy things, but desperately seeking help to his mental cogitations; and then the faithful minister would mildly point out how all Intellect and Soul and Energy centres round one point; how Self-reliance cannot go beyond its immutably fixed barrier, as all those have testified who have tried it in its greatest exaltation. The heart of the wise man was, in truth, too proud to acknowledge this; yet it responded deeply, and listened while the Curate continued to show how, because this Self-reliance is not infinite and unappealable, there must be a something Firm, True, Sacred, to rest its first staves on, or every now and then there is a totter, and a shaking, and a doubt; how the purest Moral Instinct, lying deepest in the heart, must be yet founded on a deeper and steadfaster principle, —some Ten Commands, some Catholic Church, or there remains a feeling that our whole being is not yet perfect, our nature not satisfied and complete. And then he patiently began to open the first simple principles of the Holy Book that was "foolishness" to the philosophic Greeks, because it did not help or answer their senses and refinements. He showed how strikingly there is a *reserve* through all Holy Scripture on the questions which men have chosen to argue of so earnestly. If inquisitive speculators reason of the existence of matter, and ask, if *it is*, when it was made, and how, and of what, and wherefore; the only reply to be found here is, "In the beginning *God created* the heavens and the earth!" And if they reason about primeval humanity and the forming of the human mind or its emanation, the answer is, "God

made man out of the dust of the earth; and God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul!" And when proud reason, foiled in a hundred theories, turns here to learn the Origin of Evil, it must be content with no earlier or more certain chronology than that when Heaven had been long peopled with great intelligences, it is recorded, "some of the angels fell from their first estate!" And if the moralist searches here for the original of Virtue, the believer perceives it to reside in God Unquestionable, but the doubting caviller asks, *why* had the Lord "respect to Abel and his offering, rather than to Cain and his offering?" and he goes away unsatisfied! For a theory of Moral Sentiments he is pointed to Sinai, and he inquires *whence* are these laws derived? For the rule of the government of all things he is told "God is love!" and he looks around and sees mysterious orderings of His Providence, and hears mysterious dispensations of His Throne, and his irreverence questions and doubts. But the silence of the Divine Revelation on these matters, and the real subject of which it treats,—how man shall best do the will of God and attain Eternal Life,—would seem designed to show us that he was intended by his All-wise Creator to spend the time of his sojourning or probation on the earth less in painfully searching out for himself much Knowledge than in becoming fitted, by Reverent Faith and Pure Devotion, for the Future and his True Life, where all that the mind has capacity to reach after, and in which it is here continually thwarted, will be given as its Daily Bread; while, such a preparation unmade, it can have no claim to its glorious inheritance, but must sink to the sole alternative,

forgotten, dead, starved—the victim of a neglected vocation.

Still sweetly and patiently he showed him how in Heaven they want no Greek or Latin, for their tongue is *one*, how Arithmetic and Algebra will be useless There, for the measures and the figures of the finite cannot calculate Space and Eternity; how they have no need of Logic, for theirs is intuition; nor Metaphysics, for to them there is no ideal world; nor Physical Science, for the mighty wonders of creation with all their wheels and springs and under-works are unrolled before them as the map of a familiar country; nor even of Moral Philosophy, for they dwell in the Pure Perfect; and why then should we strive so hard to gain this little learning imperfectly before its time? The mind foreshadows, by its desires and earnest powers, its high destiny; but how poor is the progress which at best it can accomplish here! how illustrious and infinite the state it may attain if prepared early and well to assume its real position and move in its true sphere! Then how that preparation must be made, the minister opened clearly and affectionately to his friend. The only revelation of that Perfect State, that Destiny of the Immortal, requires, as the title to its attainment, Holiness, Faith, Love,—and then he showed him how beautifully material things are made to minister in the material state as helps to the gain of these,—how we have not been unreasonably required to maintain in difficult union two separate lives, the one repudiating outward things, and the other supported by them; but how, in the Church's simple, God-like philosophy, Sacrament and rite meet us for every need, and strengthen the sensible nature with sensible ordinances in every hour of weakness,

every hour of possible dereliction from our noble calling.

Dr. —— had numbered his days on earth. The body, exhausted by the scourge of mental suffering, was prostrated in its last weakness. And then the dark mists, that had obscured his better self, cleared off; and the over-wisdom, that had been the pride of his manhood, was acknowledged utterly deficient. Many, many, more were the sweet and holy instructions breathed by that dying couch from the lips of the faithful and gentle pastor; and he had his reward, we cannot doubt, in perfecting the soul of him whose destiny was so near. Some days before he died he asked as humbly as a child to be permitted to receive the Most Holy Communion, and they who were present could not but exclaim as he responded to every part of the sacred rite with visible expressions of intense reverence—"What hath GOD wrought!"

ELLEN D——.

Her history is short, simple, and affecting. The Curate's first knowledge of her was during the very early months of his location at E——, when he several times observed her at the house of an old lady who was placed upon his sick-list for pastoral visits. She was usually the sole companion of the aged woman, and his attention was drawn to her by her marked eagerness to catch every remark which fell from his lips, and the sort of shy earnestness with which she always courted his longer stay. She was very young, and seldom spoke beyond the shortest observations; but there was a loftiness of carriage in many involuntary actions and a bright intelligence of countenance which betrayed that she was no mere simple country girl.

A shade of curiosity was roused in the Clergyman's mind, and he enquired after her one morning in her absence in a manner to draw some information of her character from her aged friend. He was somewhat surprised to learn that Ellen was the only daughter and heiress of a noble family, whose mansion was in the neighbourhood, and in which the person he was visiting had many years before filled the situation of housekeeper; and he was told that in occasional church-attendance with her mother, she had heard and been deeply impressed with some of the first sermons in E—— church; that in calling to visit the late housekeeper in her indisposition, she had learnt that Mr. A. frequently came to see her, and then she chose to be informed whenever his visits were anticipated, and to come and remain as he had seen her, unobtrusively, and called "Ellen," as if she had been a relative or attendant of the invalid. The old woman said she did not know that she ought to betray the secret, but "ever since Miss Ellen had taken on so about going to church, and such like, there had been no peace at the Hall, for her papa said she was turning saint, and the lady fretted always that her beautiful daughter, after all her pains and pride, would never become the station to which she was born;" but they had no idea of the object of her frequent visits to the old servant, and rather encouraged them than otherwise, as a means of diverting her mind.

Ellen meanwhile had been laying up a rich store of precious thoughts and knowledge, worth more to her than all the glitter of the most regal outward state. Educated in the infidelity of gaiety, and taught to prize worldly position above all things, the first earnest words of the young Curate,

heard *because* his family was known! fell strangely on the ear accustomed only to the soft accents of fashion and flattery; but a naturally energetic mind was awakened, and the trains of thought roused by occasional sermons were pursued in private with deepening interest, and the conversation which now and then passed at the aged servant's house supplied fresh matter for consideration and enquiry. Almost unconsciously to herself she had become an ardent High Church-woman.

Mr. A. took many subsequent opportunities of addressing his conversation to this interesting auditor, and was gratified by seeing her a regular communicant in the Blessed Sacrament, and a very frequent attendant at the Daily Prayers. He hoped that through her means the good leaven might spread and leaven much of the yet-unhallowed. This he was not privileged to see; but the devoted perseverance of his daughter in Christ was told him in his last hours, and he rejoiced and blessed God.

When he had left E——, she formed for herself many plans of useful, pious labour, which she set about carrying into effect as far as her family's opposition to such "eccentricities" would suffer her; but her attention was suddenly recalled to personal matters by an event which usually, for good or evil, changes the current of a young lady's life. She received proposals of marriage from a gentleman every way equal, and suited to her, as her friends conceived, and for whom she could not herself deny a partiality. Intimate intercourse, however, soon developed the dissimilarity of mind existing between them, and at length annoyed, as he said, by the *outré* appearance of so much Church-devotedness, the gentleman-lover plainly

urged her to "give up these girlish vagaries," and at least, out of regard for him, "appear and act like the rest of the world." Deeply wounded, Ellen replied: "And could you believe, could you dream for one moment that the heart that would forswear its holiest Faith could be true to an earthly love? Such a heart is not mine. The scandal of untruth to God or man must never be written against the name of a D——. In the fervent faith of my girlhood I gave my obedience to the Church; more and beyond this, but no way displacing it, I have given to you all the gift of a woman's heart. To you *and to the Church*, I could have been for ever faithful; but, if I must make the election, and choose one or the other, and not both for my part, my gift of service must abide where it has been irrevocably given." The result was the immediate withdrawal of the proud and mortified suitor, and Ellen being then of age, and in possession of a large independent settlement, determined to devote herself and all her goods wholly and for ever to her first and true love—THE CHURCH.

A tale in all particulars such as this may be rare, being one of the choice seals of honour conferred on one chosen and rare himself. Yet in many a secret place have like strifes been suffered. For many and many a young head have the angels twined its glory-crown to wear for ever, of the flowers that had been put aside as too lovely, too sweet, too tempting, to be enjoyed here, lest they might steal the affections that should have a higher aim. Ah! in those crowded convents of the Middle Ages, —ah! in all the long Virgin train from the best-beloved Apostle through the Jeromes and the Bernards and the Anselms; through the Priscas, and the Paulas, and the Agathas, and the Marys, down

to our own day, when again this holy grace of chosen virginity and religious poverty begins to be thought no scorn, there has shone in heaven's eye many and many a one who has sustained the conflict of holiness with warm earthly feelings and yearning sympathies; and in silence and in secret, in the cell, in the solemn worship, in the desert, in the confessional, alternately bent and battled, but has overcome at last, and is now attired in the white robes and that "little coronet," more bright and precious than ruler's diadem, reserved for them alone chosen "to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

It was a rule with Eustace never to delay an hour in attending a summons to administer the Offices of the Church to the sick. Often when urged to do so by those who grudged to part with some promised share of his company in the social circle, he would remind them that 'if he were a surgeon they would rather be willing to hasten his steps when called to help the suffering, and how far more urgent was his vocation, to bind up some broken heart, or probe some festering wound of the spirit, or set some dislocated limb of the mind.' And so practically did he keep up the comparison that he caused it to be understood generally in his parish that he was accessible to such calls at all times of the day or the night, which accordingly became neither few nor trifling. A night-bell communicated with his chamber, and its sound never died away without his having hastened to answer its summons.

At one of these times, in a stormy January, the call was to baptize an infant supposed to be dying,

the child of two young travellers, who were detained by its illness at a road-side inn, some miles from E——. The nurse employed was a person whom Mr. A.'s sister had carefully directed to call him in any case of the kind, and though the parents of the child appeared to think it of small importance whether he were made an Heir of the Kingdom of Heaven by Holy Baptism, or suffered to leave the world under the Curse of nature, they had made no opposition to her sending for the Clergyman.

After a day of extreme fatigue (and his working day extended to long past midnight), and suffering from a severe attack of influenza, Eustace had just lain down to take his short repose: but self-consideration had no lurking-place in his devoted mind, and in a few moments he was on horseback accompanying the messenger to C——.

The Holy Sacrament duly administered, and the child delivered from the destinies of earth pure into the angels' hands, the Clergyman's attention was called to the bereaved mother, who was weeping bitterly for her first and only born. Long she refused to be comforted, but when he set before her those sweet consolations which only the faithful Churchman can administer, with regard to the blessedness of the baptized infant, she raised her eyes to his in wonder at the unwonted words. A little conversation discovered that she was travelling with her husband from a distant town to a sea-port, whence they were to embark for one of the British Colonies in hope—

> To rear an independent shed,
> And give the lips they loved unborrowed bread.

And the young beloved they were going to labour for was thus taken from them.

A.'s ever-ready sympathy was warmed towards the sad pair; he made them come with him to his house, he buried their dead out of their sight, and detained them with kindness and many useful gifts in preparation for their voyage, till the time their ship was to sail. The husband was an intelligent and well-educated mechanic, and the thought had struck him that these persons might be valuable missionaries among their class. Together with his sister, he devoted many hours to instructing them in the principles of the Church, of which he found them lamentably ignorant, and his labour was delightfully repaid by the eager readiness with which they received his lessons. As well as could be done in the short time, they were taught and fortified in that real practical kind of truth which alone is of use in our working age. The abstract virtues are not the most needful points in religion now-a-days: those tangible, efficient things which give body to its feelings, and veracity to its doctrines, because they have been too much neglected, are more necessary now. The formal attention to religious duty, visible expressions of reverence for holy things, and places, and persons, and the never-wearying practice of good works, were inculcated gently but earnestly, by Mr. A. upon these young emigrants: and who knows what better influences may be circulated by their means among those half-heathen thousands whom privation of perishing bread has driven from the homes of their fathers, who mostly live in the vilest sin, and die bound with iniquity. In this hope of their usefulness the Good Samaritan parted with them, having supplied them with a selection of valuable books to freshen occasionally his living words in their minds in after-days. Bless-

ing them in God's name, he bade them farewell in the sincere belief that the death of the child had been the Life of the parents, and the trust that it might be eventually of many more.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

There had been an accident with some heavy machinery in one of the factories of E——, and many of the poor employed had suffered distressingly. Among them a young girl had sustained such severe injuries that the wonder was that life was not altogether extinct in her, as in several of her late companions in labour, around. Her parents were of that class, so grievously numerous in our manufacturing towns, who make their children the mere caterers to their degrading passions, by selling them to lucrative labour from their very cradles; and when poor Amy was conveyed to their miserable abode in this shattered state, they at first refused to take in the useless body, wishing it to be carried to the parish poor-house. Only consciousness and strength enough remained, for her to arouse and beg that she might not be taken *there*. She was laid down on a scattering of straw in one corner of the room which was the *home* of her father, and mother, and four younger brothers and sisters, and little more care was expended on her by those who should have been her nurses. In the morning a crust and water were set by her side, and she was left alone till night. So do famine and oppression brutalize their victims. In this state the poor girl was discovered by one of the little band of devoted ladies whom Mr. A. had organized into what he called his extempore order of *Sœurs de la Charité*. The lady was deeply shocked at the sight and circumstances

of the poor lacerated and unattended object, and exerted every feeling of commiseration to help and soothe the, as she naturally supposed, wretched girl. But one day when she had been bestowing much attention and sympathy on the bodily afflictions of the sufferer, she was surprised by her adding to her usual expression of deep gratitude, "God is very good to me. I was happy before while I was lying here alone, but now I am *so very* happy." The lady as yet had spoken little of anything but the pains she strove to alleviate, and was unprepared to find the germ of holy feeling in the heart of this neglected one, budding thus in obscurity. She found, too, to increase her wonder, that Amy had never seen a Bible, nor heard of a Sunday School, nor had any one ever spoken to her of religious things. How was it then, she asked, that she had learned to be happy in pain and hunger? The young girl was shy, and seemed to shrink from exposing some treasure-secret of her heart, but gradually, and during many visits, many questions and affectionate sympathy elicited her simple story.

She said that ever since she could remember, she had gone to the factory to work all day, every day but Sundays, and on Sundays she and her brothers and sisters generally stayed at home and slept, to rest themselves; but their father and mother used to quarrel terribly, and as Amy grew older it made her very unhappy and frightened to hear them, and she would go out and wander, and sit in the streets. Then she saw a great many people all walking one way, and she followed them, and they went to a very high and large place, which she heard called the "church." She saw many poor people go, but she did not like to go in, till one afternoon she was

sitting on the high steps, and numbers and numbers of children came, some of whom she knew by their dress to be school children, but many more seemed to be factory workers like herself, and some even worse dressed than she was; so at last she ventured and stole in among them, to a very dark corner, where she could see all the church:—and it was so beautiful! and the children who had gone in were all seated together in long rows, and presently a gentleman came, dressed in white, and talked with them so long and with such a kind voice; and she heard him tell them that the Great God above the sky, that they said "Our Father" to, a many years ago sent down into this world His Son, to teach people to be good, and to tell them to look up to Him when they were sad, that He might help them, and to love Him always, that when by and by they should die He might take them to His Home to live again always and happily; and that then the Lord Jesus was crucified on a cruel cross, suffering this dreadful punishment for all the wicked of the world, that He might save them if they would be saved: and then he pointed to a large basin of stone in the church, which was filled with water, and told them that when they were very little children, before they could speak, they had had water poured on their heads out of that basin, which wonderfully washed their hearts, and made their natures strong to avoid doing wrong, if they chose: it was, he said, as if it were the Blood of the Lord Jesus who was crucified, which makes clean from sin and keeps from sin those whom He will save; and it was a Sign that they should belong to God, and that the Son of God, who was always in the church though they could not see Him,—for after He was

crucified He rose from the grave and lived for ever,—promised then to take care of them, and if they did good and loved God, and loved and helped their companions, that He would certainly be by when they died to take them to His beautiful home above the sky. Much more, Amy said, he told the children, and every Sunday she stole to her dark corner to hear, and he spoke very often of the water being poured on them out of the basin, which he called being "Christened," and she wanted much to know if she had been christened as well as they, but she did not like to ask her father and mother lest they should be angry with her for going to church; however, one day she asked an old woman who came to take care of her little brother when he was ill, and she told her Yes, sure she had; but what put that in her head? She said she ran away, that the old woman might not find out her little secret, but after that she used to be so happy she could not tell, when the gentleman talked to the children, for she had been christened too, and it seemed as if he were speaking to her; then she went in the morning to church, and no one saw her in her corner, so she heard the same gentleman say a great deal, but she could not remember what it was, only she liked to hear his voice, it was so kind, and to look at him; and a great many times she went, and at last she noticed that he always seemed to say the same words, but all she ever could quite remember was that he asked God to have mercy on all that were "desolate and oppressed," and that he said,

> "In the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,
> Good Lord deliver us."

And now she used to go to church all day and only

came home when they shut the doors at night, but no one asked her where she went, and she tried to be good and never to be angry, and help her brothers and sisters and her factory mates, and never say bad words, and love God; and then they called her—a saint, and that was strange, she thought, when they were plainly making sport of her, to call her by the good name of those holy people whom the gentleman told the children God loved and had with Him in Heaven. She wished she were a Saint, and she spoke to God in her heart, for she knew He would hear her, and asked Him to help her to be good, so that she might be one.

The simple-hearted child was come to her last hour. Mr. A. had been absent from his parish for some weeks, or he would have visited her before; but on his return he hastened to attend to the request of the lady who had conveyed to him the affecting story of the factory girl. Amy lay gasping for breath in her close room; her friend, the lady, supported her head, and bathed her burning temples, when Mr. A. entered and stood beside them. The poor child's eyes opened incredulously. She could not believe that the same face she had gazed on for hours in the Church was really beside her there; no, it must be an angel come to take her to God. But it was his own voice. He knelt beside her, and laid his hand upon her brow, and blessed her; and she gazed up in his face, and *felt* that it was he while he said, as the intensity of the passing spirit faded away from her countenance, "In this hour of death, and in the day of judgment, Lord Jesus, deliver Thy child."

Her parents came home and found her dead, and expressed no feeling, but hastened to have her

put under the ground. Few followed the humble funeral, and only one tear consecrated the dust of the lowly grave. It fell from the eye of the minister, upturned to the blue sky, while he read, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours."

These,—and many more we hope and believe, whose secret hearts have been opened to no human eye,—were his Seals of Earnestness, and they were a noble portion. Where, too, he was not the inspirer of first serious thoughts, how often was he the first to evoke to the searching mind, tired with vague ideas and a bodiless religion, that glorious treasure of true feeling which the Church lays deep within the being of the Baptised, to be called out by Her own power, to be exercised on Her own beauty, and to bring into the soul a rich and never-failing satisfaction, from the grace of all Her rites, the loveliness of all Her symbols, the sacramental energy of Her simplest developments. Such bless his name, not less than they whom he won home from a world-wandering blessed him in their time and place, and they whom he baptised into God's Kingdom—who shall be themselves blessed enough to be kept unto the end—will bless him in heaven.

They who yet continue in the flesh have lost him for their guide and teacher now. No more will they see him on earth, or hear the rich music of his heavenly messages. He has been taken, perhaps in judgment—perhaps, in love. They will see him no more on earth; but, in the Final Consummation, when, amidst the rush of worlds, and the flight of angels, and all the vast doings of

That tremendous Day, each faithful minister of Christ shall gather to himself, from among the assembling multitudes, the souls that have been given to his ministry, to present them before the presence of the Great White Throne, then they will see him, and know him; they will be watching for him, and they will say, "Ah! there goes the man of God—*our* man of God!" and they will follow him, and he will speak for them in the Glorious Presence; and then the angels will bring to them their white robes, and to him his crown of glory. Nay—who knows—some of them may meet him in the First Resurrection.

SCHOOLS.

Of all the various pastoral positions in which Eustace acted his earnest part, it is in his schools that we think of him as especially *at home*. He felt that Education was the great Question of the Age, and peculiarly of this country; and that on its right adjustment must depend the stability or fall of that national domination, which may be the inestimable Second Cause of the wide earth's regenerate day. A distinguished politician has said, "A power subtler than brute force and mightier than armed men is at work. We have begun to do homage to the Royalty of Mind, and kings to rule *over* must rule *by* it;" and from this first postulate might be derived with a thousand-fold force, every inducement which the political philosopher, or the religionist, or the moralist could ask for educational labour. *Not* such labour as would crowd the minds of the peasantry with abstruse science and polite literature, thereby unfitting them for the duties of their station; *not* such as would found "Mechanics' Institutes" for the

classics, and give "popular editions" of Horace and Euclid; but such as should ensure the instruction of every man in all that might raise his moral nature, and make him a worthier member of the social compact, and a truer restoration of the Image of God.

Sometimes, when the philanthropist looks abroad upon this England, and there rises everywhere before him misery, misery, and overwhelming wickedness—when, turning horror-stricken from the contemplation of one accidentally-opened heart, perhaps among his friends, he hears, "Turn thee yet again, and thou shalt see greater abominations than these," and he looks into the secret temple of another mind, and finds it full of yet viler and more hideous things;—when in one, outwardly fair seeming, and circumspect, he finds within the whited sepulchre, something more horrible and disgusting than all;—when he sees the mean man's crime piled and towering before him in terrible exaggeration, riveting attention by its punishment;—and when he reflects that in the ranks around him there is an almost inconceivable amount of moral degradation, veiled by the covering serge of Society;—his hope—his faith—all but fails within him. So it would be sometimes with Eustace, but then on looking narrowly he would see where the rays and spots of light were shewing that the sun had risen to the horizon:—(and it can never sink again;—clouds may be in its pathway, but it will shine upward and onward to the Perfect Day, drawing from man's mind all those mists of selfishness and cold night dews of error which have so long enveloped it; and at last, when the Lord's Millennium shall come, it will look on him again in the calmness of its meridian glory as when he first became a

living soul.)—And so in strength of heart he laboured on.

We have before noticed his minute attention to the National Schools, an institution which he highly valued, and took every means to advance. The schoolmaster he treated as his brother and fellow-helper; not merely recognising him on public occasions and in a formal manner, but consulting with him about the interests of his little flock, and arranging with him every plan with careful consideration; a circumstance which raised the schoolmaster in the eyes of the children and of the parish, and greatly augmented his influence in his position. Mr. A. would, indeed, have wished to recall the old state of things when every schoolmaster had his Bishop's licence—that is, the acknowledgment that he was one of the clericy of the land, and as far as lay in his power he made up the deficiency in his own sphere. But, beside the National schools, he devoted a vast share of energy and consideration to two other springs of the educational machine—one the happy thought of sixty years ago, which has since spread its power everywhere—and the other a more novel, and even we conceive more noble, invention. We refer to "Sunday Schools" and "Ragged Schools."

Both of these were formed by Mr. A. in his parish, the first for the benefit of the children of the extremely poor, the other for the chance gathering of the depraved and the wretched. The plans and operations of Sunday Schools are too well known to need comment here; and as, from the pressure of many engagements, the curate of E—— could but seldom take personal part in the Sabbath day's school instructions, but little that was striking occurred, though the foundation was interesting

and very flourishing. The scholars joined the ranks for catechising in the afternoon in the church, and many encouragements arose to cheer on the teachers.

One rule, indeed, we may mention as an improvement in the usual code. It was one bearing the stamp of its inventor's own benevolence—*that no child should be expelled from the Sunday School:* for this reason—the *Sunday School* being founded on the supposition that the children who frequent it are deficient in moral training, the rules applied to other schools cannot, or ought not, to influence it; and private admonition is preferable to public punishment. Any scholar convicted of moral delinquency, if not reformable by his or her teacher, should be reported to the superintendent of the school for admonition; if still impenitent, to the head of the teachers' class or monthly visitor; and, as a last resource, to the Clergyman. Each step should be accompanied with affectionate private remonstrances, and even a hard heart will seldom hold out so long. All this, too, should be effected with as little exposure as possible of the offender to his school companions: for if a child or youth loses his sense of *character* as he must do when he feels that all about him are aware of his disgrace, the injury to his moral feeling is scarcely reparable.

The "Ragged School" of E—— was formed in the most deplorable neighbourhood of the thickly populated town, the resort of thieves, pickpockets, and beggars. A large room was furnished with a few stools, and a few colossal pictures and letter-boards, and a notice circulated that it would be open every evening from eight till ten, when persons would attend to give instruction to the very

poorest in reading and singing. The object was instantly attained. Hundreds of the miserable and corrupted "ragged" were collected at once, of all ages, from four years old to twenty, attracted by the irresistible fascination of the name School—a school, too, where they might come in all their dirt, and at the time when, only, they crept from their hiding-places; and night after night the devoted Eustace was there with his kind voice and face passing among them, talking to them, or more effectually talking *with* them, and sustaining by his presence and conduct the efforts of his few coadjutors in the charitable work.

His school instructions consisted of no set and settled form, but adapted themselves in a shifting scale to each day's chance or need. He seldom taught by books, but by oral and illustrative conversation; and this was the plan he ever recommended. He used to say, 'the world is full of Parables and Images of Divine Things, which by the unspiritualised mind are regarded as mere Facts, but which speak to the Christian's ear in voices of deep melody of the Things within the Veil; and the moral and religious teaching derived from these will be found infinitely more profitable to children's minds than the dry details of books of wise sayings, or the diluted particles of truth to be found in moral story-books.' With the wish of seeing this practice become general, he was particular in his selection of teachers for his various schools; choosing, wherever it was possible, persons of cultivated minds, as best calculated to impart their instructions in this extempore manner. At first this was difficult; few such offered themselves for the work; but after a little time, when he had shewn them by example the *greatness* of the call, there

was no lack of active labourers among the class he wished for. He had convinced many how far lovelier it was to behold a dozen amiable and accomplished women in their simple morning habits sitting surrounded by a hundred little ones gathered from the cottages of their poor sisters, imparting to those starving minds of their abundance, than to see them in their brilliant drawing-rooms, among a crowd of obsequious guests, or in their elegant boudoirs, assorting ribbons and jewels for the evening's display; and he had shewn them how sweet a task it is, and how few of the difficulties attach to it which might frighten the timid from other spheres of operation; how the youthful heart is easily won, and the mind's unhardened surface soon impressed, and how, as intercourse with the world acts as the fire upon the clay, those impressions become indelible. Soon his overlooking eye was rejoiced to find every class of his crowded schools supplied with its regular and efficient visitor; and often, he said, he had cause to thank God and take courage from the example of those whom he had himself encouraged and placed, while he marked their earnest labours, and admired the thousand little ways in which they set the stamps of holy things upon the children's minds; ways not easily explained in words, but quickly perceived by the ever-ready eye of anxious philanthropy.

Another walk of charity, in which Mr. A.'s footsteps were well known, and are now sorely missed, were his

VILLAGE STATIONS.

Several thickly-peopled districts lay around E——, where neither church nor minister had yet been known. To these he very soon after his

settlement turned his attention, and before he departed from the midst of his labours three little churches had risen and been duly consecrated in these localities; their services being supplied by himself and his ever-ready co-operator and brother-curate. Of these spheres of labour he always spoke with peculiar tenderness; the people there were indeed pre-eminently his Spiritual Children, and they acted worthily of their relationship; eagerly crowding their prized houses of prayer with those who esteemed him very highly in love for his work's sake, looking upon every act of his as holy and sacramental, and doing as he bade them, questioning nothing. Oh! it was refreshing to his heart after the din of the contentions of the disordered parish, to go out among these poor, and see how gladly they received the Kingdom of God when it was preached to them. He used to remain half an hour in the little church before each service and half an hour after it, that those who wished to speak with him, and by any circumstances could not do so otherwise, might know always where the Priest was to be found, and might come to him in secret or in their sorrow, or their exigencies, to receive the Help of God. Surely it is much to be wished that such a custom were general. With reference to the domiciliary visits he remarked on the popular saying, "there is a *silver key* to every cottage," that surely such a truth is by no means unreasonable, nor discreditable:—that the starving man should ask bread to feed his body before he will be quite ready to listen to your addresses to his understanding, is nothing strange; and it is a wise plan to shew the poor that you take an interest in their temporal comfort at the same time that you

urge them to attend to their spiritual interests: if they see you careful of the one, and in other ways than the mere donation of money, they will the rather take your advice upon the other. With Eustace these were no theories, but the mottoes and the movements of daily practice, both in his villages and in his parish. His "Clothing Clubs," and "Winter Help Societies," and "Dorcas Funds," were the admiration of many who wondered at his method, and almost coveted his skill, while they were less emulous of imitating his self-sacrifice.

His labours were excellently rewarded, when he saw those desert hearts which he had softened with the waters of charity nourishing the seed cast into them by holy husbandry, and beginning to shew promise of flowers and fruit. Among the untaught poor there is sometimes found a lovely aptness for receiving religious instruction. The oppositions of science and reason, falsely so called, have not spread their iron sheath around their souls; the arrow of conviction enters in unbroken and unblunted; and in such retired and unworldly spots as those choice villages of A.'s, they are commonly so little solicitous to grow in the unprofitable learning of ingenious cavillings, that they have time to Grow in Grace; and among such Unsophisticated, we then see the true Image of our Lord in the poor;—the overspreading habit of the world has almost everywhere effaced it, a very different image is now commonly presented on the brow of the labourer and the artisan; but *we have seen* how even while his mind is dark and unsanctified, the poor man can make noble sacrifices on the altar of love; how the last crust will be for the child, not for the weary parent; and the warmest garment for the adopted orphan, the child of the friend of his

youth;—we have seen that the heart of the English Peasant is a fine soil, only wanting the true hand to cultivate it.

But the time went on, and hastened towards its end: already its predictions might be drawn from

FORESHADOWING THINGS.

The suspension of the Reverend Regius Professor of Hebrew from his official ministrations as Canon of Christ Church had left a rankling wound in many a mind. Many from that day wavered in their allegiance, who had never doubted their Church before. Some whom the times could ill spare from active work, whom the Anglican Church could ill dispense with from her best ranks, retired then to silence to brood ever the possibility of secession. They were melancholy months that followed the dispersion of four-and-twenty large and rapid editions of the beautiful, the humble-minded, the rebuked "Sermon." They who were present at its delivery, and had felt never so much impressed as on that day with reverence for the beloved preacher,—as they had watched him pass up the aisle of the cathedral, his fine head bent lowlily, his hands folded, walking slowly—a figure of patience and earnestness,—as they had seen him take his place, and marked the high solemn repose that distinguished his appearance there, even unusually, that day,—as they had listened to his calm voice and searching words, and acknowledged unutterably the "Comfort" he proposed to "The Penitent,"—as it had not been adulation but affection deep and true that said of him "He is the St. John of our days,"—these many were indignant; and in proportion perhaps to their own warmth and sincerity conceived, and scrupled not

to say, that they did "well to be angry." Thousands more through the land's length and breadth were roused and startled by the slogan that Oxford had raised; and many took up its notes and wound them into a gloomy coronach, a funeral wail, a dirge of evil tidings. Dark presentiments began to occupy many Catholic hearts; and instead of meeting soothing and encouragement from those who thought their fears needless, they were met on all sides by harsh and unkind censure. The pulpit, the platform, and the press were the busy organs of hatred and all uncharitableness, denouncing all who should even have within them a misgiving whether it might not be better for English church people to confirm their faith and practice to the ritual they professed, as was common in other communities. Thus are the warm and the ardent and the true-minded driven off. It is not all who are affected by them, who are prepared to weigh these matters with the gravity of pleaders of the law. *The few* saw that the Hebdomadal Board was no English Church Authority, but only a College Magistracy. *The few* knew that the Bishops in general made no censures, instituted no angry canons, but that many of them even fostered the reviving spirit of Catholicity:—but *the numbers* saw and knew that he they loved was silenced!

And, it is said, what of this?—they who have such tendencies are better gone:—if they love all things *Catholic* so well, let *Rome* have them. But these are sad words, and such as we shrink silently from when we hear them: as we do, too, from the cold, *conscientious* (*!*) reply to scruples, which is we fear, *we know*, frequently made by such excommunicators.—"Well, if Rome appears to you to be

right, of course you cannot do otherwise than join her." We confess *that* seems to us a more kindly and charitable mind, aspersed though it may be, inexpedient though it may be, even disloyal though it may be, *deeply to be lamented as it most surely is*,—which induced several of the seceding English clergy to carry with them, or to send before them, their converts whither they themselves are gone. If they with their children stood upon a plain, and were beset by beasts of prey while a precipice was beside them, and they, by some obliquity of vision, or through the excitement of the conflict, (such things have been known in natural life,) saw not the precipice, but saw or fancied they saw far on, on that dangerous side, fair savannahs where refuge would be safe and rest sure, and they pointed their beleaguered and fainting children to escape for their life,—What shall we say?—But those who stand aside, and with a cold sneer cry, "Go, go certainly, if you prefer it, you will soon *find yourselves* mistaken."—appear to us like men *seeing the precipice, knowing all the danger*, and having not love enough to point it out.

As to the proceeding of the Board with regard to the Reverend Canon, Eustace was one of those whose remarks upon the circumstance were very few, but who felt only the more keenly.

Amidst his numerous labours he found time for the constant and careful perusal of the floods of literature poured from Oxford sources; and their power sustained and rejoiced him in many an hour otherwise sad. Still he was not one who blindly and undistinguishingly devoted himself to *a party*. The rigid line of Catholic Principles was his Rubicon, and that which went beyond displeased

him as much as that which came short of it. Once a friend surprised him musing over a No. of the "*Lives of the English Saints,*" with its imprimatur of Littlemore, in which his pencil had just marked the disapprobation, which his countenance still more strongly expressed, of the following passage in the preface :—

Thus then it is, some there are which have no memorial, and are as they had never been; others are known to have lived and died, and are known in little else: they have left a name, but they have left nothing besides; or the place of their birth, or of their abode, or of their death, or some one or other striking incident of their life, gives a character to their memory; or they are known by martyrologies, or services, or by the traditions of a neighbourhood, or by the titles or decorations of a church; or they are known by certain miraculous interpositions which are attributed to them; or their deeds and sufferings belong to countries far away, and the report of them comes musical and low over the broad sea. Such are some of the small elements which, when more is not known, faith is fain to receive, love dwells on, meditation unfolds, disposes, and forms, till, by the sympathy of many minds, and the concert of many voices, and the lapse of many years, a certain whole figure is developed with words and actions, a history and a character, *which is indeed not the portrait of the original, yet is as much as a portrait, an imitation rather than a copy, a likeness on the whole; but in its particulars more or less the work of imagination.* It is but collateral and parallel to the truth; *it is the truth under assumed conditions;* it brings out a true idea, yet by inaccurate or defective means of exhibition; it savours of the age, yet is the offspring from what is spiritual and everlasting. IT IS THE PICTURE OF A SAINT, WHO DID OTHER MIRACLES, IF NOT THESE; who went through sufferings, who wrought righteousness, who died in faith and peace. Of this we are sure; we are not sure,

should it so happen, of the when, the where, the how, the why, and the whence.

The fine sense of the Truth-lover was offended by laxity like this. Beauty of writing and affectionateness of mind are pleasant in a high degree; but, without truth, how worthless! worse than worthless, when we regard their baneful sorcery over the weak!

On looking back it seems as if this had been a phase of principles permitted to develope itself for the purpose of a Warning Voice. Some heard, some forbore.

In the early part of the year 1844, these short extracts were taken in notes from three of Mr. A.'s sermons. They were signs soon verified. On Good Friday he preached from the text "And there stood by the cross of Jesus—His Mother;" and he spoke at length and without reserve on the subject of the reverence due to the most honoured and intimate and faithful Friend of our Blessed Lord. He said—

I understand that that is not profane which invests the good and lovely with all honour, but that rather which attributes to the Divine anything that is unlovely or unbenevolent; and that to worship His Moral Likeness, who is Pure and Holy in its perfectest demonstration—as in the nature of the Blessed Virgin—is not to make an idol, but to render Him more homage.

Shall we subjoin a comment—a quotation easily recognised, but which, for the true honour of the Blessed Mother of Our Lord as well as for true human happiness, can never, and especially now cannot, be too much reiterated—

"Where can we find a name so holy as that we may surrender our whole souls to it, before which obedience,

reverence without measure, intense humility, most unreserved adoration, may all be rendered?

One Name there is, and one alone, one alone in heaven and earth,—not truth, not justice, not benevolence, not Christ's Mother, not His holiest servants, not His blessed sacraments, nor His very mystical body the Church—but Himself only, who died for us and rose again, Jesus Christ—both God and Man."

On the subject of Penance he remarked—

In early childhood the wise think some actual suffering or privation a just and proper punishment for a fault committed. They impress their first moral penalties sometimes severely; and who condemns a parent for such correction inflicted on a child who has told a lie, or a tutor who has chosen to punish his scholar offending against any of those clear laws of right or propriety to which youth is considered amenable? And all through life, if men sin beyond a certain fixed and chosen conventional mark, in some communities more, in others less, circumscribed, the legal force of society rises to execute punishment, or, as it is then termed, *justice* upon the offender. This justice is a rule among men, a free pardon the exception. Evidently it is a moral instinct; and shall mortal man be more just than God? Nay, brethren, if we punish not ourselves by penitence and prayers, be sure He will punish us with a compulsory expiation.

In this way he presented to the more philosophic mind the idea of a Purgatory—

We do not know the complete meaning of the term *Material*. We really know not wherein the elements of matter consist. We know some of its *Properties*, we are unacquainted with its *Essence:* it may possess attributes or assume forms, or be resolvable into an infinite subtlety which our senses cannot recognise, and our power of thought cannot conceive. What we call *Spiritual*—

the human soul—*may* in fact be an infinitely fine modification of matter, far too subtle to be appreciated by our present powers. Most religious persons shrink from what they call "materialism" in doctrine as a species of infidelity; is not this because few reflect on the true nature of Matter, or how little we know of its capabilities? They think of *Material* as world-perishing, and fancy that which is to be immortal must be mere Spirit, *immaterial;* now the fact is that it is not a property of matter to be destructible, but indestructible, and to exist under ever-new and varying forms of combination. And there is no reason why a material Soul might not undergo, during a stage of its existence after the death of the body, a purifying and ennobling change, fitting it for that state into which nothing defiling can enter. The flower which fades and droops and perishes, and vanishes from our sight, may enter into new combinations, and soon again appear in the form of some other flower of far richer hues, and of infinitely higher fragrance and beauty.

An independent lady of his connexion, who had eagerly imbibed Catholic Principles, having complained to him of the impossibility she felt in maintaining the Inward Life in its freshness; his counsel to her ran thus—

"You say you feel your mind constantly drawn back to the world and its stirring interests and fascinations; and so you fail in your devotion, and vacillate in your purposes. Is it not so?"

"Yes."

"Well, my advice to you would be to join a Religious Order. If your sympathy leads you towards the Sisterhood of Mercy, apply for admission into that Noble Experiment making in London under Anglican patronage. But, at all events, remember that Ulysses did not trust himself by the shore of the Syrens in the strength of his own choice and

will, but stopped his ears, that he might be safe: so you must treat the world."

The lady listened and pondered, but Rome had taken its hold upon her imagination, and the sweet "Sisters of Mercy" formed too simple and unimposing a picture, and not many weeks after she was a candidate for admission into a Parisian convent. The harsh words of blame that attached to her adviser are easily imagined.

A gentleman of some importance in the parish, and far from friendly towards the zealous Curate, having called on him one morning, was detained till the departure of another visitor. When Eustace went to him, apologizing for the delay, he found him turning over a book of Anglican Devotions which had been left on the table; it was one containing the Canonical Hours, which he himself never failed to use, whatever the pressure of engagements might be, and in this book every Hour had added to its usual psalms and collect a short Invocation to the Angels-guardians. The gentleman's brow had lowered more than usual, and uncourteously cutting very short his words of business, he departed, almost shaking the dust from his shoes against the house which could harbour such a book! His report and observations on the owner of the book and the house were none of the kindest.

Many and bitter were the words of comment and censure expended on this devoted man by those who disliked chiefly because they did not understand him. Many insisted that he was a Jesuit in disguise; others, that he and his class only wanted to gain a priestly dominion over people's minds for the satisfaction of their own pride: few were they by comparison,—but those few were true, and true to the last,—who saw in every act an

absorbing love and desire of Truth. But he endured all with the meekness and gentleness of one of whom the world might take knowledge that he "had been with Jesus."

It is easy to bear evil words for any Principle or Act which we believe to be right and good; but hard, very hard, it is to endure all uncharitable censures, not aimed against our Principles themselves, but against the Motives from which they are said to arise, and which we feel to be not in us;—to be told that our conduct springs from pride, or love of our own opinion, when we are conscious of such an earnest striving after Reality, that could we discover that attribute superior in any other creed than in that to which we give ourselves, we would embrace it, however repulsive. But thus it must be for a while.

However, as yet, Eustace did in fact labour on truly and faithfully in the Church of his Ordination Vows. To himself, indeed, he admitted no possibility of change; though far-seeing ones prophesied the bearing of his course, it was involuntary and unrecognised on his own part. There was no infidelity in his heart: he only strove after Truth, and he imagined that all he sought was compatible with his position in the English Church. His

LAST MONTHS AT E——

testify the most to his zeal in that Church's service. They were devoted chiefly to a great endeavour to enlist in a permanent and certain manner the active sympathy of the more leisurely, rich, lettered, and religious of the people with the clergy in their plans and labours of evangelization and charity. Of this there was in E—— a lamentable deficiency, notwithstanding all that the curate

had done in discursive ways, and we fear its case is not a rare one. By private persuasion, by public admonition, by counsel and by testimony, by word and deed, the untiring man set himself to effect some radical improvement in this state of things. He showed the people how if their pastors are in their Office awfully responsible, they are so too in their minor spheres; how every time the ordinance of Holy Baptism is administered a new missionary is sent into the world, who will have as surely an account to give of the Charge committed to him, to "confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner," as he to whom the greater authority is given for the 'Office and Work of a Priest in the Church of God, to forgive and to retain sins, to be a Faithful Dispenser of the Word of God and of His Holy Sacraments.' He reminded them that the Letters of the Apostles were not addressed to men of their own order, or to the chosen elders only, but "to *all* that be in in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints," and to "the Church of God which is at Corinth, to them which are sanctified in Jesus Christ," and "to *all* the saints which are in Achaia," and "to the saints which are at Ephesus, and to the faithful in Christ Jesus," and "to all the saints in Jesus Christ which are at Philippi, *with* the Bishops and Deacons," and "to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia, elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ," and "to them which have obtained like precious faith with us" (the Apostles,)—and the words addressed to these are left on record for those that should come after, and the same exhortations are applicable

now to all Christian people as to them in the young days of the Church, to be "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the *work* of the Lord;" to shew themselves as "epistles known and read of all men;" to "restore in the spirit of meekness the brother overtaken in a fault;" to take to them as Soldiers of the Church "the breastplate of righteousness, and the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, having their feet shod with the Gospel of Peace."—And surely these could not be meant for idle weapons? And then the epistles of the "Apostolical Fathers," not being addressed to their brethren in the Sacred Office, but to the *churches* in one locality and another, to their "sons and daughters in the name of our Lord Jesus," seem to have for their object to exhort, to build up in zeal and active usefulness, no less than to establish in faith, and unity, and godly discipline.

And then he traced how, early in the pages of history, we find accounts of regular Lay Corporations for philanthropic and religious purposes; and how, as years advanced, nobles and kings were proud to wear the *cross* which distinguished them as Knights of one or other of these Orders; but as soon as the jewel and the silver star were added to decorate the cross, so soon did the pomps and vanities of the world mingle with and corrupt the pure and pious intent of such societies; and the noble members of these, at present merely honorary Orders, would wonder much if the Church were to require of them special service as fraternities pledged to Her in fealty. Besides these there were the great lay brotherhoods under the immediate and positive control, as well as employed for the purposes of the Church, composed of numerous

orders, monastic, mendicant, and missionary, under the names of particular saints and founders. The fact that these establishments afterwards degenerated into a mere system of monachism, militated nothing against the principle in question. The Monks of St. Benedict, and the Knights of St. John might fall from their estate of excellence; but the laws of the Church must be immutable, and the duties of Her members no less so.

Once on a public occasion he spoke with warmth of the only extensive approach to a revival of the effectiveness of primitive days in the foundation of the Order of Jesus by Ignatius Loyola. His words were,—we remember them well,—"To say that the organization of this Society is *remarkable*, is using far too low a term; its extraordinary character might well earn for its Founder's tomb the inscription it bears—'Whoever thou mayest be who hast portrayed to thine own imagination a Pompey, a Cæsar, or an Alexander, open thine eyes to the truth, and let this marble teach thee how much greater a conqueror than they, was—Ignatius.'"

It is very common to cavil at anything like this, to call it unfaithfulness or double-dealing; but they who have seen the weary hands of the minister falling unsustained in his lonely labour, will more grieve for the melancholy alternative which leads him to almost covet such a constitution, because supplying sufficient and abundant help.

It is a physical impossibility for any man, or even two or three regular ministers, adequately to supply the spiritual wants of a large parish. It would be an unheard-of folly for the Conductor of some great mechanical power to attempt the working out of all the inferior duties connected with its

operation, or for a Prime Minister of State to be expected to discharge also the offices of private secretary and attorney for the Crown; and is it a less absurdity to expect one man, however elevated and dignified and enduring, to sustain singly and alone a burden which should be distributed among a score of fellow-helpers? If the attempt be made, one of two fatal evils must result from it,—either his energies will be frittered away in minor details, and his mental power for the superintendence of the whole thereby lost, or, if he determine to unite and exercise the two, the unnatural efforts of the spiritual will wear out the material, and that which should have been a mine to supply a generation's moral wealth, rifled at once and wasted and abused, will leave us "poor indeed." But thus do we every year see clergymen passively sacrificed in health and mind by the selfish or unthinking idleness of their flocks.

True, if the laity begin to energize, they must beware to keep in their own place,—to take no step beyond the close line of their humbler duty. As one star differeth from another star in magnitude, the glory and the work of the Anointed and of these must differ; and we would have it so: it were better, indeed, that we should be idle than that we should touch any part of the sanctuary with unhallowed hands: but this is surely not the inevitable alternative of idleness! In the Christian Church there is work of different kinds and degrees; as God's work is not likely to be less wisely ordered than man's work, and in a heathen worship "the children gathered the sticks, and the women kneaded the dough, and the priests kindled the fires to make cakes for the Queen of Heaven."

Nevertheless, adequately to meet, in their pre-

sent magnitude, the necessities to which we have alluded, some *unusual effort* does appear the inevitable alternative. The press has not been behindhand with plans for stimulating and sustaining such, and private zeal has devised and executed its best in various scales. It is a great matter. Dropping our narrative for a few moments, we will here subjoin some hints which have seemed to us equally valuable as novel and striking, concerning a project with this bearing, which—if ever realized—can scarcely fail to create a remarkable era in the doings and the destinies of the British Church. At any rate, let *the idea* be diffused, however its full execution may *yet* be hindered; but of this last we believe we may be justified in expressing a sanguine hope—the sanctions accorded to it are such as are not likely to evaporate in mere words. The proposal is of a great Anglican Lay Association to be designated—

The Confraternity of St. Paul.

The plan is developed as follows*: "It has occurred to us, that while the population of our country is increasing at a ratio a hundred fold greater than the relative proportion of the teachers of piety, (so much so, that thousands are born, live, and die without any of the consolations of religion,) a well-directed and extensive system of lay co-operation would do much to restore the Church to that lofty position from which it has gradually retrograded, perhaps, on account of its

* These proposals have been already widely circulated as a tract, but at the request of the writer of this little book their author has allowed them to be inserted here.

neglect of some such means. We would suppose a Society composed of young and middle-aged men, selected principally from the middle classes of society, (with the approbation of their Parish Priest) formed with the object of extending the pure and apostolical Faith of the English Church in its pristine integrity throughout the length and breadth of the land; that it may pervade alike the dwelling of the tradesman and the humble cot of the artificer and labourer,—thus expediting that, to be hoped not far distant, day, when this country shall have forgotten the discordant confusion of tongues spoken by so many opposite sects, and shall unite in the deep and well-toned harmony of the 'One Catholic and Apostolic Church' and in the sublimity and loveliness of Christian Unity:—not the miserable counterfeit foisted on us by self-styled liberals, but a palpable Unity, perfect and entire, outward and inward. Why should not the press be made to minister to this object, and millions of soul-stirring, heart-appealing tracts bear witness to the cause of Truth? These might be disseminated by the agency of such a Society until the surface of the land, were, so to speak, covered with them; and the manners of the fraternity whose humility and suavity should combine an outward and visible demonstration of Faith, Hope, and Charity, would operate as powerful elements in the success of their endeavours.

The central point of action would of course be the world's metropolis, from whence the society might extend itself in endless ramifications through every town and village in the Kingdom, thus bringing the whole body of clergy and laity into their true relations. The Unity of the Spirit would then lose its chimerical aspect. We should collect our

scattered forces as soon as the flag of such a fraternity was unfurled as a rallying point, and form round it an iron-bound phalanx prepared to sustain the outposts of Eternal Truth against the violence of its intemperate assailants.

The establishment of lending libraries for imparting sound theological views to those whose lives are too consumed with the cares and toils, and things of earth, might perchance, in connexion with such a society, help some stray soul to a knowledge of its own existence. The denial of a small amount of our mammon-cankered desires would keep the institution flourishing, and arm its members against the idolatry of covetousness.

The rules of such a society might be formed so as to comprise among others the following:—

No one to be eligible to the fraternity unless he has been examined by a duly ordained minister as to his opinions, belief, and disposition; and that energy and zeal, duly tempered with patience and discretion, be indispensable qualifications of membership.

That the object of promoting the extension of the great Christian principles advocated by the Society be constantly borne in mind by the brethren, and pervade every action and thought of their daily life.

That a perfectly organized system of friendly visiting be carried into practice, accompanied, where considered expedient, with the unobtrusive distribution of any small works of a recognised character which it might be hoped would rivet attention, create sympathy, or eventually subdue error, by inciting to the search after truth.

That the Christian religion in conjunction with the study of human nature in all its phases, be the master science of the Fraternity that they may

learn to carefully avoid giving offence, that great stumbling-block in the way of many well-meaning societies as well as individuals.

Periodical meetings might be held, where a course of instruction should be followed out, tending to give increased moral efficiency to the institution; and the plan of each week's operations, and the task of each member, might be then discussed and arranged.

In the infancy of the society, the contribution to its funds would naturally fall on its members, according to their respective ability.

Perfect unity, order, obedience, good nature, and mutual respect should be the constant rule of thought and action.

The internal policy of the society should be reserved from the eye of the world, to prevent the anticipation and defeat of its plans.

Well selected libraries might be established, consisting principally of first-rate theological, ecclesiastical, ethical, and scientific works, bound in some uniform, strong, and portable manner, for constant gratuitous loan; and in all cases some clue to a person's process of thought should be obtained before lending him or her a book, that the book may be adapted to the individual.

In intercourse with persons out of the pale of the Church's communion, the members should carefully avoid harsh or irritating terms, or the din of word-battles and tongue-hammers, which banish alike reflection and sympathy; knowing that the 'still small Voice' imperceptibly makes more converts than any direct human efforts, and that we have but to obtain the co-operation of That, and our work will advance simultaneously in a thousand directions.

A committee should be appointed to manage the affairs of the society, chosen, as far as practicable, from among the Vice-presidents, and to be elected annually.

The President's chair should be filled by a man of exalted character and principles, and of great experience as an authorised minister. The Vice-presidents should consist entirely of Clergy.

The name of the society has been suggested above, as it would seem most appropriate to claim for such a design the protection of that Apostle whom we believe to have been the Evangelist of England, and whom, by the dedication of her Great Metropolitan Church, she appears to recognise as her Patron.

Rome has her many uninspired heads of divided and contending brotherhoods, but here would be chosen rather the Great Apostle of Pure Faith and True Unity. Almost indeed might St. Paul be called the Apostle of Lay Agency, and on no foundation could the rule and plan of the fraternity be better fixed than on the substance of the fourth chapter of his Epistle to the Ephesians.

This is but the hasty and limited sketch of what it is conceived might be made a world-wide plan. Neither is it the digested cogitation of the cloister, but an idea thrown off from a mind fully occupied with the incessant cares that obstruct the crowded highway of active life."

(True,—and as such the better sign. When the learned professions and rich traders and men of commerce begin to reflect that there is a Church, it looks as if the ascendant of Mammon were shaking—as if once more the world were going to be made to wait upon the Church. And the Church will well reward the homage. Now

the bravest and the best are for ever breaking down under the stress of life: it is in the days when the Church again shall sit on high and all people shall flow to Her that "the age of a man shall be as the age of a tree," and "men shall lean upon their staffs for very age." "Length of days and long life and PEACE will she add unto them.")

These remarks have however been kindly allowed by their author to be inserted here as a *suggestion*, as it were, *en rapport* with the spirit of him who is to speak through these pages. May there be such a one as he found to superintend their working out! Then will they not have been given vainly to the future.

And so he laboured on, days, and weeks, and months more: and the summer's sun of Fourty-Four waned from its altitude, and still he was labouring on in the strength of a strong heart, in the sincerity of an energetic will. But wider and wider every way spread the circling sounds of the day's watchword—Agitate—agitate—; in the Senate-House and in the Hall of Literature and through the cotter's broken roof might be heard this one echo—Agitate—agitate; and we know that in Church matters there grows up, in hearts of warm feeling, an enthusiasm unparalleled by any other question in any category of debate. They feel towards the faith of their allegiance as the poor French soldier towards his idol, who exclaimed with devotion worthy indeed of a better object, while they probed his wounded side—"A little deeper and you will find the Emperor!" Is it not a God-implanted principle to teach the greatness of Religion, to keep alive in the cold dull world the Evidence of Him? Though the little wise

speak scornfully of such excitement, and even call it a folly of women! times and scenes not to be scorned have witnessed to its power. When Charles of Spain was crowned by the Pope, Emperor of Germany, on kissing the white cross embroidered on the slipper of Clement, he exceeded his prescribed vows with the fervent and right-royal exclamation—"I swear ever to employ all my strength to defend the pontifical dignity, and the Church of Rome,"—and then, with the oath fresh on his lips, he repaired to the Augsburg Diet. Charles was no child among men any more than among kings; they who look contemptuously upon religious enthusiasm, let them remember him, even throughout his course. But the fact being thus, however it may be regarded or held in disrespect, no wonder that now too the Church had caught the strong infection, and that There also was agitation.

The waters of the sanctuary were troubled, and the fine oil must be brought to still them.

Contention filled the temple-courts, and round the outer barrier crowded faces joyful to witness mischief.

All things urged on a crisis.

Alas! perhaps there were some, as it was said, with "self as the sad mainspring of action," to whom the prospect of an impending struggle ministered rather occasion of vanity than humiliation:" and these might look to illustrate their own prowess.

Many there were, young and sanguine, who because they loved the English communion, rather than because they knew it right and felt that the Lord was in it, trusted it, and looked forward fearlessly. Yes,—too confident we were—too proud:

for we hesitated not in our fondness to depreciate other days of God's power, seeing in them only the scintillations of a faint and borrowed light, while to our time appertained, as we believed, a steady glory of interior truth and holiness and progress; and so God saw fit by future events to try and search that faith, whether it were not a pharisaic self-complacence merely.

There were many, too, within the Church, who said of great and holy principles—these are puerilities, or—these are vain inventions. It is time, they said, that these follies of "Catholicism" be *forbidden;*—These roods and imitations of esoteric meanings must be abolished, or we shall be no longer "*Protestants;*"—We must hear no more of sacramentality in stones and religion in symbols,—we are not Freemasons, neither Jews.

There were, who said—*Where are* your sacramental graces?—*Where are* your efficient symbols?—We share the same ritual, and we see indeed your credulousness, but *we* find no grace, *we* feel no efficacy. And then turning quickly, like Pilate from the echo of his own awful question, they said—Ah, the people must not be deluded with these things,—you cannot deceive us, we are wise,—but we must provide against the influence of these dark doctrines on the dawning intelligence of the age. And while such lashed the billows of strife into a broader foam, it seemed that the wise words of Gamaliel, the doctor of the law, were not suggested among them—"Now I say unto you, *Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought: but if it be of* God, *ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against* God."

Many there were yet bolder, who cried—Where

is your Catholic Church? We know the Church of England, and other Churches, but we find nothing in the wide world to answer to this high title; nor do you give us, nor can we hear any satisfactory reply to our queries about this Church and about Her Sacraments. You are inexplicit, vague, confused, and even contradictory. We are groping among clouds, grasping shadows, now thinking that we have attained the idea, the next finding ourselves mistaken.—Your doctrines appear to us to be absurd enough, but we can give no intellectual fixity to your assumptions.—We do not understand you.

Thus it was—thus it is—they do not feel—they cannot see.—No, nor, brethren, ever will you, while you spread this veil of Intellect before the vision of your Heart.

Because the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men.

And God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; that our faith should not stand in the wisdom of men but in the power of God.



CHAPTER IV.

Doubts.—The Continent.—Events at Home.

In a battle the eye is first daunted.—*Latin Proverb.*

Paradise is under the shadow of swords.—MAHOMET.

When from scattered lands afar,
Speeds the voice of rumoured war—
Nations in conflicting pride,
Heaved like Ocean's stormy side;
When the solar splendors fail,
And the crescent waxeth pale,
And the powers that star-like reign,
Sink dishonoured to the plain;
World, do thou the signal dread—
We exalt the drooping head,
We uplift the expectant eye—
Our redemption draweth nigh.

When the fig-tree shoots appear
Men proclaim their summer near;
When the hearts of rebels fail,
We the coming Saviour hail:
Bridegroom of the weeping Spouse,
Listen to Her longing vows—
Listen to Her widowed moan,
Listen to Creation's groan.
Bid! oh, bid the trumpet sound!
Gather Thine Elect around;
Gird with saints Thy flaming car,
Gather them from climes afar;

Call them from life's cheerless gloom,
Call them from the marble tomb.
From the grass-grown village grave,
From the deep dissolving wave,
From the whirlwind and the flame;
Mighty Head! Thy Members claim!

Sacred be the opposing veil!
Mortal sense and sight must fail.
Yet the day, the hour is nigh,
We shall see Thee eye to eye.
Be our souls in peace possest
While we seek the promised rest,
And from every heart and home
Breathe the prayer—Lord Jesus come!
Haste to set Thy people free;
Come; creation groans for Thee!

TIMES of extensive change, excitement, and trial, throw back the Church on its resources: closer thoughts are turned upon the pages of the prophets; and amidst the unquietness, whether of great persecution or great prosperity, repose is found alone in the consideration of its predicted destinies. So was it in its earliest days, when the pagan emperors tempted and martyred and proscribed the followers of the Cross—those bleeding and bereft victims were intelligent students of prophecy: so it was when the Monk of Erfurt lifted his arm to slay his Mother, and all Europe had risen to watch the issue of the extraordinary strife —the silent and the faithful trimmed the midnight lamp and read and re-read the Prophets and the Apocalypse then: so was it when the tremendous crash of the first French Revolution convulsed the world—the Church retired within herself, and was occupied with deducing from prophetic revelation

what that should be, of which this fearful sign was the precursive movement. Yet, not always in the hour of need is hope evident, or prophecy plain. Faith, firm, confiding faith, is the Christian's lesson and his privilege in his way through this world; and though a Star in the East will clearly guide him, or a still small voice whisper to him the consolations of God from the inspired forewarnings of things to come,—when the way seems heaviest, and the task of the continual "Witness" hardest, in the very midst of depression and failure and struggle,—it needs that those prophecies be studied very calmly, very cautiously, to arrive at the true hope they indicate. And when their meaning is the most firmly held, surely it needs the most dauntless confidence to look over the wide wild field of ruin, and believe the promise of its renovation; or to contemplate dominant falsities and fanaticisms and be sure in the heart, not merely in the intellect, that ere long they all shall fail before the prevalence of the arm of the Church which seems so weak. Such is the manner of our probation. Such has it been among God's servants from Abraham downwards. Far be it from us to say that many catholic-minded men in these days are forgetful of this; still we would very earnestly remind them of it. Events are God's arguments—by which He decides every disputed point, and confirms every assertion of His revelation. The sincere and the brave await Events. Probably Justin Martyr no less than Antoninus would have been astounded, had both been told that in two centuries the outcast faith of Galilee would be the religion of the Roman Emperors and of the Roman World! To the Martyred Laud no less than to Latimer might well the words have seemed as idle

tales had a plain prediction been permitted by the stake of the one, on the scaffold of the other, of the present aspect of the English Church, after all the intermediate trial and rebuke. And the same now, —though the advantage of the history of millenniums of miracles has fallen on our times, and though in many ways all changes seem so clearly and fast gathering towards "the restitution of all things,"—yet is much so dark, so difficult, so unexplained, that thoughts will arise in the mind, and sorrow will fill the heart of the most faithful, of the most ardent. One antidote, and one alone (one, but sufficient) there is to this distressful feeling: —one which from the time of its incorporation has been before the Christian Church, and which each succeeding century has left proven and established,—given first in the memorable words, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world,"—confirmed in principle by the promise to the Church that the gates of hell should never prevail against Her, inferring surely that against Her the gates of hell would strive,—and continually displayed by all the detail of the dealings of God in the congregation of His people;—the antidote against despair, against even doubt, is, that the hour of conflict is certain to precede the hour of triumph, the hour of triumph certain to follow the hour of conflict! —Yet so hard presses the battle, so blinding is its smoke, so deafening its din, that the certain Future will escape even the vigilant in the midst of the sore and sorrowful Present. In these times there is, what we may almost call, a struggle of prophetic interpretation: it is the natural consequence of the activity into which the general mind has come. Sudden changes have startled the slumbering;

severe necessities have assailed the wakeful; and all alike have turned to the forewarning visions of the seers to discover what all these things shall mean. But while the thousands of the world are curious and craving as usual to hear or to tell some new thing, ah, why does not the "little flock" of the Church be comforted and calm, LOOKING FOR THAT BLESSED HOPE, AND THE GLORIOUS APPEARING OF THE GREAT GOD AND OUR SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST? Perhaps this is why temptation is made the keenest when there is the shortest time for tempting, and if the Evil One foresees his own speedy imprisonment, it is but likely that he will go about to deceive, if possible, even the very elect, with aggravated bitterness. He will sow the seeds of unbelief and secularity and strife; he may be permitted to devastate and make conquests; he will, wherever he can, obscure or steal away the Hope of the Church, the Certainty that HE WHO SHALL COME WILL COME, AND WILL NOT TARRY, and that HE MUST REIGN.

These observations are made with a view to preparing the reader's mind for events related in our present chapter, as they occur consolingly in our own reflections. We do not wish to burden the course of the narrative with comments or refutations, but *having ourselves passed along the road which we describe*, we leave the notice of a landmark here and there for the possible advantage of future wanderers.

Years had been thus passed by Mr. A., as we have said, in zealous and untiring labour. Week after week his Sabbath duties had been solemnly performed; day by day had he striven on in his daily work, and that work had brought a rich aggregate of reward. His schools were full and

well conducted, his village-stations had received the warm commendation of his Bishop; not only had multitudes of the poor from the highways and lanes been gathered to the usual worship of the Church through his efforts, but many, lately half heathens, had been first instructed with most vigilant care, then presented in the sacred rite of Confirmation, and subsequently brought to the highest privileges of Holy Communion. He could pass round the Altar-rail, and gaze on one and another, and another, with the mental thanks-giving—

For what is our hope, and joy, and crown of rejoicing. Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord at His coming? For ye are our glory and joy.

On every side it seemed that there was the smile of prosperity, and that there should, therefore, be gratitude-attempered gladness. An active agent here might be physically weary, or ill, or worn-out; but could scarcely be unhappy. Yet no one who saw the Curate in his unbending hours would feel that he was in the presence of satisfaction even the most restrained. The months of the past year had not left him as they found him in bodily health: no frame of usual material, far less one of so delicate a mould as his, could sustain his incessant fatigue unimpaired; but he was otherwise changed. Contrary to his natural rapidity of thought and action, he would defer small decisions of parochial matters in which his vote was necessary, or private business submitted to his counsel, for an unusual length of time. Suspicion and apprehension seemed to have crept in among the pure elements of his character. All could perceive the change, many looked with concern upon his pale and suffering countenance,

but few were cognisant of its inward causes. The small number of penitents whom he was in the habit of admitting to confession, were, perhaps, the only individuals, beside his sister, who suspected the extent of change, or the deep struggle which his heart was enduring. And of these, the sister, only, knew the whole.

That sister was no common woman. In early life she had been called to take the leading position in her family, bereaved as it had been of both parents; subsequently she had watched for years over the comfort of a cherished invalid relative, while her two brothers pursued their college course, and when that relative died and the elder brother quickly followed her to the grave, and her one young remaining sister was united in marriage to a clergyman, with every prospect of happy years, Augusta still chose to deny herself ease and idle luxury, and with the warmest approval of Eustace's determination to live a mortified outward life, she joined him to be a true helper in his true work. Though considerably his senior, she never availed herself of her acquirements and great talent to assume a guardianship over his principles and feelings: she was the mother rather than the gouvernante, and he ever sought in her friendship and sympathy fresh strength and renewed endurance. She had been a thoughtful reader from her childhood, and while she acquainted herself with the style of literature necessary to form the burden of the season's lighter conversation, she became silently the student of abstruser things. There were few points of history in which the chronicler need fear to trust her knowledge, and with that Thinking Soul of Knowledge which in scholar-life is called Philosophy, she was richly

endowed. An enthusiastic lover of the Muses, Poetry was not *merely* poetry to her. The undercurrent of Wordsworth and Southey, and Coleridge, had revealed itself before her mind; and with this and the Fathers of the Anglican Church as her closet literature, if she had long been a Catholic in every feeling, it was not that she had *learned* to be so, she had *become* so. Of late some of the works of Frederick Schlegel had engrossed much of her reading-time; their tendency rapidly developed itself—practically; but, except with her brother, the *subject* of Rome or Romanism seldom passed her lips. It was in her ear that Eustace opened his burthened mind most freely and without reserve.

September was come again, and it was the Anniversary of his Ordination, a day observed by him with especial strictness. He had returned fasting since the over-night from St. ——'s evening service, and was passing again to his oratory when he was induced by the sound of music, to turn his steps towards the usual sitting room. As he crossed the hall he heard his sister singing to a fine chant of Tallis's those affecting verses of Israel's lamentation—

Lord, O Lord, look upon us:
Zion, thy Zion is wasted and laid low.
Jerusalem is wasted, and desolate, and void.
For this our heart is faint, for these things our eyes are dim,
Because of the mountain of Zion which is desolate.

He stayed a moment at the half-open door, wondering at the deep pathos with which the words were enunciated: there was no light in the room except the moonbeams which streamed in, casting pale shadows through the garden windows; there

was a faintness of flowers such as only the last hyacinths of the season, and last gleanings of roses, and first dahlias, produce in the damp autumn evening when vases are filled with them in a fireless room. Closing the door, Eustace took up the guitar which seemed to have been just laid down for the more powerful music of the piano, and struck a beautiful accompaniment to the chant his sister was playing, while the deep, clear bass of his fine voice mingled with her sad notes. Augusta was startled for a moment by the unexpected second, but they continued through the long psalm of sorrowful words till Eustace, exhausted with his protracted fast, and overcome by the close air of the room, could sing no more,—he then drew his sister's hand within his arm, and led her to his study, where confused papers and disordered books had indeed left no more available seats than the two in daily need for his use with each successive single visitor. Over the mantlepiece had been hung that day a fine print from Michael Angelo's Madonna, which Augusta examined and admired, while her brother finished and despatched some necessary letters.

"And now, tell me," he said, "why is it that we use such words as those we were repeating just now, when our Church, which we must mean by Zion and Jerusalem, is rather being lifted on high than depressed, and is exciting the reverence of the world by its advancement."

"Because," replied Augusta, "what we see and what is so often spoken of among us as the great Sign of Joy is not the prosperity of Truth, but the predominance of error,—not the exaltation of Zion, but the lifting up of the pride of a strange king in its high places."

This was said not as anything argumentative, but merely as recalling a fact to the memory of him to whom it was addressed. It was not the first time that the brother and sister had been speaking thus together; they understood each other's hearts. *The Ideal of a Christian Church* lay open on the table, it was filled with both their marks; they had read it together, and studied it each alone, and it had done its work. Eustace turned over its leaves and was silent for a few moments. At last he said,

"Well, Augusta, you have often reminded me of that fine saying of Carlyle's, 'The end of life is an Action, not a Thought, though it were the noblest.' Now, I think I must almost ask you if you have forgotten it: how is it that you can join the worship of a Church which your mind seems so unhesitatingly to repudiate, and accord outward obedience to what your heart is far from?"

"Perhaps," said she, looking with her clear eyes full in his face, "perhaps I am *waiting for light*."

He understood her meaning: for, for months past, when she had spoken of a decided course, and fearless testimony, and unalloyed truth, he had replied that sometimes it is needful to wait for light; the course may be clear in the abstract, but not clear *for us*. Augusta had been longer travelling the road, and with all those helps of which a woman is so ready to avail herself, in leaning on esteemed opinions and drawing strength from powerful characters. Beside, she had no such ties to break as those which bind the clergyman to his Church,—ties which we need not talk of, for every heart will understand them. She was ready, then, as a mere sojourner, to admit the possibility of moving at any time; not so Eustace. He had

gone quite as far as his sister in Catholic doctrine; indeed, no recognised tenet of the *Roman* Church was beyond his creed, but he had trustingly believed himself *at home* in the position in which God had placed him; and the trial which his sister's suggestions, and *The Ideal*, and kindred influences, had of late caused him, was unspeakable.

"You think it inconsistent," said Augusta, "to join outwardly a Church in which one has no inward communion: is it not more so to borrow from the true worship forms which are in it full of meaning and full of grace, and use them where that grace and meaning cannot possibly be conveyed? I could not help thinking this when I have seen you, brother, lately at the Holy Communion using so much the gestures of the priest at the Catholic Mass, which to Romanists present in their combination a sort of living picture of the scene they celebrate, but which, isolated as they are among us, and associated with our instructions as to the Sacrament, can convey no idea whatever, but become a mere form, and perhaps not quite a pleasing one."

"I think, my love, we are not behind Rome in *correct notions* of the Blessed Eucharist: and as to forms, it is best to get them as near to truth as we are able, as circumstances will permit."

"Yes, but this is not getting near to truth; it is only putting on its outward semblance, which, because it is deceiving, is more dangerous than evident error."

"You did not always speak thus, Augusta?"

"No, I did not always see clearly as I do now the danger and the opposite duty."

"And what is it that has opened your eyes to it?"

"This book," said she, laying her finger on *The Ideal*. "I read it first full of delight with the new and beautiful thoughts it generated; but then reflection showed me that it was a type that found no correspondence in that Church in which its author ministers, and to which charity must suppose his intention to be loyal; I was not long in satisfying myself where its *true* reality must be, and with the conviction of that came the deepest feeling of the danger of those who see and know the Truth so clearly and yet refrain so strangely from submission to its embodied authority,—there, whither all their own theories and convictions conduct them, and the involuntary love of their hearts tends: as if such a course would not inevitably bring on them the awful condemnation, 'Ye knew your duty, and ye did it not.' You remember in those fine verses to Hooker, in the Lyra Apostolica—

> Voice of the fearless Saint!
> Ring like a trump, where gentle hearts
> Beat high for truth, but, doubting, cower and faint:
> TELL THEM THE HOUR IS COME, AND THEY
> MUST TATE THEIR PARTS!

Such admonitions seem to be sorely needed by such 'gentle hearts' at present."

"It is too true; and I have myself often doubted of late while observing the rapid growth of a certain class of feelings and principles whether it might be a curse or a blessing: a curse it must be if it blinds the eyes to really deeper Truth; while a blessing it may be if it is made a glass guiding to it."

"Then, dear brother, you admit that there is a Truth superior to that which you outwardly possess,

more Catholic, as the style of some persons is, you know? so Catholic! very Catholic! extremely Catholic! as if the degrees of comparison could refer to a simple fact."

"Well, but, sister, surely you would not cut off the English Church from the meaning of your credence in One Catholic and Apostolic Communion? Your remark would convey that idea, but it must not be so: remember HOOKER and ANDREWES, and LAUD and TAYLOR, and KEN and BUTLER, and PATRICK and WILSON, those pre-eminently Catholic names,—men such as the Lord God of the Church has bestowed upon Her and Her alone. Better times we may hope and devoutly pray for, but this longing must not degenerate into undutifulness: that were a sad feature, indeed, in Catholic feeling, and might well alarm our fears as to our own truth. You do not question the validity of the English Church, do you, Augusta?"

"I do not only question it," replied Augusta; "but my mind entirely renounces it. I see before me, great in its age and magnificent in its honours, a Church which traces back a clear and luminous history to the very day of the divine commission of the Keys of Sacramental Power to its first Bishop: I see that as centuries wore on, the dust of the world gathered on its outward edifice, and some men having grown scrupulous of appearances and wishing to present the unquestionable and polished exterior which would please society, began roughly to set themselves to brighten up its old towers to look like the building of modern days; and here and there they proposed to improve its symmetry by the addition of a pillar, or the erasure of a parapet; but the jealous eyes of its angels watched their work, and would not suffer such thoughtless

sacrilege; and so, driven from this field for their restlessness, they created a rival Church, where their ingenuity might exhaust itself, and they could extinguish and rekindle power and grace, and sacrament and ceremony at their will. And shall this novelty compare with the time-honoured faith of Christendom? Oh, dear Eustace! error and falsehood may be thousand-formed, but Truth can be but one. We may be *more* or *less* wrong, but right we can only be wholly and in one position. Look how the Church of St. Peter has kept the Faith! how in its earliest days it became world-known for the constancy of its Martyrs, and the purity of its Saints, and how all through the Dark Ages it greets us as we read or think as the one continuing Light when philosophy and all the higher principles of earthly fashion were in a grave-like sleep, and how as the world advanced it has risen higher and higher, not by the world's help, but by an internal vivifying power, and supplying the world's growing wants of light and stability and direction. Once having seen all this, my brother, one's soul covets a home in that glorious Church,—or rather as our eyes are enlightened, holy instincts grow within us and guide us forward, if we yield to them, in the true way."

We need not detect the superficialness of this enthusiastic faith: yet its very ardour worked its effect. Much more passed between the brother and sister on that evening. *His* mind had more than wavered, though he strove hard to believe it, and to act as if it were, established and loyal still; yet he loved with a child's love the Church of his Baptism: *her* heart yearned to pour its devotion at the feet of what she believed the one only true

and rightful religious Sovereign. *She* had fallen, *he* was falling, into the error, common to many of very strong Catholic desires, who have reflected much and with affection on the times of the undivided Church—of *mistaking Romanism for Catholicism.*

The night had worn late, and still Eustace had taken no refreshment; when, at length, he was persuaded to do so, it was so slight that tired nature scarcely acknowledged it; but this he said, if ever was the time to watch and pray against temptation, and to strive with those spiritual enemies which can only be overcome by prayer and fasting.

Here, we will venture one word of experience:—

Fasting, and extreme fasting, is, without doubt, a great help to the clearness of the perception of purely spiritual things: it refines devotion and absorbs the soul in its high destinies: but it is not always so desirable where the intellect is required to work, and the judgment to act vigorously. Then, especially when connected, as it commonly is, with some other severe mortification, the physical nature often becomes so weakened, that it is no longer a fit machine for the use of the active spirit; the organs that aid thought being deranged, there is a want of power and completeness in the steps of the mind, and often so direct a contrariety between the will and the judgment and the intelligent feeling, as warns us not to *act* precipitately under the influence of the effects of a discipline which we had even adopted as the very means of gaining clearer light and direction in our course.

Before Eustace and his sister separated, the one to rest, the other to yet longer watching, he had determined to avail himself of the first possible day to visit Oxford, and his venerated friend whose

counsel was ever to him as the voice of God; and then they *knelt before the picture of the Blessed Virgin and said,*

Morning star,
Help of Christians, } Pray for us.

A few days subsequently, Eustace was at Oxford; the tale of his doubts and difficulties was chiefly opened in confession; the advice he received was to withdraw for a time from his labours and interests in the English Church, and put aside argumentative thought, and travel and *feel.* He found that his old college brother, H. R., (who had become a Fellow of —— College, and a zealous adherent of the high principles of the University,) was preparing for a tour of some months in search of health, and as a release from that continual strain of mind which the vivid excitements of the times in England kept up, and the two friends very willingly agreed to take their road in company. Three weeks after this, in October, 1844, they were in Paris.

We are idolaters of the old. We do not believe in the richness of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence. We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or re-create that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread and shelter, and organs: nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again. We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up, and onward for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.—EMERSON.

And if ever sin takes its rise, as we may say, in the outward, and then forcibly assails and carries the soul by assault, it is this; and if ever this does so, it is when in a Roman Catholic country we contemplate, or rather, as it were, passively associate ourselves with the Roman Catholic Church. We look upon It somewhat as the Sepoys of the British army regarded the great Pyramid of Memphis, as the Unexplained, the Stupendous, the Sacred. The mechanism of their days, they believed, could never raise such stones to such a height; Moral capabilities, now-a-days, we feel most certain could never create such a mighty Moral work; and the Incomprehensible is involuntarily worshipped. When the soldiers of Napoleon stood on the plain of those same pyramids, and their leader in his common romantic splendour of address exclaimed, "Fourteen centuries look down upon you!" those hard, atheist, mystery-contemning men of the Revolution were electrified, though few among them understood the historical allusion, and were ready instantly to rush forward, heedless of death, in the enthusiasm of the Mighty Invisible. So does the Latin Church, by her marvellousness, by her mystery, overcome and possess the minds and the destinies of those who place themselves within her shadow. We are in the just receipt of our desert. Discontented with the manna supplied us in kind and quantity sufficient to support life, we have said, "Give us flesh, for our soul loatheth this light food," and the flesh is given; but it is not God's way often to give His blessing with self-chosen things. Providence invests every act with inevitable conditions, which the unwise seek to escape, which one and another boasts that he does not know,—boasts that they do not touch him; but the boast is on his lips,

the conditions are in his soul. When, by our own will—our own will, however it may be veiled with many words about leading influences, reasonable conclusions, plain duties,—we quit our own and introduce ourselves into another's home, and because the pictures are finer than ours, and the perfumes richer, and the servitors obsequious, we pray to be suffered to remain and make it our abode, it is but the condition of our act if by-and-by we find ourselves sitting sorrowfully alone, singing with sad hearts—

> No home have we here in these halls of pride,
> They are too high, and too cold and wide.

But the act comes first, the fulfilment of the condition afterwards: it is with the first we have now to do.

Eustace and his friend attended the High Mass in Nôtre Dame. When it was over they lingered in the Portail Septentrional, and then returned and slowly departed by the Portail de la Vierge, and again lingered in the Parvis, and strolled silently back to their hôtel. What change had come over them as they walked the marble pavement of those ancient aisles, and sat in those dark stalls of carved wood? They went thither full of conversation upon the great architectural beauty of the place, and the mystic significations of the sculptures adorning its walls, and the possible dates of its various parts; of the comparative impressions they received from Nôtre Dame now and before when they had visited it, one in his boyhood, the other but a year ago, and many other things; they departed thence, making no comments, revealing no thoughts, speaking of no feelings: deep streams are noiseless. It was the first sabbath-day either

of them had ever left the communion of their childhood's faith to worship in another.

After that day R. made it his rule to attend the celebration of Mass every morning in the Cathedral. Eustace observed a similar rule, choosing the parish church of St. Eustache, his patron. There he often remained half the day in devotion and thought, and there R. often found him when the shadows of night fell over the gay city, (his frequent station being by Colbert's tomb in the Lady Chapel,) meditating in such deep abstraction that it required a strong effort to arouse him.

During their stay in Paris they became acquainted with a young Catholic priest of most fascinating address and singularly accomplished mind. Eustace at once gave him his heart; he was a brother to his content, and Father Alphonse was no less pleasingly impressed with the earnest and warm-hearted young Englishman. In his company the two friends visited most of the religious houses of Paris and its neighbourhood, and he would have introduced them to Catholic clergymen of distinction, but that Eustace rather shrunk from any appearance of influence, in regard to a course in which his determination was becoming every day more fixed, and which, above all things, should wear the character of a voluntary act of conviction. It was impossible, however, to resist an introduction to one well-known Abbé, whose near relationship to their amiable friend gave it rather the appearance of an act of affectionate courtesy than a form involving a questionable principle. In the family thus known Eustace and R. became intimate and frequent visitors, and it seemed not improbable that R. would obtain a yet closer interest among them by devoting himself with true English

impressibility to a beautiful sister of the young Father Alphonse. Eustace saw the danger and hurried him away, and with a promise from their Catholic friend to join them at Florence, provided he could obtain the necessary leave from his Director, they set their faces southward, and made rapid stages for the Garden of Europe, the inheritance and homestead of the Church.

For a few days only they turned aside to the Lakes of Switzerland and to Geneva, the Rome of the Calvinistic schism. The Lakes and the Mountains refreshed and rejoiced them, as truly they must every lover of the Great God's mighty and beautiful works, and more than once they read in each other's eyes a half inclination to propose that their wanderings should end there until the time for their return to England; but Geneva recalled every impression and new painted every mental picture which had induced them to mark their journey Romewards. The traveller knows, the untravelled will not credit, the condition, moral and religious, of that seat and centre and fountain-head of Protestantism: yet is it a fact which should be repeated to every ear in England, and more especially still in Scotland, whose national Church is derived from the foundation of the Swiss Reformer,—that, in Geneva lingers no trace of her once vaunted piety, not even the semblance of religion. The Sabbath, that the Calvinists boasted so loudly to sanctify, undistinguished save by desecration and lawlessness and folly: the churches whose walls rang, round the thousands of applauding listeners, to those furious sermons against the Miracle of the Holy Eucharist, deserted, decaying; open for one meagre service in the week, when the worshippers from the midst of a city of five

and twenty thousand souls may be counted by scores: the ministers, the successors of those who lifted so fierce a voice against the debasements and the secularities of the Roman clergy, debased themselves and dumb now and insignificant:—surely one cannot contemplate the condition of Geneva without a silent misgiving, resolving itself at last into the words of that sad and solemn denunciation—*Every plant which My Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up.*

But our travellers returned to Lyons and thence crossed into Italy.

A thousand living scenes proclaimed to them their change of country. Here were the crucifix and place of prayer by the road-side bearing marks of frequent resort; the peasant girl devoutly telling her beads, unconscious of any observing eyes but those of her benign Mother, to which her simple faith looked up; the Virgin's altars decked every morning with their sweet votive offering of fresh flowers; the reverent recognition of the passing priest; and here was no free discussion at every table d'hôte of the rights and *utility* of their spiritual fathers; no Universities, no Institute, giving a colour of law to insurrection and treason; no voices of base Novels and viler Journals were abroad among the people instilling fury and fratricide, and all things unholy. Faith, the faith of unsophisticated times, lingers yet in Italy. A Protestant poetess has said of Italy and Ireland:—

> Rash and headstrong your children, yet meekly they pay
> Devotion unbounded to error's dark sway;

but they who love to see the children loving the faith of the fathers, where that is at all the Faith

of God, will apply the sentiment without conveying the reproach.

Church after church and city after city were now visited in quick succession, for they had tarried long in Paris and their furlough was visibly shortening. They had proposed to proceed to Naples before making their final stage at the Metropolis of the Patrimony of St. Peter, but the report of a friend, whom they encountered returning from the former city, of the number of English there, induced them to make Rome their immediate destination after having joined Father Alphonse at Florence. Soon after, in the occasional letters of Eustace to his sister Augusta, who was on a visit in the north of Scotland, occurred such passages as the following:—

These things make a deep impression on me; I give my heart wholly up to them; I feel that I could find in them the satisfaction of that Want which has weakened me of late.

Again—

To-day I saw mass administered by Padre * * * * whose name is in such high esteem in the Compagnia di Gesù. I never witnessed so solemn and beautiful a performance of the sacred ceremony. It seemed to revive in me the first days of religious life. The first and love-engrossed feelings towards the Great Sacrifice rose within my heart.

Previously to that hallowed hour, Father Alphonse had been explaining to me the significance of every part of the rite and its assistances, so that I was able to follow it "with the spirit and the understanding also." I longed to join the communicants at the altar rail, and rejoiced, oh, how thankfully! that I had been at length strengthened to make the intention of soon, very soon,

uniting my service with my heart to the True and Living Church.

Again—

When I join the Catholic Church I think I shall be every way induced to devote myself to some religious order. That such a vocation has been accorded me, I have a humble and consoling belief: and that such a life is the most worthy of the highest order of intelligent creatures, and the most honoured of God, I am assuredly convinced. To be of the number of those virgin souls to whom it is given to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, appears to me an honour far superior to a seat among the twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.

Nearly corresponding posts carried, among other passages, these from Mr. R. to a friend in England:—

This is a time for meditation and prayer, not for talking and writing. We begin to distrust everything. The most cherished and hallowed of our associations fade away, or become unbeautiful by these strange comparisons.

As days pass on here, we cannot but confess to ourselves that they find us wavering, and leave us more wavering, in the kind of dutiful attachment which we have been accustomed to acknowledge as due to our Home Church. When we look around without, we feel hurried, as it were, in fruitless strife with irresistible powers; when we retire within, we are distressed and perplexed, and we review our ground, and step by step our position seems to fail from behind us; and yet it appeared so certain, and every advance so well considered!

I believe A. has left us, in heart wholly, if not in outward profession; but he has been lately so engrossed by Father Alphonse, our Catholic clerical friend, and I have been so occupied with studying the artistic and architec-

tural splendours of this World's Chief City, that we are not so minutely informed as to each other's minds as a few weeks ago.

Here we see faintly intimated, in other cases we have seen infinitely plainer, the power which actual locality exercises over the sympathetic mind. It needs that the noble picture of St. Paul at Mars' Hill be set before the memory of our tourists. They would do well to wear it as an amulet about their necks, and to bind it for a frontlet between their eyes. THERE he stood—upon the summit of the rock, and around him was spread a glorious prospect of mountains, islands, seas, and lakes, and the old storied Plain of Marathon. Behind him towered the Acropolis, crowned with the pride of Grecian architecture. There, in the zenith of their splendour and the perfection of their beauty, stood those peerless temples, the very fragments of which are viewed by some of modern travellers with an idolatry almost equal to that which reared them. Stretched along the plain below him, and reclining her head on the slope of the neighbouring hills, was Athens, mother of the arts and sciences, with her noble offspring sporting by her side. The Porch, the Lyceum, and the Grove, with the statues of departed sages, and the forms of their living disciples, were all presented to the Apostle's eye. What mind, possessing pretensions to classic taste, can think of his situation amidst such sublime and captivating scenery without a momentary rapture. Yet *there*, even *there* did that accomplished scholar stand, as insensible to all the grandeur as if nothing were before him but the treeless, turfless desert. Absorbed in the holy abstractions of his own mind, he saw no charms, felt no fascinations;

—he gazed and was sad,—and why? What was the cause? He saw the city "*wholly given to idolatry.*" To him it presented nothing but a magnificent mausoleum, decorated and rich, but where the souls of men lay dead in trespasses and sins—while the dim light of philosophy that still glimmered in the schools, appeared but as the lamp of the sepulchre, shedding its pale and sickly ray around these gorgeous chambers of death. Is it said we compare heathen scenes to Christian? It may be: yet hath the tale a moral.

It was in the church of St. John Lateran, late in the evening of one of the first days of January, 1845, that Eustace and his beloved friend Alphonse were walking together, arm in arm, engaged in earnest conversation. Passing by the principal entrance, they were surprised to encounter R. within the church, and apparently impatiently looking for some person. Imagining themselves to be the object of his search, they enquired if such were the case, and were greeted with,—"Ah, how glad I am to have found you; Eustace, we must return home at once; I have been seeking you ever since the post came in at sunset, making it in my course from the Piazza Navona hither, to look for you both at St. Peter's and Santa Maria Maggiore! and I had given you up here but a little girl in the Strada told me two such gentlemen were certainly in the church."

"But why," enquired Eustace, "when you have had breathing-time, are we in such request to-night?"

"Can the post have communicated anything of sufficient interest," said Father Alphonse, "to withdraw our friend from the contemplation of the high duties which await him to-morrow?"

R. looked enquiringly—

"To-morrow," said Eustace, answering the silent interrogation, "I am to be baptized here."

"Oh no," exclaimed R., "not now; that last step will not be needful now. We must hasten to England; the House of Convocation is to meet at Oxford next month, to judge *The Ideal* and *Tract* 90. F. writes, it is impossible but that Catholic principles will triumph, and then we may hope to see the day of our Church's outward reunion with the Church of the Fathers; but they all urge that we should return immediately to take our places, and give our votes as M. A.'s. Shall we not start in the morning?"

Eustace shook his head.

"I," said he, "set out on another journey to-morrow, the course of which, I imagine, will never carry me back to England."

"But, surely, you would not allow Protestantism the chance of victory over all our fair fields of labour when you could render important help in making certain its defeat?"

"No; but I think, as I ever thought, that I most serve the cause of truth with my little influence by an open profession of its principles."

Father Alphonse here replied,—

"Without doubt you are right as a general rule, but if I understand, this is a peculiar case. Perhaps you might do essential service to your country in its unhappy state by advancing the votes of this Convocation on the side you would support. If matters stand as you anticipated when you spoke some time since of the possibility of this step on the part of your leading Churchmen, I should suppose a strong effort will be made by the antagonists of Catholic principles to draw together a

force for their overthrow, and should this succeed, it may greatly prejudice further movements."

"Would you then recommend me to leave all: all my hope and prospect of rest, and return to that scene of strife, and be embroiled again in controversy, and suffer its bitter spiritual penalty?"

"You put the question in a severe light, my friend. Yet I think I should advise you to defer for a few weeks your intentions here, and be present at this Convocation. Believe me, you will not find that you have been a loser of any of God's rich graces by this denial of your own choice in hope of advancing His cause."

"But is it His cause; there is the question?"

"Undoubtedly it is. *Puseyism*, remaining such, is of course heresy; but Puseyism is *a step in the right direction*, and therefore to be encouraged and forwarded."

"I will go. Cannot we start to-night? it will be too hard to see that morning's sun, and turn away from the glorious happiness it was to bring."

"No, dear brother; offer that mortification up as another sacrifice to God on the altar of a subdued spirit. To-morrow morning I will meet you at your residence. *Addio.*"

In the morning they commenced their journey; the young priest accompanying them back to his retreat at Paris. There they separated to meet no more; for Father Alphonse was very shortly after appointed on a distant mission from which the devoted rarely return.

Thus far have we come in the relation of a course of which we have displayed few of the intricacies, and exposed as yet none of the dangers. A critical narrative of learned reasonings has never

been our purpose: it is for *the people* we write; it is the sympathy of *the people* we claim. But we must pause one moment at this point of our history to remark, what we conceive important,—the more immediate, as we may say, metaphysical cause, which had produced the effect called 'Conversion' in the mind of him of whom especially we write. Whatever effect the religious magnificence of the city of Rome had had upon him, *it* was not the whole cause. It could not have been the conviction of the hopelessness of restoring ancient and desirable usages in the Anglican Church, for the unhappy *Convocation* had yet to come. Nor can it be suspected of having been in him a feeling of restlessness and roving after the marvellous and the new. None of these:—it was the question which is sure to assail the mind of the ecclesiastical student the moment he steps on Roman Catholic soil; the more pious and the more deeply reasoning he is, the stronger is its power; a question which is put by all outward influences and impressions and scenes, and which Rome loves well to have referred back to her, and herself to answer, as in the instance of our history:—A subtle question it is, and difficult; it is 'a hard saying'—the question, as to the Church, "*Whether*," in the words of Tract 90, "*intercommunion with the whole be necessary to each part of it?*"

Do we venture to solve this problem, which answered in one way, *must be* Popery? Nay:—it would seem that the best, the only real solution possible to be gained by it, is by studying, perhaps with weary thoughts for painful months, the distinctive features of that vast corporation which calls itself the Universal Communion, and would embody within itself the whole efficacy of Chris-

tianity, (for probably none to whom we refer would desire to cut off her hundreds of millions from their *Catholicity*). By 'proving' all things is the only way in which questions of this kind can be answered. They who know best how difficult, how overwhelming a task that is, will respond most deeply—Pity they ever arose!—Pity they ever found them words! But these are the communications that Churchmen have come of late to have with each other, as they walk and are sad.

The two clergymen reached home in ample time to hear, before the coming on of the event that had induced their sudden return, the history of the direction which party feeling and authority had taken during the months they had been absent. The edicts of the Hebdomadal Board—the intrigues of certain individuals near official dignitaries—the almost compulsory consent which had been wrung for proceedings, to say the least, of a most doubtful character—the cliques formed among the evangelical party to procure the advantage (how singularly rare a blessing to them!) of temporary unity—the intimidation used to influence the course of the younger clergy, and, in many cases, their brave resistance and dauntless loyalty to conscience and their Church's most plain doctrine, were related to them on all sides. Ordinaries and Chaplains were in request as sources of information. Storms of pamphlets darkened the literary atmosphere. The 13th of February was anticipated with breathless interest, and its decrees a thousand times prejudged.

Mr. A. was one of the least sanguine of the result of the measure looked forward to with such anxious regards. He spent a few days at E—— previously to the date of decision. His sister had

returned there to meet him, and they had much converse to exchange of deep importance to each and both. Without communicating his decidedly changed views of duty to his fellow clergy, he refrained from taking any part in the ministrations of the Church, from which his allegiance was wholly withdrawn. It was a difficult task to him to *seem* one of Her members still, but he did so almost by command, and to serve what those to whom he deferred his judgment regarded as a sufficient end. On the eve of the appointed Convocation he travelled with Mr. MacN. to Oxford, where, amidst the greetings of old, and the pleasant intercourse of new friends, who appeared on all sides from every county, and every city, and every village of the land, the contending interest which had gathered the multitude together was somehow forgotten in the very excitement itself had created.

But the morning came, special trains by the Great Western Railway were crowded with the non-resident members, and early enough the staid and quiet streets of Oxford were thronged with hurried passengers, heedless of the cold and the fast-falling snow with which nature set her seal upon the day. Till noon numbers continued to arrive from long journeys, with earnestness and expectation depicted on their countenances. Every symptom shewed that something had taken a deep hold on the universal mind. Everywhere there was, not so much partisanship as feeling —intense and unwonted. And while a congregation was held at twelve o'clock in order that those Masters of Arts who had not yet taken their regencies might be qualified according to statute for voting in the Convocation, Undergraduates walked about in such covetousness of the privilege

of M.A.-ship, that had Degrees been to be purchased, many a fortune would have fallen that day into the University coffers. But there were those who looked upon all this bustle and heat with a calm considering eye. They had seen their juniors in a hurry before, and were not oversolicitous about the result of what made so vast a stir, knowing that the deepest mischief and the deepest good moves silently; when hundreds of breathless faces therefore were directed to the rostrum, while the author of *The Ideal of a Christian Church* delivered his defence, and raised a solemn witness before all his judges to doctrines, the bare mention of which was enough to elicit from all the area of the ample theatre cheers, or derision, or bitter disapproval, these Ancients of the northern gallery sat unmoved, and weighed and considered all, as if the subjects had come newly before them, and then delivered their placets and non-placets with a deliberate gravity that some called almost provoking. But why should they excite themselves?—the sentence of one hour was revoked by the decision of the next, and they could foresee these things; they had known the same before. *The Ideal* was condemned, its author degraded!—but he had left the assembly, and *while the sentence was passing*, was greeted in Broad-street with the deafening cheers of the more actual Heart of the University, the thousands of the Undergraduates. *Tract* 90 was suffered, and the Proctors valiantly declared their side, pronouncing, on the proposition for condemning the principles therein advanced, the authoritative—"Nobis procuratoribus non placet." What, then, was the Result of the Convocation? Many asked themselves and each other this question; it might

have remained doubtful or variously decided in various minds, but the Minister of Margaret Chapel, the chivalrous shield-bearer of the author of *The Ideal*, came forward and settled beyond disguise the disputed point by his fearless challenge, distinct and loud, sent ringing into the ears of the Council Board, haughtily demanding of the Vice-Chancellor that he might be treated as they had treated his friend, for that he claimed to hold All Roman Doctrine, and this in the condemnation of *The Ideal* had unquestionably been illegalised! All eyes were then opened, some in dismay, some in exultation, but all were opened widely and well. The Result of the Convocation was developed. Seldom, if ever, had the business of that collegiate body pended with such interest as on that memorable day. Among the non-resident members, gathered for the occasion to Oxford, were the Titled and the Shining from all parts of the country and all positions in the Church and State. The Bishops of Chichester and Llandaff, the Earl of Eldon, Viscount Sandon, Lord Ashley, Lord Romney, Lord Haverdale, Sir J. Mordaunt, Sir T. D. Acland, Sir W. Heathcote, Sir R. Comyn, Sir S. Glynn, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Henley, Mr. Mackinnon, M.P.'s; Archdeacon Manning, Dr. Tait, Dr. Phillimore, Dr. Mereweather, Dr. Russell—are a few of those whose presence our note-book has preserved in our more immediate remembrance, beside those whose world-known and distinguished championship of Church principles has associated their names for ever with the thoughts of that assembly and that day. But it was over; and, as we said, its Result was developed.

How subsequent months confirmed and established and carried out that result, need not be

repeated;—in the *Ichabod* on the lips of many an affectionate frequenter of Margaret Chapel, in the missing of one after another, and another, and another of earnest teachers from their place and office, in the scornful rebukes of those around who loved to come in to sow the tares of vexation where they had no other right of entrance. The first point of the line of grief was the censure of the Regius Hebrew Professor, or even earlier in the well-known case of Mr. Macmullen's examination, and unbroken it continued till the loss of him upon whom all eyes have been turned, so affectingly and truly called "the intensest loss we could have had." It was the hour and the power of darkness, and fear paralyzed the mind and faithlessness blinded the eyes of many.

Perhaps there is no time or position more difficult for faith than when it is subjected to the anomalous assault of overwhelming motives for despondency while the reasons for hope are irrefragable:—none perhaps when the spirit is more likely to faint and fail. Yet from the pages of the world's history, and from Scripture, and from the course of the Church, how many signal instances may be pointed out when the stress of this controversy between hope and fear has lain heavily upon the moment which immediately preceded the triumph of the former. The crisis,—the fading hour of the past, the birth hour of the future,—is a time of suspense more deep and anxious than the fiercest day of fight. The rent veil and desecrated mysteries of the Jewish Temple, the dismay of the High Priest, the consternation of Jerusalem, and darkness over all the earth, distinguished the day whose morrow filled heaven with songs for the consummation of the Eternal Sin Offering, and the

world with a brighter dawn than that for which "the sons of God shouted for joy." But that time was marked, and times humbly resembling it are commonly marked by doubt and alarm and suspense in the minds of the faithful, and rude though misgiving triumph among their opponents. The hour of Preparation for a better order of things is usually *not a time of favourable appearances.* And while the sagacity of some seers may discern beneath the surface of unhappy events the undeveloped initiatives of good things to come, these are a favoured few: too often because we cannot see how Providence works, we are impatient of waiting for what it will produce: we speak and act as if our obscurity were also God's night, and then it is that our Master calls us "slow of heart." Thus was it with many when that Convocation had closed. Ah, how many of us sought solitude and silence that evening, and sat down sad because we were "slow of heart." Well had it been if in the troubled hour we had recalled all the things that the prophets had spoken, how the True Church must suffer ere it is given it to shine; how the development of great principles is always marked by great moral convulsions; how the revival of buried truth is ever stigmatized by some as novelty and error,—but in that sudden collision between hope and dejection, hope was overthrown; and then its struggle was abandoned on the field by many of the children of a Church that has been kept and led such long centuries in the wilderness, for they were "slow of heart." Now that the crisis is in a measure past, and symptoms are encouraging, and light breaks in upon the dimness of the mind, it were easy to "believe;"—but the strife, and the time of dismay, and the scattering

of friends may return; let past weakness and mistake be a warning to infuse faith into the future, and then its peril and its penance will not be lost.

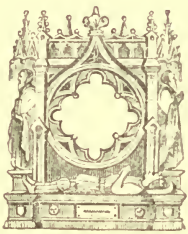
Once more Eustace directed his journeyings towards E——, for the last time. He determined that the indignant *non-placet* which burst rather from his heart than from his lips, in his place in the Theatre on the 13th of February, should be the closing of his acts as an English Churchman: and now he turned to set his house in order, that he might henceforth die to the world and retire to silence and secrecy in the community he had chosen for his future home. His mind was fully and unhesitatingly prepared for his course. Every mist seemed to have cleared from his horizon, and he could distinguish the very path he would take, and the very landmarks he would pass. All this appeared, indeed, like God's assisting him; neither did he neglect still to say, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence." And what could more be done? We cannot tell; but it is an awful thought, that, as it was with Balaam, so it may be with us, when all seems going rightly on, wrath may be abroad and in our path. Balaam's would strike us, perhaps, as a light sin; he but asked a second time to be suffered to go with the king's messengers:—how often do we not only ask but determine that we will do this or that, giving ourselves, too, much credit for overcoming obstacles that stood in our way. In mental things we reason and reason, and at last the difficulties vanish: in religious questions we fancy God has helped us, whereas, perhaps, He has only said, "Go with the men." This is a serious reflection for many in these times. O, speed the day when the Great Head of the Catholic Church, either by the stupendous movements

of His providence, or by the signal effusion of grace and wisdom on His people, shall remove from Her Whole Congregation that dimness and infirmity and reproach, which, at least, extenuates the uneasy wanderings of the scrupulous, and, alas, too palpably encourages the sin of the schismatic.

But we must hasten on. A.'s first step was, of course, to acquaint his Vicar and brother Curate with his change. They were not unprepared for it, and while they lamented the loss of their valued coadjutor, they deeply sympathised in much of the feeling which led him from them. With the people the case was far different. As soon as the news spread, the lamentation and mourning became universal for their favourite pastor,—their favourite everywhere,—notwithstanding his "Romanising;" for his urbanity and pure benevolence had won all hearts. Leave-takings he, however, avoided as a profitless expenditure of time and feeling; for a few days he continued with his sister in the strictest privacy, arranging various matters, and laying all his parochial business in an open form, ready to be taken up by his successor. His secretaryships and management of societies and benevolent funds, and his parish plans of labour, and his beloved schools and villages, must all pass to other hands: his task in them was done. God send them such another overseer!

The last question of importance regarded the disposal of worldly property. Augusta had prepared herself to follow close upon her brother's steps, both as to joining the Roman Catholic Church, and embracing a Religious Life. All then was done with, or useful only as it might serve as offerings to the Church.

It was the middle of March when the brother and sister submitted together to the rite of baptism by a Roman Catholic Priest, and they then considered that their connection with the world had closed for ever, and but waited a short time to separate to their respective future places. But before this final act another event occurred.



CHAPTER V.

The Sacrifice of All.

Ich hebe mein Haupt kühn empor zu dem drohenden Felsengebirge, und zu dem tobenden Wassersturze, und zu den krachenden, in einem Feuermeer schwimmenden Wölken, und sage; "Ich bin ewig, und ich trotze eurer Macht! Brecht alle herab auf mich; und du Erde, und du Himmel, vermischt euch im wilden Tumulte! und ihr Elemente alle, schäumet und tobet, und zerreibet im wilden Kampfe das letzte Sonnenstäubchen des Körpers den ich mein nenne! Mein Wille allein mit seinem festen Plane soll kühn und triumphirend über den Trümmern des Weltalls schweben; denn ich habe meine Bestimmung ergriffen, und die ist dauernder als ihr; sie ist ewig, und ich bin ewig, wie sie."—*Die Bestimmung des Menschen.* Fichte.

In the midst of purposes and decisions and arrangements and plans, the attention of Eustace and Augusta A. was forcibly called to interests deeply affecting their younger sister, who, we have before mentioned, was married to a clergyman, then residing in a charming rectory in the south of England. Mr. F. was the most amiable of men, and distinguished as a scholar and an author; and the gentlest, the wildest, the joyfullest of the daughters of men, was Margaret, his young

wife. That one bright inheritance of Eden, the gift of glorious beauty, had rested on her in all its richness: beauty that won for her the blessings of passers-by who never knew her goodness; that with its added dowry of grace and elegance, might in the long gone times have earned for its possessor the penalties of witchcraft!

But a more unwonted lot than these was prepared for Margaret.

A sweet home was theirs: where the myrtle and the purple vine chased each other over the trellis round their windows; and even in winter time, the breath of the air was so soft and light, and the flowers still so many, that it might have passed for the spring of another country. On an evening in that eventful February, as her custom was before going to rest, the young happy spirit of the place went to her nursery, to see that all was safe with her two lovely children. The little one, her namesake and picture, she kissed with a gentle tenderness; it slept well, with its small hand laid under its rosy cheek. But her boy was disturbed in his slumber; he had pushed back the curtains of his cot, and thrown himself restlessly across his pillow. Yet he seemed in health, by all those signs which mothers study: the equal breathing, and the cool palms, and the moist brow. It might be only an uneasy dream; so she leaned over him, and soothed him quietly with that fair hand and that heaven-toned voice of hers, and lingered yet a moment to catch again the dear resemblance of his infant features to her best beloved, and left him, as she always did, with ferventest prayers that he might grow in all things his father's image—as great—as wise—as good.

Then she turned her light step towards the

study. Her husband was there, with the lamp trimmed as usual for the midnight hours; but she was startled by his appearance. The deep unnatural flush of his commonly pallid brow, the hands clenched together to support it, the sad eyes which he bent upon her as she entered—she could fancy he had been weeping.

"Dearest, is anything the matter?" was her involuntary exclamation.

She was only answered by a burst of grief. But by-and-by the strong man put aside his weakness.

"Margaret," said he, "could you bear to be separated from me?"

She was silent for a moment, and the tears rushed into her beautiful eyes as she replied, passionately, "No—never."

"Not if it were the will of God?"

"Ah, it is true we should think of that sometimes: but you frightened me; I did not know what you meant. Nay, my husband, I would pray that, if it were the will of God, I might be taken first, not you: you could better be alone than I."

"But I do not mean the separation of *death*."

Here was all the terrible truth. Margaret had heard that some clergymen, in adopting the Roman Faith, had considered it right to withdraw from their family and social ties, to be in a condition to take Orders in that Church. She had heard, too, of those who had passed through all the ordeal of resignation and been deprived and left lonely without uttering a murmur. She wondered at their strength. She felt such was not hers. But already the thought had crossed her mind that *that* might be tested. Her husband had been long growingly dissatisfied with his position in the English Esta-

blishment; and although he seldom would, as he said, "tease her with matters that must be so uninteresting to her as logic and dry divinity," she was well aware that the late events at Oxford had determined him to a most serious review of his duties and responsibilities—and the first cloud that ever overshadowed the summer of her heart had already gathered and oppressed her.

Long, long, and earnest were the words with which it was sought to reconcile her to this severest DUTY: showing how the Christian life is always spoken of in Holy Writ as a contest and a soldier's work; how most of all such is the calling of the Priest. And he spoke to her of what he believed his Vocation, and tried to arouse a like desire in her feelings. He opened to her his inward heart; showed her how she had been his idol —the image in his sanctuary—the one Thought that continually rose between himself and God. And then he spoke of Abraham's faith; "And that we love," he said, "as Abraham loved Isaac, as our sole hope in this world, and apparently God's own gift, as much as Isaac was most certainly, shall we not be prepared to give it up at God's bidding? *that*, that in our secret heart is so very dear and very precious to us, on that very thing God lays his hand, and says, 'Give it up to Me;' everything my own wife to which the heart can cling, we must be ready to offer up, counting it all joy—joy that we are made like Christ, who gave up all His glory at His father's will, and so we must cut out from our heart the fond dear thing, even though it try it to the deep core." All that the wife's soul could urge was poured out against the meaning of these words, with a strength that she had not known was hers. But at length it was over. Her husband

said, "Margaret, this is a time that demands Great Sacrifices, as Great Testimonies to Great Facts: we must make them; I must make them." Then her wrung heart mantled itself in pride, and hid from that day the wound that had well nigh forced its life away.

Augusta and Eustace were then pressingly entreated by Mr. F. to visit their sister, and break the bitterness of the trial she sustained. For himself, long fasting, and protracted prayer, and extraordinary mortification, and an intense fixedness of thought on the world to come, had prepared him for, and now enabled him to endure with calmness, the stern necessity which he conceived was laid upon him. Once he faltered, when, on the arrival of her sister, Margaret involuntarily gave vent to the distress which crushed her; but strength returned in solitude.

He put it into the hands of her relatives to make those arrangements which might be most likely to secure their sister's comfort, devoting a large settlement to her use, and wishing her to retain the care of their children. Augusta, perhaps because the woman's heart of sympathies was yet unsealed, with her strongest approval called forth in the conversion of her brother-in-law, yet could not quite clearly see the duty of his intended sacrifice. She spoke little with him on the subject—indeed, his words were few now with any one on any subject; but with Eustace she often passed from pity for their sister to something very like blame of F. He, however, rarely allowed such feelings to draw from him any responsive disapprobation. He said—Some were surely called to suffer, as it were, in the very image of their Lord, putting from them those who were

most dear, and who clung most fondly to their support. Had not their own purposes of life been made, because they felt the world and outward companionship too much for them? All could tell of the hardship of living with God in the midst of sin; but the most devoted felt most the hardness of living in Him with a hidden life in the midst of affections and domestic joy. "And," he added earnestly, "there are to whom is given that White Stone which none can read but he who has it. And to Suffer is a high vocation."

Augusta argued—her mind changed afterwards —"But these strange and voluntary sufferings seem unrequired of us by a merciful Father; they partake so much of the character of self-choice: whom the Lord loveth, He Himself chasteneth, according to their strength; and surely it is often that the truly hardest and best borne trials are those which are never known in any earthly record, and are suffered every day."

"True," said Eustace; "as life wears on, we all indeed feel the sufficient burden of what the Lord has laid on us: pain—sickness—the weary spirit—the broken heart, come in their season unsought. And the secret work may be very true; no man may see what our heart is aiming after, yet in the sight of God it may be as arduous a labour, and as nobly rewarded. But that does not give us a right to judge of others. All who live in Christ here will live with Him in the future state. But how far different will be that life! how bright and glorious the life of those who have laboured wonderfully in the Lord's work! how poor and dim, by comparison, the life of those who have laboured little or weakly. We shall see perhaps some, who, after a life of sin, have just, by a severe repentance, been

saved at last; and surely their glory will be far below that of those who have lived the pure course of a Christian's life from Confirmation upwards. And may not theirs, again, be as the light of the moon to the light of seven days, besides many others there: those who have done their Lord's will with a mighty energy? There is many a martyr who has given his life's blood, and many a one who has solitarily offered up his broken heart; there are some who have gained the highest and the holiest walk of faith: and will not those have a more exalted place, and a nearer view of the Great Glorious Centre of Light and Life? All are not to exercise the same high ministry: all are not to wear the same bright robe. But perhaps those whom we sometimes judge will be they who are to walk with Him in white, while we but stand by to admire His glory and theirs."

Thus would run the tenor of the conversation elicited by the unusual occurrence in which they were called to take a part. The manner of their observations on it displayed a difference in their mental life, which may distinguish a large proportion of those who in our day either embrace warm Church principles, or speak with others concerning them. The one class, like Eustace, have come to live so high a life in the Communion of Saints, that they are almost in that portion of it which is the Church Triumphant. The progress of the intellect consists in that clearer vision of causes which overlooks superficial circumstances; and they have risen to that height of intellectual power which almost obliterates this "mortal coil," and treats all acts and all conditions alone as tributes to the future. Through the mutable cloud of nature they look, and pass straight on into

the steadfast heaven: and their judgments concerning other men are such as angels might expound—so pure, so full of charity, so unreceptive of lower possibilities. These live pre-eminently in prayer and the intensity of the spirit; they are the men for those unshrinking acts of heroism which must be made, as a plank across a yawning lynn must be passed, with the eye steadily directed upwards. The other class, fully as true in intention, making it their motto to—

> Act—act in the Living Present;
> Heart within and God o'er-head,

put away from them all that to-day interferes with the harmonies of to-day, and all that does not immediately conduce to the credit and advancement of what they would teach they set aside. These, clearly as necessary to the militant progress of the Church, curb the uncalculating fervour of their higher brethren, and caution in needful times the spirit that forgets that we live in a world of bodies!

But the time, with the persons to whose course our interest is directed, was now not one of convenience for speculation and abstract ideas; what they did they must do quickly, and they turned to their task to do it truly.

It was Augusta's first aim to induce her sister to retire with her to the Religious Retreat she was about to enter. But this at present was impossible. To the passionate declarations of the young wife,—that she would die rather, and that her children should never be "Papists," it was answered "that she might avail herself of the offered retirement from a world whose gaiety must distress and offend her, without giving any religious pledges;

— that those of whom she entertained such uncharitable thoughts, would be kind and loving friends to any one who sought their help or sympathy in the hour of sorrow, from whatever cause that sorrow might arise, and however far its victim might naturally be removed from their assistance!" But she firmly refused the proposal; at length it was agreed that Augusta would sacrifice her own views for a time, and remain with her sister in her more than widowhood, wherever she might choose to fix her abode; it was besides thought advisable that she would leave the home of her happy life before her husband quitted it. Her friends would have made this parting as quiet and gentle as possible, but Margaret chose otherwise. And so it often is. The earliest cup of grief, as one may say, intoxicates, and, forced on us at first, we become fascinated afterwards, and *will* drain it to its last dregs; by-and-by, when we learn that the poison is deeper the deeper we drink, we are willing to let the friendly hand remove the fatal chalice from our lips. Margaret had never been sad before, and now she would have the saddest of sadness; or perhaps the heart of her affection put some still hopeful trust in a last appeal to him whom she had known so full of love, so full of tenderness, in whose loss she could not even now believe. She attired herself in a suit of widow's weeds, and her two children in the deepest mourning, and went to take her farewell.

It is not for the pen nor for the tongue to describe such an hour as that. The upbearing excitement, and the strange blank crush of soul when all is over, at the season of the natural death of dear friends, would be a wretched representative indeed of its smallest part. Since the day when

Gregory the Seventh convened a council at the Lateran, and created a law separating every married clergyman from the beguiling beautiful things of a domestic home, and leaving the Roman Priesthood from that time an immortal monument and wonder in the world—in it, but not of it; raised in some marvellous manner above the fellowships of men—a great spiritual intention sealed from all earthlier brotherhoods—since that time when wailing and woe were on a thousand hearths for the word that had made them desolate of the husband and the father—since that time have not been known such things as England has witnessed in these last months. But the longest, the dreariest, and the evilest of days is over at last, and the hour wherein is gathered and distilled and concentrated the anguish of lives, is *but* an hour, and ends.

Unlike this parting scene was that of Eustace and Augusta.

The first wish of Mr. F. had been to pass through the theological course required of a convert priest, and then take up his position as an active Catholic clergyman; but, circumstances precluding this at present, he determined to retire altogether to a foreign community of monks, and there giving his unbroken soul to worship, pass his days, longer or fewer as they might be appointed. A. was too full of the sanguine anticipation of this life himself to dissuade his friend from following it, though he more than once suggested that his learning and genius would be a high acquisition to a Catholic college at home. Mr. F. had now chosen his course, and Eustace having accompanied him to the French coast, returned to bid adieu to his sisters before his own final departure.

Together Augusta watched with him before the Blessed Sacrament for two successive nights in the chapel they attended, and their continued prayer ceased not with the sunrise—prayer for strength, for holiness, for peace; and bright and brilliant were the hopes, the certainties in their minds, which illuminated their picture of Catholic conventual and monastic life. They arranged to part, Eustace entering the retreat in England where he proposed spending the first months of his retirement, on the eve of the Festival of the Founder of the Order which they were both about to join. The previous night which they spent separately in devotion commenced with a long fast; and when the time came, it found them prepared by every preparation which could reduce mortality to insensible obedience, or strengthen the spirit with abstractedness and elevation. They were ready, and with a kind blessing on his endeared little niece and nephew, and a tender leave-taking of poor Margaret, Eustace parted from them all till the time of trouble, and of purification, and of hiding, shall be past, and the dead in Christ arise.

That such sacrifices are not a holy holocaust, who shall say? Who shall look on with a cold eye, and aver, is is nought, it is nought? But who either shall judge whether the oblation of a pure heart in the incense of love, may not be a worthier and higher offering, when made amidst the difficulties and strife of the world, and continued every day in its devotion, like the sin-offering of the Hebrews, than when only the one struggle is suffered to sever it from all, and give it once?

But these scenes have been enacted by such persons, and in such kinds and manners, as bar all comment. Only a little later than this began that too

well-known course of individual and collective sacrifice and suffering on the part of the members of that conspicuous band of brothers and friends, who had separated themselves already from so much to give their labour to their then-loved Church, and obtain the inestimable blessing of the guidance of such a head as he who walked among them in his light. A little later, and by ones and twos they were missed from their places in their erst-chosen home. They went to give themselves to voluntary vows of expatriation and poverty—poverty, oh, how deep! how manifold! One after another they departed, some one whither, and some another whither. They believed they went as Abraham when he was called to go out from his people by the voice of the Lord. Looking at this movement as it really appeared, distinguished by its energizing faith, and carried on, on the part of each concerned, with such a firm determination, such a noble self-sacrifice, we have often involuntarily likened it, in its gradual scale, to the scene described in the history of St. Bernard, by Ratisbonne, when the brethren destined to undertake the establishment of Clairveaux were separated from those appointed to abide at Citeaux, of which the eloquent author says—

Qui n'admirait, en cette rencontre (the farewell parting) l'humble obeissance et l'abnegation profonde de ces vrais disciples de Jésus Christ? Ils se séparent sans aucun murmure, des anciens amis, des compagnons fidèles avec lesquels ils avaient vécu dans le monde et dans le monastère; *ils quittent un superieur qu'ils aimaient comme leur père une sainte maison qu'ils avaient choisie pour asile une compagnie édifiante objet de leurs plus chères affections et ils partent sans savoir où ils vont ce qu'ils deviendront ni les souffrances qui les attendent!*

But this difference there was among others, between that scene of 1115 and this of 1845; *that* was the trial of many, endured in company, and recurring not again; *this* was a tragic series, stretching out months long its melancholy dole of suffering; a soul-rending spectacle, repeated in its sorrowful fulness in each separate individual case, till among the forsaken studies, and the closed books, and in their place in the frequented chapel, the chief and father, and one devoted friend lingering by him to the last, were left alone: and then *his* singularly balanced mind conceived itself satisfied at length, and they too departed; and *he* also suffered the waters of another baptism, and that deep clear unusual voice of his was heard uttering its unfaltered *Credo* in all that must thenceforth separate him from so much greatness, and honour, and fame, and far more, so much earnest affection. Thenceforth it must be a sin to him to pray in common with the wisest and the loveliest of those with whom he had for years taken sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company! To be the idol and the boast of a day, of a few years, of a life, among a strange people, and the children of a strange tongue—will it make up the bitter loss? To fill the Papal throne—to be a saint most canonised, could it obliterate the days that were, or take away from their choice reality, and their well-cherished peace? We need not be told, perhaps we know as well as they who would remind us, that the actuating motives were none of these, but holy desires and infinite,—and that crowns and kingdoms given for TRUTH can never be regretted;—but suppose——ah, we will leave the sad question:—be these things as they may, could aught, could all, constitute that sacri-

fice less than immense, or reduce it to the level of common comment?

Eustace A. had now entered on his course as a Catholic Religious. Probably we cannot so well illustrate his mind at this time as by a few selected quotations from the occasional correspondence permitted to be continued for the present with his chosen friends. Under date "VI. St. Anselm, 1845," we find, addressed to a recent clerical convert,—

The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are very glad. Very earnestly, dear ———, my heart responds to your note of praise. How often have you and I, at ——— Cathedral, heard that splendid anthem, "Sing we merrily, sing we merrily, to God our strength," and only *heard* it; never joined and lost ourselves in it, as we would in, "Lord, Zion is desolate," and many a sadder song. Did it not always seem in dissonance with our feelings? but now how sweetly it harmonises! How truly we can utter forth that joyful thanksgiving, "Behold now thy rest, O my soul. For the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee; for He hath delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits to me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." Yes, now we are safely within the ark, and the waters of the world are all without. At last we are indeed united in the glorious communion of all the saints, all that have been gathered from time past, and all that are yet in the time future—with Samuel and all the prophets, with Peter and the great apostles, with Stephen and the noble martyrs. The thought is overpowering sometimes; the more so, when one contemplates the responsibilities the position involves; how even to "*look* back" upon our past life is sin, and must be guarded against as the beginning of

a fall; the lingering and longing *look* of Lot's wife we know was visited with as awful a judgment as came on them who would not at all forsake the sinful cities of the plain.

Here was the sanguine joyousness of the convert—the self-persuasion—and—the presentiment.

Morrow of St. Mark the Evangelist.

Each day I become more evidently conscious that the Christian life is a gradually, even slowly, growing principle, that no sudden rush will conduct us to its maturity; those plants which endure the most, are the longest in attaining their perfection. The laurel, of all trees, you know, is slowest in its growth; the gourd, which withers in a day, springs in a night. And these are sometimes consoling analogies, when one feels how sadly little progress is accomplished in the midst of so many helps, and with so close a fostering and inducing care as is here bestowed upon the needy learner, in the good old way of severe and steadfast holiness. But the infant principle of piety having been communicated in the Baptism of Water we have been permitted to receive, we are sure that the Life of Christ can never thenceforth be wholly hidden in us, except through our grievous fault, and that with our correspondence it *may* richly abound, as the days go on and the time arrives of its appointed springing, and blade, and earing, and ripening corn.—We may, we ought, we must "go from strength to strength," or "from virtue to virtue," as our translation has it, our views enlarging, our faith deepening, growing up into Christ in all things, till we come to the measure of the fulness of the stature of a Christian Man: and though sometimes when we look at the whole it may seem an almost impossible attainment, if we analyze our work we shall see it is easier: we have only to bear that one trial which we now have, overcome that one sin which besets us now, attain that one grace in which we are wanting: and so we shall go from strength to strength,

and from virtue to virtue. We none of us know what our end may be; whether we may be devils in sin, or angels in the presence of God: we can but hope and strive and pray, if perchance we may be saved at last. We can but labour and watch on, trusting that if we for our parts do that which is appointed us according to the progress of our strength, so He for His part will mercifully keep us from falling, and present us at the end before the presence of His glory, arrayed in the robe of His own righteousness, above and hiding our imperfectness; but this we know, that if we would appear before God in Zion, it must be *after having gone from strength to strength.*

Here was the firm, Catholic reliance on great principles, sectarianism laid aside, and neither, it would seem, the sanguine gladness any longer uplifting the heart.

St. Peter's Day, 1845.

You enquire, dear ——, so minutely as to my habit and feelings, that it is difficult to escape the Examen. You say, Do I ever feel a little, the very least, discontented with my duties, and a yearning after the free fields of youth again? The last never: not even a little, the very least. Ah, no! I regret my youth too bitterly to yearn after it. When I think of that far higher life of piety in which I might now have walked, if the meekness of obedience had been learned in those days, the deeper wisdom in God which I might have attained then with this training, I may lament those misspent years, but their ruleless freedom I can covet never again.

One shadow of dissatisfaction has, perhaps, crossed my mind, but of a nature in which I fear I shall not have your cordial sympathy; it is the mildness of the discipline to which I am here subjected. Very few private austerities are permitted by the confessors, and none imposed. I fancy sometimes I am not so well without them, and self-will would choose to do its own

behest; but, again, I know that to put aside these thoughts and wishes will be really the far severer, and therefore more salutary penance. And when I look back upon my past life, and see how evil has been ever sure to come of the smallest step in pride and self-sufficiency, I struggle with all my strength against what appears the first and so subtile working of the unholy spirit; and, trying to lie in love and gentleness at the foot of the rule set over me, wait for the guidings of God's providence, and listen for His voice.

Here was deep stern humility fortifying itself for the way; and something too in beautiful sympathy with that ever-remembered verse of Wordsworth's, which runs,—

> Me this unchartered freedom tires,
> I feel the weight of new desires;
> My hopes no more must change their name,
> I long for a repose which ever is the same.

Again, to another friend on the same date—

Regarding sensible mortification, you need not, as it seems you are in your care for me inclined, fear any injury to my little remaining health from its severity. I assure you it is a mere popular fallacy, that the mangling of the flesh with cruel instruments, and its subjection by fasting to the verge of death, is the course of preparation exacted of us. On the contrary, the exterior penances required are very few and very light. Our whole energy is turned to attain that inward mortification, which is considered the more effectual advancer in perfectness. Fasts, watchings, sackcloths, chains, disciplines, and the like, are but the small tributary facilities to the interior work at any time; and when that is directed to be laboured at without their aid, we must not doubt but it is best. St. Ignatius, in his Epistle on Obedience, recommends that virtue as affording more occasions of interior advancement than any other observance. And none of us who have made the trial will

be likely to doubt his judgment. Exterior mortification I believe you know is only permitted to be practised by the leave and advice of a Director; and several great Saints are on record as remarkable instances of the ardent desire for this discipline being entirely sacrificed to the principle of most implicit obedience; such obedience as would not even ask leave for that, ever so desired, which was not offered. But the interior penance is a daily and hourly and voluntary work. In it carte blanche is given to the utmost piety of the striver for perfection. The common rule established for this duty is, however, fourfold.

1. To deny our inclinations and passions everything prohibited by the law of God and His Church, or what is forbidden under pain of mortal sin.

2. All that is forbidden under pain of venial sin.

3. Everything that cannot be indulged without incurring an imperfection.

And, lastly, to mortify or senses and inclinations in things indifferent in themselves, in order to advance more easily in virtue and perfection.

Earnestly following all these we shall find work enough; sometimes it will even appear hard, but not so: it is a sweet yoke.

We must reject all desire of praise, honour, and esteem; moderate our simplest pleasures; accustoming ourselves to seek and desire only the accomplishment of the holy Will of God in everything. We must banish from the heart every motion of sadness, aversion, levity, self-esteem; moderate our joy in success, and our sorrow in disappointments, even in regard to this inward work. Our fears, anxieties, desires, solicitudes, curiosity, must be all extinguished. If we find an inclination to dislike any of our companions, we must seek their company; and associate most with those who appear to slight us.

There is not a moment, not a single action in which we may not practise this holy rule in one way or another.

The adoption of extreme regularity of life will help us greatly in following it, and be at the same time a testimony of our desire. And we need not fear but that bodily suffering will be added according to our need of its discipline, by Him who is the best judge of the Thorn in the Flesh which may be necessary to keep us humble. While the souls of the children of the Church continue to be darkened by a portion of earthly dross, their Lord still sits, as a Refiner and Purifier of silver, purifying them in the furnace of affliction; and under His hand we have the comfort that His Grace is sufficient for us, whereas when we fall into the hand of man, or are in our own hands, we cannot be sure of His effectual aid.

Here was the lowliest fervor of the religious mind revealing itself in obedience, lessoning itself to silence.

A little later, "Festival of St. Athanasius," he says—

Sometimes I find myself secretly murmuring at so much, as it appears, mere secular work occupying my allotted time. But this is like (with humility let me compare my errings to his) St. Peter, when he pronounced certain of the creatures of God "common and unclean."

The kind of occupation that I more desire would perhaps lead me far astray in earthly paths, while I fancied myself following the narrow way of labour for my Lord. In this day, and especially to those who have but lately left the world, with its crowding excitements, it needs much care to secure preservance from this kind of temptation. As one of our writers on Spiritual Retreat has said, "La concupiscence des yeux est la tentation subtile d'un âge plus avancé, âge où la curiosité tourmente l'esprit de l'homme; où l'œil avide de lumière plonge dans la science, et sonde temerairement les mystères; c'est l'épreuve des fausses doctrines qui fascinent et captivent les esprits inquiets, plus chrétiens en speculation qu'en pratique."

Here was desire, determination, fortitude—but where the refreshment and the peace?

One more note, some weeks after, says—

I have refrained from writing lately, because I have been occupied with a course of especial retirement and devotion, by the advice of my Director, with a view to choosing my future resting-place; I mean as to the Order I am permanently to join. The Brotherhood of Mercy has been warmly suggested to me, and a noble fraternity it is; but I have scarcely the physical strength it would require, nor do I feel that my own soul's life is vivid enough, nor the light of God in my mind yet clear enough to point out such a position as the fit one for me. In retirement and complete abstraction I hope yet to attain a much higher walk of faith. An establishment under the rule of St. Bernard is my peculiar choice. There I feel a confidence of advancing peace and collectedness in God. The revived foundation of Charnwood has a little attracted me; but I do not think I should finally settle in England. The light and climate, both physical and spiritual, of the land of my conversion seem necessary to me. But I try to wait, like Samuel lying down and watching for the Voice of the Lord, so mercifully heard once. Oh! that, like him, I could know it unmistakably: from his first calling he for ever listened for that voice—thenceforward recognised so well—in silence, in the dead of night, and in tha day-time amidst the busy hum of men and in his hour of greatest need, that voice was his guide and counsellor and comforter.

Here surely was the sadness and severity of a suppressed misgiving.

Meantime, the sisters of Eustace, with the two little children, were passing the spring months in a place of great privacy on the most attractive

part of the British coast; and already Augusta had begun to find that her self-denial was likely to meet with the reward she alone desired, of drawing Margaret to follow the course of her nearest and dearest friends.

Passionate remembrances would sometimes, indeed, overwhelm the yet sore heart, and she would throw herself in Augusta's arms, and weep with all the bitterness of a child's distress; and when her little Margaret called "papa, papa," in any glee for which she claimed unusual sympathy, it would be hours before the face of the wounded mother recovered anything of its half-gained calmness. One evening the two sisters were sitting on the broken rocks in a sheltered bay, apparently watching the retreating tide, but with their hearts far otherwise employed. Augusta broke the long silence by drawing from her work-case a small packet, and observing that she had heard that afternoon from Eustace, she added, "he has lately had letters from ——, and encloses me a little token sent for you."

"Oh—a letter!" exclaimed Margaret; "ah! no; he said he must not write to me—he would only pray for me. What is it? Oh, what is it?"

"Not a letter, dearest one," replied her sister, "but a far better tribute of remembrance and holy affection. It is a pledge of those prayers he promised. See, is it not pretty?" and she threw round Margaret's neck a thin chain of silver and enamelled links, to which was attached what appeared to be a little golden amulet.

"What is it?" again she said, as she half pressed it convulsively to her heart, half looked at it through her sudden blinding tears.

"It is a Miraculous Medal," replied Augusta,

"sent ——," but already Margaret had disengaged the little ornament from her neck, and her beautiful lips had curled with a contemptuous meaning at the word "miraculous."

"And does —— indeed suppose," said she, "that I have fallen so low since he has withdrawn the strength of the mind I used to lean on—so low as to receive the absurd doctrine of charms and efficacious relics which Italian priestcraft teaches to its deceived devotees?"

"Dear sister," said Augusta, "this is no charm or efficacious relic, but simply such a little love-token as it is natural for a devout Catholic to send to one whom he esteems and prays protection on. You see it is but a small raised figure of the Blessed Virgin, extending her hands in the attitude of benevolence, and the motto you see is but an invocation of her love,—'Oh! Marie, conçue sans peché, priez pour nous qui avons recours à vous;' and on the reverse side the Blessed Initial, and the cross and the twelve stars, and the Hearts of Jesus and Mary wreathed with the thorns, and pierced with the sword."

"But, just now, you called it a miraculous medal; you had some meaning in that inadvertent expression."

"These are called miraculous medals frequently by Catholics; not, my sister, from any superstitious virtue attached to their possession, but merely because the graces of which we believe the Blessed Mother of our Saviour to be the special patron are frequently observed to abound in more than common measure in those who reverently wear this little testimony of love to Her."

"Are you sure this is all that word meant?"

"Perhaps there is an additional meaning in the

fact of the striking conversion of some of those who have worn the medal in compliance with the wish of friends."

"Ah! there is the meaning of it *to me;* and do you, can you indeed suppose that a bit of gold, with certain embossed signs, will take an effect on me that all the persuasions of my husband's reverenced, nay, idolized opinions and words, had no power for?" Thus sometimes, often, are the simple kept in their simplicity, while the strong in their strength are overcome. God seems to give to some relying and tender ones, instincts which serve them truer than the intellects of the more gifted and distinguished. Her voice was choked by irresistible emotion. Augusta suffered her to weep in her overpowering thoughts for a few moments, and then, as her sobs became less violent, she said soothingly—

"Now, hear me, dearest. There was a young Jew two or three years ago baptized at Rome, whose conversion had been effected in this singular manner. He was as proud in his superiority to all charms and incantations as you can be, but to please a Catholic friend, who took great interest in him, he agreed to wear one of these medals of the Protection of the Blessed Virgin, and repeat that prayer to Her which you have admired in some of my manuals—'Remember, O most holy Virgin Mary, that no one ever had recourse to your protection, implored your help, or sought your mediation without obtaining relief; behold me, therefore, a penitent sinner, sighing out my sins before thee, and beseeching thee to adopt me for thy son, and to take upon thee the care of my eternal salvation. Despise not, O Mother of Jesus, the petition of thy humble client, but hear

and grant my prayer. Amen.' Now, this young man was outwardly a Jew, and he was one of important station:—in himself he was tacitly an infidel, and scoffed at all things holy, as much of revelation as of tradition; but one day, when he had worn the medal a few weeks, he was in a church in Rome watching the religious ceremonies with the idle curiosity of a traveller, when suddenly the Blessed Virgin appeared to him, and in a moment, by some mysterious influence, he was at once converted, and converted so fully that he seemed to be endued with supernatural knowledge of sacred things. His whole life, and heart, and soul were at once and for ever given to the Church and Faith he had despised, so that he could say, or we can say in his name—

> The proudest heart that ever beat,
> Has been subdued in me;
> The wildest will that ever rose,
> To scorn thy cause and aid thy foes,
> Mother—is quelled by thee."

"And you do not yourself give credit to this romantic invention—do you, Augusta?"

"I do not dare to say, dear sister, that this thing or that is impossible with God, even were it unattested; but for this fact that I have told you, we have the warrant of the word of many high names, and it has occurred lately enough to be allowed to be possibly free from the charge of the addition of fictitious circumstances. The whole affair was the conversation of Rome in every circle during so late a season as the winter of 41–42 when it happened. The Countess of Shrewsbury and the editor of *The Tablet* vouched for the account in its English form, and in Italy it was circulated under the hand of the Baron de Brussière, sanctioned by

the highest ecclesiastical authority. I might say much of the reasonableness and probability by analogy of the circumstance, but I know you will never hear one word of the hidden agency of sensible things."

"No, sister dear; I think I have heard enough of the marvellous for to-night. However," added she, rising, and with a deep suppressed sigh replacing her husband's gift upon her breast, "I will wear it for his sake."

"That is my own Margaret," said the enthusiastic Catholic, throwing her arm round her petted and beloved charge; "and you led me off so soon into the discussion of farther drawn and theoretic virtues, that I forgot to tell you it is one that he himself has worn."

The sisters glanced together over a passage of the letter of Eustace, which Augusta pointed out, and then the little pledge was pressed to the heart again, and they drew their shawls about them to return on the way home.

Could we place ourselves in the fellowship of the past, and follow Margaret in the sympathy of spirits through the days and nights of the few succeeding weeks, perhaps we should doubt whether most to pity or rejoice. To pity the intense anguish which led her often to look with such strange wild imploringness upon the little medal, as if it could restore to her her lost, or waken up again in her heart the silent melodies of other days; or to rejoice, because at last she fancied she found a consolation in it; and this trifle, the gift of love she dreamed of with such unutterable devotion still, became to her even as an animate companion and friend. For some time she seemed to study to withdraw herself from the society of her

children and Augusta. Her sister did not urge her company upon her, as she had hope of an effect from the influence of solitude and reflection, which no words were likely to produce.

And her anticipations were realized. The poor heart, worn out at last with the unwonted effort of self-reliance to which it had been given up, turned to the only offered support, perhaps now the only desirable position left open to her—retirement with Augusta to her convent. Though still reluctantly, — past prospects casting their lingering visions about her, — it was yet with hope, the hopefulness of youth, that she entered on the path: much hope, yet a forlorn hope; for Margaret only as yet knew by theory and dogma that the Lord Himself will comfort His people; and that when earthly stays have left, or are taken, He will be husband, and father, and friend.

"Will you," said she, one morning to Augusta, "write to Eustace to tell my husband that I am going with you to *——*."

"Most gladly indeed, if that is your resolution, my sister; and I am sure you will have reason to rejoice that you have taken it."

"Tell him that I shall enter on the regular noviciate, and prepare to take the veil, as early as that is permitted. I should like little Margaret to go with me, but our boy would be more fitly placed near his father, if that can be arranged."



CHAPTER VI.

The Dream Dispelled: and the Opening of the Real.

I thirst of those far streams to drink,
Those waters of delight that flow
Where Seraphim around the brink
Bend, imaged in the depths below:
That sea of glass as crystal clear,
And radiant with the glory near.

* * *

True, there are moments when I seem
To view as near the country bright;
But like a brief, a glorious dream,
A fleeting vision of the night,
It passes, and I look around
Upon this disenchanted ground.

* * *

Oh might I always know Thee near,
Midst means and ministers of Grace;
Thy footsteps round the Altar hear,
Thy finger on the *Missal* trace,—
Great strength should then each rite impart,
To lead and keep the wandering heart.

Erewhile to Forms of Truth I gave,
Great Lord, the homage due to Thee;
As if the cross could spell-like save,
Or altar lamps enlighten me;
Oh now the *grace of forms* reveal,
Thyself, their earnest and their seal.

OUR scene changes to an Italian monastery. It is a venerable pile of building of the architecture of a devoted age, when men spared not large gifts and years of labour to rear a house in which to record His name,—whose Presence Heaven and the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain. The perforated spires, and traceried windows filled with holy pictured histories, the twisted columns and tesselated pavements, the wreathed and intermingled arches, the grey cloisters, and still more ancient chapelries, testify to sacrifices to the Love of God, noble, and such as shame our paltry offerings from our modern days' abundance. The gorgeous glitter of all splendid things that can be pressed into the service of a religious ritual are there to enchain the imagination, and, if it may be, help to devouter worship: and there are to be found in action austerities and means, far less than which, a theorist would decide, must subject the most rampant passions to the dominion of the very weakest will.

It is a large and crowded establishment; long popular for the reputed learning of its superiors, and of late increasing in fame as it enhanced the severity of its rule.

The Vesper Bell was pealing sweetly above the light wind that washed the waters of the lake to the edge of the garden-terraces bounding the western side of the retreat; and on the windows overlooking them had rested those strong, deep colours of the sunset which only the evening that falls on Rome can show the gazer. The Brothers were gathering from their meditations and their labours to assemble in the beautiful chapel, where deep, spiritual poetry sung to the sweet flow of Italian music, if it might not satisfy, would soothe

for a while the good-craving spirit. Amidst such scenes, can any crave unsatisfied? We shall see.

At this hour every inmate of the house is required to attend the chapel service. As the Matin Mass is offered to the worship of the Lord of Hosts, the God and the Creator of the Church,—the Vesper songs invocate Her whom the Catholic is taught to see imaged in every type of purity and beauty and repose,—the lonely moon, the pale sweet flower, the evening star,—and none must be absent then.

A traveller wrapt in a long dark cloak, and having his countenance concealed by the wide shade of the cap he wore, made his way to the chapel, and stood beside the door of the north transept leading into the choir, to observe the brethren as they entered. There were old, grey-headed men, who had been monks from their boyhood, looking like Moses, undimmed of eye and undiminished of force, putting a visible doubt upon the popular idea, that the storms of the spirit wear worse than the storms of the world. Shut up there, each man with himself, so many years, one must suppose they had been the strivers in many a sharp conflict with the dark Powers of the Air, who love to attack the solitary: yet here they were, hale and full of bodily life, as one meets no two men consecutively in the streets of London, or Paris, or Vienna. There were men whose Profession had been made in later life; they had retreated from care and business and dissipation to make short and sure work of getting ready for the Life Eternal. These were few; Mammon does not often so part with its slaves: they might be known, for the broad seal of the world once set on a man's

forehead, it is not easy to efface its impression. There were young monks, men of this day, and of many countries, in some of whose countenances the thoughts of Time and the lusts thereof blended strangely with the meditations and the raptures and the reveries of the Enthusiast, the Student, or the Devotee. They had resorted hither in patronage of the reviving *fashion* of monachism, and it might be, that "being seen of men," they "had their reward." There were the converts, chiefly still in their noviciate, and all from England. They were marked from the rest by their fairer skins and sadder faces, even as the faces of exiles, like the young Angles in a past time in the Roman market, brought up to grace the triumph of an incursive army; oh, that now again, some Gregory might be passing by to pity their captivity, and send them a true apostle! There were five of these: he who stood by had been familiar with their names and faces all a few months before, as the honoured pastors, some rectors, and some curates, of English parishes: some he had known well, and deeply venerated their energy, earnestness, charity, and wisdom. They had ministered in the Church of their country with the zeal and devotedness of men who esteemed their high vocation above all price of sacrifice: by their poor, beloved as fathers; by the youthful of their flocks, venerated as almost saints; by some elder, to whom their habits were novel and strange, regarded as a Phenomenon indicative of the Last Times; and they had left behind them in that Church each, for a memorial, his broken arc, telling of the orbit he might have run,—the poor and disappointing fragment of that conceivable circle. But those eyes used to beam on all around with a

light like the sun,—those steps were firm as the step of kings,—those hands were untrembling, and the minds they served were ready for every steadfast act. Now the stranger was startled as he recognised one after another the well-known forms, bent, with the brow lowered towards the earth, and with that uncertainty of tread which is always too true an index to the weakened mind. As those five, once English clergymen, passed him to the vespers in the chapel of St. ——, he involuntarily exclaimed, "How is the gold become dim; how is the most fine gold changed!"

But they were gone: some in conversation with priests who accompanied them, some occupied with the intense things of their own spirits, and he had been unrecognised: he was glad of it, as he wished to defer his introduction to the one of these friends whom he had come especially to visit, having heard that he was ill, until he should have observed him a little at a distance. Also, he remembered that *himself too had offered incense to the Mighty Church*, and must fulfil the duties that thenceforth devolved upon him, and joining the collecting worshippers, he was conducted to a vacant stall immediately above one occupied by Eustace A.

The chapel is a finely ornamented structure, possessing an unusual number of venerable Shrines, some of them of the rarest workmanship, and in honour of Relics esteemed of great virtue; and to its minutest part pronounced by more than a few fastidious connoisseurs faultless in beauty and fitness. Though scarcely night, the tapers were blazing from seven massive chandeliers that swung from the gilded ceiling, and at every corner and abutment where a gold branch of candles could be

fixed with effect, and among the stalls, and under their canopies of dark and finely carved old oak, more and more light was added to the general flood of splendour. (Is there anything symbolical in the fact that a Roman Catholic Church always displays its greatest brilliancy in Artificial Illumination? Little daylight finds it way among the deep arches and aisles so thickly set with clustered pillars: the pure beams of the Sun of Heaven in their passage through the windows are changed, and fall on the pavement, and the stalls and the books, and the worshippers' hands and faces, in stains of crimson, and blue, and orange, and purple, and scarlet, and little can be clearly distinguished by their medium; but *another light* is provided as a substitute, and then the interior of the Roman Catholic Church looks splendid and imposing!)

The altar was decorated with a taste that had evidently had a rich arsenal of treasures wherefrom to select its supply. Around it were ranged on either side, six prodigious candles, supported in candlesticks of corresponding proportions, of the most exquisitely wrought silver, with relievo ornaments of filagree of gold; and upon it stood tier above tier of tapers and bouquets, bouquets and tapers,—the flowers, not artificial and dim with the dust of long use, but the choicest and freshest that the luxuriant gardens cultivated by the Brothers could produce for a present to the Lady of Protection. The magnolia, and the aloe, and the arum, and the white japonica, and the eastern rose, were contrasted with the mirandia, and the tasselled cactus, and the serus, and the trailing fuchsia, and relieved by the glittering green of the myrtle, and the bay, and the olive. Tier above tier they rose,

candles and bouquets, composing a splendid outer framework to the Most Holy Tabernacle, with its costly Crucifix elevated in the midst, resplendent with the largest gifts as the object of the devoutest aspirations of the Faithful visitors to St. ——. The crown jewels of some of the sovereigns of Europe would look poor beside those with which piety and self-denial had enriched this little tabernacle on the Altar of the monastery Chapel: but this is as it should be: the best offerings should ever be given to God's service, whether of heart, or intellect, or worldly substance: the error here had lain, and in like cases mostly lies, in investing the Material Substance of the Blessed Elements of the Most Holy Communion with a Godhead, and worshipping and rendering the tribute to them: as if those tremendous denunciations had never been promulgated which awfully charge

To adore the Invisible, and HIM alone;

or as if the creation of a yet purer and higher form of law could abrogate, and not rather eternally establish, them. Mighty and wonderful is the mystery of the bond by which the Head of the Church brings all His members into actual union with Himself, so that His "everlasting life," abides in them: deep and thrilling those words which, with the slightest variation, the common consent of the true Church Catholic has established as the formal benediction of Communion:—while to each Holy Sacrament we should ever come with a reverence and devotion as of children to whom these things are unexplained depths of wisdom and beauty, most scrupulously should we so approach This: but if we would not exalt our poor human reason to the presumption of exploring that we may deny,

with the rationalist on the one hand, neither should we overlift it from its subordination to explore, that we may fancy we confirm, and as it were, verify! Holy Scripture, as the Romanist on the other hand. This is scarcely digression: these thoughts suggest themselves when we see the alabaster or the jewelled Tabernacle which the devout and simple-minded Catholic would never pass without a lowly reverence, and which the consecrated priest must never open without thrice bending the knee before it. But we return to our narrative.

The service commenced by the pealing music of a magnificent organ, and a rich choir took up its dying notes and gave words to the melody in a laudatory anthem to the Blessed Virgin, of one of whose high Festivals it was the Vigil: and then followed psalm after psalm chanted by the sweet voices of the priests and the low murmur of the brothers and the people. There was one—ah! we know it well, it is our oftenest song—"Babyloniæ Fluvios"—the frame of poor Eustace, weak, wan, and emaciated, seemed shaken by the very vibration of the air as this psalm commenced: his head was bowed to his breast; he who was breathlessly watching him could see the Breviary held with a convulsive grasp, and that the force of his whole being seemed poured out in the sigh, almost the groan, with which he followed the words—

By the waters of Babylon we sat down, and we wept when we remembered Zion.

He who had been as his second soul in doubt, in fascination, in conversion, saw it all—knew it all—he too was DISAPPOINTED.

It needs not to contend that Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, are more cleansing streams, or that Euphrates is *better* than the waters of Israel —the Jordan was appointed *us*—our river of miracle—in the midst of which our fathers set up their memorial stones—and when we leave its borders it is to our loss—it is to turn our backs upon our Zion, "Jerusalem, our quiet habitation."

The music went on, and the low, deep, alternating canto continued the psalm:

> They that carried us away captive, required of us a song, and joy in our heaviness; Sing us one of the songs of Zion.
>
> How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

the undisturbed chant proceeded; but five of the tributary voices were missed from its swell. Silently as to their part, concluded the service; and when it was over, and the worshippers dispersed, and the music was echoing its last through the lofty chancel roof and arches of the dim stretching nave, they passed to their respective places in the house, silent, full of thoughts. It was now time for the traveller to present his introduction to the Superior, and obtain permission for the interview he sought. This he hastened to do through an official of the house; and, a most gracious reception being accorded to his credentials, he was instructed that as a mark of favour and confidence he should be allowed to see his friend the next morning, early; early it must be, as, it was added, he was probably aware, to-morrow was the day appointed for the full Profession of three of the Anglican novices. He had not been aware of it; and the emotion witnessed in the chapel was well accounted for when this information was given him, and the

names were repeated of those who were to pass the ceremony—Mr. F., H. R., and Eustace.

A cloud of gloom settled on the stranger's brow, whence the dark cap was for a moment raised as he passed through the tall gates of that old monastery back to his hotel, there to await with impatience the hour when he might return, though but to take his last farewell as to this world, of some who had been dearly esteemed by him in the various relations of religious and intellectual life. Little did he think as he sat at his open venetian, looking out upon the still and splendid night of Italy, and contemplating his loss, that he was so near to the great gain of having the one best known and prized fully and for ever restored: restored far more than in mere bodily presence; restored as an unclouded Light to the mind's horizon; a Guardian Spirit to the heart. Could he have known it, his sorrow might not have sat less heavily, he would have doubted and murmured; but as events go on, each one enlightens its successor, and he murmurs not now that all is over. It is well.

It was yet some hours short of the time of his appointment, when a summons was brought him to come immediately to St. ——, as Mr. A. was seriously ill, and, having being told of the arrival of a visitor from England, earnestly requested to see him. Resuming his long dark cloak he set out, and after a short interview with the sub-prior, who informed him that he must expect to see his friend in a very critical case, he was conducted to the cell occupied by the late devoted and distinguished curate of E——. The long cloister passages did not awe the sorrowful-hearted visitor; the small, cold—cold even in this climate,

—gloomy cell whither he was taken, did not startle him, the sight of its sad comfortlessness scarcely impressed him; but he who was its inhabitant, its temporary master—his friend and brother, when he looked upon him, the dreams that had filled a thousand years with incalculable blessings and felicities, all flowing from a Feudal-Reigning Church, were crushed and gone in one instant. There he lay, extended on a low pallet bed, like a form of marble, except that his countenance seemed impressed with the intelligence of a book: —and he who entered and gazed on it so intently read it plainly enough. He saw all that had been suffered—saw that still was wanting all that had been sought;—Eustace had asked for peace, and received a whirlwind: he had grasped a fair jewel, and in his hand it had become a band and chain of iron: and his friend saw that it was so, plainly enough. But all did not see it; those about him in the house rather regarded him as an eminent example of the all-supplying power of their principles; because, in his strict life and staid and chastened manners, their purest rules were so developed as to become a continual rebuke to many whose pride or formalism, or levity, assorted ill with the professions that bound them. Even his Confessor had little perception of how the case really stood: he heard his complaints of unhappy and dissatisfied feeling, and saw how he strove to conquer it, and commended him as a dutiful son of the Church; but he did not understand how the existence of this very feeling was a vivid testimony in the mind of his Penitent to the Truth, to him, of what he had forsaken — the Falsity, to him, of what he had embraced. How should he? These paths of the spirit must be

traversed to be known: no map, nor chart, nor Directory will teach them; God forbid their travellers, and, consequently, able guides, should be many!

But we anticipate. The confessor was beside the pallet on his knees when the stranger was introduced. He was a mild and gentle man, of grave but very sweet countenance, and he seemed to be offering the consolations, which appeared to him fitted for the season, and preparing his young brother to meet his end speedily, if such should be the will of God, and in peace. But the hand he held was rigid as in death; the eyes were closed, and the lips fixed, and no consciousness animated that still beautiful, pre-eminently beautiful face. Mr. F., who had been permitted, under the claim of relationship, to be Eustace's companion since his indisposition became serious, was present in the cell; the official introduction of the stranger was presented to him, and after exchanging a few words with a subordinate, he suggested to the reverend Father that while this state continued his labour must be useless, and proposed that their visitor should be left in charge of the patient with himself, and that the reverend Father should be again summoned when any signs of consciousness appeared. The proposal was accepted after some kind resistance, and many affectionate expressions of interest and care for his dear son; and Mr. F. and the traveller were alone with the sleeper.

The visitor now enquired more particularly into the nature of his friend's illness; and learned without sorrow—in solemn truth he could already say without sorrow, by the evidence of every symptom, that the mortal course of the sufferer was cer-

tainly run. The patience of bodily pain which he had exhibited was, Mr. F. said, affecting and remarkable; no reference to it ever escaped him, though his physicians were sure he must have endured the severest. He seldom spoke of the past, either as regarded outward position or spiritual things; his great aim seemed to be to act in the all-important present, for he long since knew that his time would be short. He had come to St. —— from the incessant wear and strong excitement of the duties of a large parish, and from the very midst of the conflicting discussions which were engrossing the interest of English Churchmen, and his own mind peculiarly; and the sudden check of the flow of energy to all these channels had destroyed the constitution which their excessive demand had too much enfeebled.

"And was he happy," inquired the stranger, "that is to say, did he derive a supporting satisfaction from his submission to the Catholic Church?"

He who asked this question, stood with his dark cloak still folded about him, enveloping the lower features of his face, but the cap had been removed, and the eyes that tell all tales were visible. Mr. F. regarded him with a searching look that would have penetrated feelings far more deeply curtained than he was at pains his, in this case, should be; they read each other, and both uttered in a deep breath, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept when we remembered Zion." They would have wept then like very children, in strong and bitter sympathy: but they each knew well that this disposition must be curbed and crushed, or it would become too much for them; Sympathy now would be no safety valve, but a

new and dangerous conductor; they understood each other and their dying friend, and it was enough.

"Had Eustace any wish to return to the Anglican Church," again enquired the traveller, "or to be restored to it in death?"

"Oh, no," replied F., "his perceptions were much too keen of the solemnly binding nature of the change we have made, to admit such a thought. For myself, I confess that a time was when my mind would wander back almost in regretful desires towards that long loved home; but A. set so clearly before me the reality of our position—having been placed by Providence in one state, and having deliberately chosen for ourselves another, that a repetition of such free choice and dedication is morally impossible; that we must go forward now steadily and trustingly, or we are lost—that the subject has long ceased to be even adverted to between us.

"We encountered a great risk for what certainly appeared to us the greatest of goods, and if we have been so unhappy as to err through a precipitate or partial judgment, it is our great misfortune, perhaps great sin, but we must abide the loss with quietness and humility. If we have found ourselves mistaken in our conviction of receiving more of the light and love of the Lord the Spirit in the Roman Communion than in the Church of our birth, our call is very clear to self-examination, to discover if there be any interior fault originating this disappointment, and to deep abasement for our unwise or untrue steps; but we may not be running backward and forward to one Church and the other as our vacillating feelings incline."

The conversation was here interrupted by the

entrance of one of the Regular Brothers. He came to say it was the Superior's will, that in consequence of the illness of Mr. A., the profession of the novices should be deferred for a day or two; he brought also some powerful restoratives of which the use had been requested, and said that the physician of the house would immediately be in attendance. After a few words of kind anxiety and sympathy, the brother left the cell to join the matin service, and they proceeded to administer the stimulants he had brought. It was long before the stupor in which the patient lay yielded even to these remedies; but as soon as they had begun to take effect, the ever-active mind aided their operation to returning consciousness. The little casement of the cell had been opened, and now the sound of the morning chants floated in sweetly from the chapel. A.'s eyes were still closed, but he raised his hand to his head, and then whispered in measured notes, as if he had been joining the accustomed choir, as on the previous evening—

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept: when we remember Thee, O Zion;

and went on to repeat, slowly and distinctly, the three following of the verses of the Psalm in the version of the English Prayer-book:

As for our harps, we hanged them up upon the trees that are therein:

For they that led us away captive required of us then a song and melody in our heaviness: Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

As he ceased, the stranger bent beside him and said,

Yet will I be to thee a Little Sanctury in the land of thy captivity.

He was silent for a time, as if contending with some mental emotion, and then murmured in a firmer voice, but wandering through broken verses of the Psalms,

My soul hath a desire and a longing to enter into the courts of the Lord;—
Save me, O God, for the waters are come in, even to my soul.—
They say daily unto me, Where is now thy God?—
O send out Thy light and Thy truth, that they may lead me and bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling.—

Then reverting again from himself—

Hast not thou cast us out, O God; wilt not Thou, O God, go forth with our hosts?
O be Thou our help in trouble, for vain is the help of man.

Mr. F. repeated,

God will yet save Zion, and build the cities of Judah, that men may dwell there, and have it in possession.
The prosperity also of His servants shall inherit it, and they that love His name shall dwell therein.
Her foundations are upon the holy mountains.

The voice seemed to rouse him, and he opened his eyes, and his lips moved in a melancholy smile; but shortly he sunk again into a quiet doze, while they watched with intense interest the growing calmness of his countenance.

The physician entered: but presently turning from the pallet with a motion which signified little hope, he conversed with the visitor, who now learned that A. had been gradually sinking ever since his arrival at St. —— under attacks of acute bodily suffering, augmented by the extreme severity of the discipline with which he practised the rule of the Order, and Dr. —— thought by some distress of mind, which he being unacquainted with, had no means to treat. "Certainly," he said, "if such were the case, the weakened physical constitution must have been greatly its exciting cause, for he must affirm that he had never known a man with so little apparent reason for any other feeling than calm and even joyful thankfulness to the Almighty Power that had made him what he was, so devoted, so singularly exemplary!" Dr. ——'s opinion was, that though he might possibly linger for some days, the probability was rather that his sufferings would not hold him from his rest many hours more; and medical skill being able to afford no further aid, the physician took his leave.

Eustace had become conscious; the traveller bent over him and spoke in a low voice; the light of the small lamp fell on his countenance, as, with his back turned towards those in attendance, he unclasped the collar of his cloak. Eustace started, but the dark boa was closed again, and the *knowing* and the *known* were silent.

As the morning advanced the sufferer gradually revived, to a degree that could not have been anticipated; but he seemed unequal or indisposed to talk, and they leaned around his bed, filled with silent reflections on the Mysteries of Providence, and of the Course of the Mind, and on that

Great Future, with its crowding and unmistakable Facts, so soon to open to him who lay before them. Having, however, asked and obtained permission to remain in the house for the present, and the duties of Father —— and F. requiring their absence from the scene of watching, the stranger had through the day many opportunities of sweet and ever to be remembered conversation with his friend.

At these various times he heard how gradually but completely had faded away from the sanguine mind that glorious Ideal of a perfectible earthly Church which it had been so sure must be realized, not dissipated, by the approach to Rome. With expressions of the deepest distress Eustace reproached himself for want of steadfastness and humility to yield without question to the course to which he had committed himself. "But, ah!" he said, "it is a terrible thing to awake and find that we have made vows in a dream which all but sunder us from our salvation, and certainly tie up our hands from the labour which is Life. Still, we cannot turn back to retract without double peril, for the vows were made to God, and cling to us more bindingly than even the oath of Jephtha clung to him."

"Sometimes," he said, "the thought of Jephtha has been very consoling to me. He made a most rash vow, but in faith he fulfilled it: and we see, by his mention among the worthies that St. Paul commends, that it was counted to him for Righteousness. May our *self*-sacrifice in obedience even to rash vows be received as a true offering on the altar of our God."

Confidence and certainty had departed, vision by vision had vanished, hope after hope had failed,

and to this sad issue had the earnest truth-seeker come at last.

He enquired concerning those of his more immediate friends whom he had left still adhering to the English Church. Over those who had subsequently deserted it he lamented, often with self-accusation that to some he had been the cause and cherisher of change; and to those who still remained, but were doubting of their course, he sent most earnest messages to try their ground, to prove every step by the standard of Conscience and Revelation; and last of all, to be warned by his bitter Disappointment—that the image showing so fairly in their minds, of a Church whose stones were silver, and out of whose hills they might dig fine gold—a Church abounding with oil-olive and honey,—might possibly be a Mirage, which a nearer inspection would show to be only the result of an unclear atmosphere playing over a lake of water less pure, or a land whose soil was less wholesome than that they possessed already.

Mr. A. had ever been a warm advocate of the revival of monastic establishments. A passage from St. Basil's letters to Gregary Nazianzen was a favourite quotation with him when their expediency was called in question. The Saint thus admonishes his friend:—

"We must strive after a quiet mind. As well might the eye ascertain an object put before it, while it is wandering restless up and down, and sideways, without fixing a steady gaze upon it, as a mind distracted by a thousand worldly cares be able clearly to apprehend the truth. He who is not yet yoked in the bonds of matrimony is harassed by frenzied impulses and hopeless attachments: he who has found his mate is encompassed

with his own tumult of cares. 'Each day, as it comes, darkens the soul in its own way; and night after night takes up the day's anxieties, and cheats the mind with illusions in accordance. Now, one way of escaping all this is separation from the whole world—that is, not bodily separation, but the severance of the soul's sympathy with the body, and to live so without city, home, possessions, means of life, business, engagements, human learning, that the heart may readily receive every impress of divine doctrine."

But now, speaking of the various and vast Orders in the Roman Communion, Eustace used strongly modified language. He said—"We should ever remember that the principle of Christian holiness lies in Individual Development, whereas the principle of these bodies consists in Collective Force. Their key-note is their associate character; their combinative and devotional spirit, by which the individual is lost in the universal, and, dead to himself and to his own feelings, interests, and responsibilities, lives only to the society. In such a state, spirit, sympathy, and active impulse will die away, and cold indifference must result. Then the mind, thrown back upon itself for the support and regulation of all but one group of feelings—the venerative and approbatory—will either, if weak, be extinguished as regards all the rest; if perverted, feed them with unwholesome aliment; or if naturally good and strong, become conscious of a monotonous unrest, fraught with every danger to the reason, and a distressing check to the progress of the inward higher life. It is in the due subordination in active use of every faculty that the true science of the ethics of the mind consists. If hope is low, benevolence will be inactive; if ideality is depressed, perfectibility will be paralysed."

Who is not here forcibly reminded of the same holy Gregory Nazianzen—to whom St. Basil, as above, addressed himself—coming before us in the history of his last days, in his old age, with a heart bleeding, a soul oppressed, a sad, disappointed, and sometimes almost hopeless man, writing, when very near the end of his journey—"My voyage is in the night, the storm is loud; no beacon shines; Jesus sleeps."

Celibacy, A. still regarded as a voluntary duty binding on the clergy in general. Those at least who have a large care of souls would, he thought, find it most expedient to withdraw from the encumberment of domestic and social relations, to live more vividly conscious of the Presence of God and Angels, and be more instantly ready for service of the sternest kind, or calls of the suddenest occasion. Imagine, he said, a married Xavier! Beside, the uncertainty whether, in the lottery of married life, he might draw a calming or a chafing influence to his spirit, and in the latter case perhaps find the power of usefulness stricken from his right arm, should be a serious thought for the earnest minister.

Of many of the brethren in St. —— he spoke with the highest esteem and friendship, and all the gratitude of a loving heart for their personal kindness to himself. Of none did he utter one word of dispraise; but while his ardent soul had nothing else to tell in its truthfulness, it was too evident that he had looked in vain for that clear shining of the Light of the Renewed Man, so confidently supposed to be the ever-burning lamp, illuminating a monastic house.

Reference was made to Mr. F.'s peculiar sacrifices:—"Ah!" said Eustace, "his faith is wonder-

ful. The contemplation of his character has often been an inexpressible support to me. His little son, whom he expected soon to have with him here, has lately died at the school in Naples where he was placed; and when the news was brought him, his 'Thy Will be done' was uttered with a calmness and firmness that they who witnessed can never forget."

His friend observed, "They are more blessed who are early gathered to the Place of Light than those to whom a long course is appointed of uncertain paths and dark journeyings."

"No," he said, "not so. We must each suffer our Education, and that which is appointed is best; only let us be earnest, and true, and confiding, and light will spring up in the darkness."

In the evening he grew visibly and rapidly weaker, and it was thought expedient that he should make his last confession and receive the Last Holy Sacrament, lest increasing disability should render it more difficult. His friends retired while he conversed with his priest, and returned to find him apparently in the final struggle, while the holy father was performing those rites on the body which the Roman Catholic Church directs as, in its judgment, benefiting the departing soul. When these were completed they knelt around the bed, while the priest and a clerk began to repeat the Recommendations and Litanies of the dying. As he caught the words of an invocation to the Blessed Virgin, which they were rapidly reciting, he cried, in a voice like an echo from a ruined sepulchre—

"Cursed be he that maketh flesh his arm!"

Had an electric shock been suddenly communi-

cated to the young monk who was acting as the priest's assistant, he would not have started as he did at these words. Even to his English friends they were unexpected; but why should they have been so? How could they think that one so earnest would be left in the darkness of dismal error at the last, or that one so true should withhold his testifying declaration to the verity which he had seen so industriously clouded with the veils of tradition and usage? The priest alone appeared unmoved by the interruption, except that a slight flush passed over his pale brow, and he continued his prayers with increased rapidity;—

V. From the gates of hell,

R. Deliver his soul, O Lord.

Absolve, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant Eustace A——, and whatever he has committed through human frailty, do Thou wipe away by the pardon of Thy most merciful goodness: through our Lord Jesus Christ Thy Son, Who livest, &c.

We recommend to Thee, O Lord, the soul of Thy servant Eustace A——; although he has sinned, yet he has always firmly believed in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost: he has had a zeal for Thy honour, and faithfully adored Thee as his God and the Creator of all things.

Remember not, O Lord, we beseech Thee, the sins of his youth and his ignorance: but according to Thy great mercy be mindful of him in Thy heavenly glory. Let the heavens be opened to him, and the angels rejoice with him: let the archangel, St. Michael, whom Thou hast appointed the chief of the heavenly host, conduct him; let Thy holy angels come out to meet him, and carry him to the city of the heavenly Jerusalem: let St. Peter, the apostle, to whom Thou hast given the keys of the kingdom of heaven, receive him: let St. Paul, the apostle, who was a vessel of election, assist

him: let St. John, the beloved disciple, to whom the secrets of heaven were revealed, intercede for him: let all the holy Apostles, who received from Jesus Christ the power of binding and loosening, pray for him: let all the Saints and Elect of God, who in this world have suffered torments for the name of Christ, intercede for him, that being freed from the prison of this body, he may be admitted into the glory of thy heavenly kingdom: through the grace and merit of our Lord Jesus Christ, who with Thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth one God, world without end.

Then—as the death-change passed over the face —that affecting Commendation was recited:—

Depart, Christian Soul, out of this world, in the name of God the Father Almighty, who created thee; in the name of Jesus Christ the Son of the living God, who suffered for thee; in the name of the Holy Ghost, who sanctified thee; in the name of the angels, archangels, thrones, and dominations; cherubim and seraphim: in the name of the patriarchs and prophets: of the holy apostles and evangelists; of the holy martyrs, confessors, monks, and hermits; of the holy virgins, and of all the saints of God. May thy place be this day in peace, and thy abode in holy Sion: through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then his friends bent beside A. to catch the last breathing of his pure spirit ere its flight from the body.

His lips were slowly moving as in prayer; but for some time they could not distinguish words: at last, he pressed his cold hand in that of the stranger, (who still wore his cloak so as to conceal his countenance and form,) and whispered as if he had been inwardly pursuing the subject on which he had last spoken,

"There is one God and one Mediator between God and man, Jesus Christ: and He is not an High

Priest, that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

He who was addressed replied,

"That thought is peace."

"Yes," added Eustace, "peace, peace, at last; great peace." And with the sound lingering on his lips, his soul was gathered into the home of peace, to abide with the Saviour and Spirit of Peace, in the rest of certainty and the peace of possession, for ever and ever.

Again arose the rapid prayers:—

Come to his assistance all ye saints of God; meet him all ye angels of the Lord; receive his soul and present it before the throne of the Most High.

All ye saints of God, intercede for him.

O God the Son, Redeemer of mankind, deliver the soul of the departed.

Blessed Virgin Mary, pray for the soul of the departed.

From the pains of purgatory, deliver him, O Lord.

We, sinners, beseech Thee hear us.

O God, whose property is always to have mercy and to spare, we humbly beseech Thee for the soul of thy servant Eustace, which Thou hast this day called out of the world, that Thou wouldst not deliver it up into the hands of the enemy, nor forget it unto the end; but command it to be received by thy holy angels, and to be carried to Paradise, its true country; that as in Thee it had faith and hope, it may not suffer the pains of hell, but may take possession of everlasting joys; through our Lord Jesus Christ.

They left the traveller with the dead. There had been no need to compose the stiffened limbs, or close the sightless eyes, for Eustace had died as a young child going to sleep; but they had arrayed the body in the habiliments of the grave, and displayed for the admiration of the household those

secret severities of penance with which he had sought once to subdue and mortify the flesh, and in latter days, through their vivid suffering, to keep the mind from wandering into past thoughts. The coarse shirt of hair was exposed under the shroud; and the sharp iron cross, worn till it had wounded deep into the flesh, was shewn on the open breast. A scourge of cords, which had been discovered, stained with its cruel use, in a corner of the cell, was laid at his feet, with a worn book of devotions; and large wax-tapers were lighted beside, harmonising well in their melancholy soft lustre with the profound peacefulness, the indescribable calmness of *holy* death.

The lonely *living* knelt beside the dead, and crossed the passive hands over the breast to hide the distressing sight of inflictions so extreme and so grievous. But now the countenance told unerringly of complete relief from suffering and sorrow: its living expression had long been one of enduring distress;—now, how changed!—the watcher felt its calm enter into his soul. And he parted back from the brow the thick curls that were that day to have been shaven, to be replaced by the scapulaire and cowl; and he thought how fit a habitation that body seemed for the soul of a saint; but God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Then he murmured over it the sweet heart-stirring words of the Anglican Liturgy; the same with which *his* voice had consoled many mourners.

I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and he that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.

The deep worth of those words, they only can know who have laid some precious head in death

and dust; when friendship has uttered its bitter parting, and stricken love has received its last faltering charge,—to have this *assurance* of a fact of which he was well aware before,—the *assurance* that the beloved is not lost, has not perished, only sleeps—is a strange spell-like joy, which he only who has mourned can appreciate.

I know that my Redeemer liveth.

A certainty worth the purchased intercessions of the Calendar, and the accepted Aves of a thousand Rosaries.

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another.

The *living* could say it with a penitent and humbled heart; the *dead*, now, in faithful joy. No longer with a God-lowering fear shrinking from His footstool, and forgetting that He is our Father, dear Father, and turning to other help, another "Refuge of Sinners," another "Salvation," another "Seat of Wisdom," continually raising our *ora pro nobis* there—in the time of earth's bitter and sore bereavement we turn instinctively to HIM ALONE. No longer could it be, "We fly to Thy patronage, O holy Mother of God; deliver Thou us from all dangers." No longer was sufficient for the heart's need that

Refuge in grief—star of the sea,

whither, perhaps, he who knelt grieving there had turned aside from the Alone Hope of the fathers. No longer would serve to meet the necessity even that best and wisest and sweetest of the honours to Mary, the *Memorare*, invoking the Mother of Jesus to take upon Her the care of Her children's present help and of their eternal salvation. No, none of these.

Of whom may we seek for succour, but of Thee, O Lord?

Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory *through* Jesus Christ our Lord.

Those other names and intercessions might do to live by,—but to die by there is ONE ONLY NAME given under heaven amongst men; and by It and in Its safety *he* had found confidence at the last, and praising God for this His great mercy, his bereaved friend also prayed,

O God most holy—O Lord most mighty—O holy and most merciful Saviour—Thou most worthy Judge Eternal —suffer us not at our last hour to fall from Thee.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours.

We meekly beseech Thee, O Father, to raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness, that when we shall depart this life we may rest in Him, as our hope is this our brother doth.

He drew the cerements over the peaceful form, no more to be lacerated by penance, or fatigued by pain, and regarded it thenceforth as really already in faith committed to the dust until the fulfilment of the time when it shall come forth more than a beautiful, a "glorious" body, in that sure and certain Resurrection to Eternal Life. For, in the words of the joyful Anthem which our Anglican Cathedral Service has given for the pious dead,—

If we believe that Jesus died,
And that He rose again from the dead according to the Scriptures,
Even so them also that sleep in Jesus,
Will God bring with Him:

whether they have spent their last hours in the midst of the faithful, and been commemorated in

their death by the burning of lights, and the fragrance of incense, and the music of requiems, and the sacrifice of a hundred mortuary masses, or whether they have yielded up the soul in the tenantless desert, with not, from the earth's wide circle, a "God speed ye" accrediting their worthiness.

After the death of Eustace a careful watch was instituted to prevent the Anglican brethren from holding any private intercourse. Under plea of the solemn providence which had visited the house in taking from among them one of their most promising ornaments of learning and piety, and in preparation for the funeral ceremony, and the following profession of the remaining novices, a Retreat was commanded. This form, by preserving a much stricter discipline and surveillance, effectually accomplished the wish of the Superior, that the whisper of Heresy—which a communication made him by the Confessor with regard to Eustace's last moments verily seemed in his ears—should not be spread, especially among the younger members of the fraternity.

A few days subsequently to A.'s interment in the burial-place of the Monastery, the dark-cloaked stranger passed those ancient gates once more to take his place among the spectators of the Profession of Mr. F. and H. R.

It was a strange, wild morning for that country: the wind rushed and whistled and moaned dismally along the cloisters, and as he turned to look through their open stone windows into the burying-ground, he saw the light cross of wyths, that had been formed on the fresh grave as a trellis for some climbing flowers, fall aside uprooted on the next mound. And presently came the lightning and thunder, as if every Alp had loosened an

avalanche upon the land of the Throne of the Church. The hail pelted heavily with a dead sound on the leaden roofs above, and the light sleet dashed and whirled in the passengers' faces, and they hurried to shelter themselves in the chapel. Very different was the aspect to the evening of our first description. The tapers on the altar served but to make more visible the gloom which the dark sky cast into the long choir, and the wind rustled the stuff of the monks' gowns as they came to their accustomed places, and the dark-robed priests that every now and then crossed and re-crossed the chancel, seemed to the excited and disturbed imagination, like the ruling powers incarnate of all this mighty hurricane. The thunder rolled on over head, and the lightning flashed around in flaming and fearful colours through the tall pointed windows; the bells in the tower vibrated with an awful sound, as if the storm were practising a supernatural knell: and there went on the ceremony of the Profession of the English Clergymen.

It was truly a spectacle of most painful interest, to those who knew, in a measure, the secrets of their minds. But even for them, the Living Dead, there needs not to be sorrow as the sorrow of those without hope; for when once the full consciousness of the Atonement of the Son of God, and the sole trust for pardon and justification in His Death is received in the soul, however much outward appliances to Another Righteousness may be pressed around it, however much doctrines of another hope may be proffered and inculcated, the Peace of God which passeth understanding is within it to *keep* it for ever, and penance and righteous works no longer terrifying by their inadequacy for their purpose, fall to their true station of Means for the

subordination of the flesh, and Testimonies of love and devotedness to Him who has saved us, washing us from our sins in His Own Blood.

In the unforgotten words of one of the English priesthood, at whose feet it has been sometimes our privilege to sit listening,

He is the Rock—and they who build on Him no wave or storm shall ruin.

He is the Way—and they who walk in Him shall never miss the narrow path that leads to Heaven and Glory.

He is the Truth—and they who learn of Him shall never fall into grievous error.

He is the Life—and they who abide in Him shall not be hurt of the Second Death.

He is the Bright and Morning Star—and on them who love Him most, and watch Him earliest and longest, shall the Sun of Eternity arise in chiefest glory.

One day more the traveller lingered by the place of the grave of Eustace A., ere he bade farewell for ever to Italy, now become to him a sad and solitary land. He was full of mourning. Not because the loss of friends is irreparable—even though the heart refuse to shift its friendships or to compensate its bereavements. Not because a line of tombs was lengthening behind him and filling with memorials of his erst contemporaries—for he was not learning for the first time that Life is a grave-yard avenue, over which there ever weeps the cypress and ever glooms the yew. He mourned for deeper reason. It was not for Eustace:—the true mind never laments for such. Though their sun is missed in its orient, long ere the noon had come on, they cannot be lamented. Their 'time' has been subject to a high appointment. The sepulchral urn, though filled with

youthful ashes, is not placed in its dark niche by a capricious hand. As truly is here a work completed, as though it had reached a patriarchal term. There is no slight; there is no waste. "And he died," is the epitaph written over all the pious by the finger of God: nor is the date unheeded, or least "precious in His sight." They who are thus summoned untimely from us should be the rather honoured.—Their character has undergone a more rapid formation. The purer vein of the material has invited the plastic skill, and obtained the quicker polish. If we may speak of their death as premature, we should properly apply that language to their goodness and their utility, the one expanded and mellowed, the other employed and signalized so greatly beyond the common law and prevalent expectation. Is there so small an arc of their circle given them? Are the first fruits of their increase cut off? Is the dew of their youth shivered, while the flower withers on which the morning saw it gleam? Small as is the arc, it is the ascending section of their circle, curving to the apex, and terminating there. Transient as is the dew, it is but exhaled to the heaven whence it fell. "The cutting off of their days," is only a sort of visual illusion. Life is condensed, not abbreviated. The sacrifice is not less costly because consumed in a keener fire. The race is not really less because of its speed. Their task is early, but it is nobly done! For Eustace, his friend made no mourning. But his soul was smitten. Like Eustace, he had turned an intensely loving and trusting eye to Rome; and suddenly his hope was disappointed;—the auguries of his confidence were mocked. There was an absolute mortification. His heart's calculation was

inverted. Its prediction was belied. His bright dreamings of the future, his visions of delight, were scattered and made nought. A blank of vanity seemed to spread itself over all. Life was dulled of its best charms. "The spring was torn out of his year." So fares the mind that gives itself in all its power and its depth to a course, or to principles,—when presently it discovers its confidence humiliated, its trust betrayed, its joy in its path for ever gone. The subsequent history of this stranger has not here to be related. Whether he has retraced his former steps, or whether, like Eustace, with a deep consciousness of the moral nature of his position, he has conceived that such are irrevocable, and that we can but look to the Infinite Mercy of the High Priest of the Whole Church to render them less unfortunate;—

So by the streams of this our Babylon
While we sit down and weep, discerned shall be
The City of our God pourtrayed thereon,
Till we have happier thoughts from desolation won:

we leave these individual paths, and append to this chapter a few closing pages on the nature and the cause of that intense disappointment which we have seen overwhelming the seceder from the English to the Roman Church. They will not attract the scholar—nor is such a one likely to need information of the kind they convey. The learned and lettered convert knows his expectations, knows his reasons, knows his position, and acts upon the rule of his conscientious judgment:—it is to the multitude who are won by outward promise, and too pliant to the guidance of imagination, that these notes of a wanderer will more closely appeal.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Morally and religiously, these are affecting times. Mind after mind, high, generous and worthy, is being recorded as having suffered shipwreck on the seas of doubt and involuntary error: and with every fresh news, fresh hurricanes of opinion arise to make safety to those still voyaging the more impossible, and to render every day more turbid the waters of the ever-stormy Atlantic of ecclesiastical controversy. Hundreds there are who, as each new tale is told, merely judge and blame the unhappy mariners. The tenant of the comfortable parsonage, sagely closing his Divine, comments and condemns: and the courtly denizen of the Peers' House of Parliament pronounces censure: and each has his several theory how *he* would have over-rode the rocks and run the ship before the storm: but, ah—

Ye *clergymen* of England
Who sit at home at ease,
How little do you know about
The dangers of *those* seas!

Here and there one who has navigated the narrow estuary of fire-side discussion of these questions, conceives himself able to reason wisely,—and *his* wisdom, too, condemns the unfortunate. Here and there another, who has made his longest voyage on the reaches of the Seine, consults his log-book to describe how *he* encountered equal dangers and came off with flying pennons. And many a one who never saw the tops of the billows of the broad water, smiles contemptuously, not sadly, on his bolder brother's fate. Such is some of human kindness. But while regarding with

inexpressible sympathy the sad facts with which, now frequently, rumour is busy, a morning may not be unprofitably spent in passing in review for the possible advantage of some simple minds the real dangers and the real warnings to which, in the case, a heedful regard is due.

There are things that stand like beacons, parallel to that phenomenon of which old mariners of the Italian seas will tell the inquisitive of the marvellous;—the Roman coast—physical and literal—is a neighbourhood they do not love, for its banks of low drifting fog; it is a coast where foul airs arise, and through which the gulls and land-birds refuse to fly; and the tale runs,—that there are times when it is inevitably fatal to approach this dreaded shore; and then, say the simple mariners, if the cruiser has forgotten to keep the mountains of Corsica in view, and by evil chance runs too near the death-marked landfall, there appears, one watch after the sunset, a surprising signal to warn her off, in the shape of a glittering cross on high, far above the power of mortal hands to elevate; and sometimes, when the danger is greatest, a thousand stars are seen surrounding it in a supernatural galaxy; some smile, indeed, and say that there is a church far inland, of a height and magnitude sufficient to be seen some leagues at sea, and that the phenomenon is but its upper works looming above the fogs and lighted for some brilliant ceremon—but he is over-bold, aver the mariners, who neglects the beacon warning.

To charge upon the Church of Rome an array of theological error is far from our thoughts; ordinary humility might preclude the attempt; but the fact is, that however Evangelicism standing at a distance, and through the double eye-glass of its

Charity contemplating the "cycle of Roman doctrine," may detect everywhere deadly and damnable heresies, to the Catholic Anglican, whose inspection is made more at home and at leisure, and in less trepidation of horror, there appear none of these; for he is able to distinguish between the Rule of Faith, and the Custom of Piety, and the Interpolation of Enthusiasm. A few words on these may arise, but they will be very few. At the same time we may see blots and blemishes, and weakness waxing over age, which plainly tell us this cannot be that Glorious Church, without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, which the Lord the Sanctifier will present perfect in the last days.

We will say nothing of the past. For there, however difficult, it is surely most important to discriminate between the Popery and the Christianity of Rome, in a manner which only the finest sense of Catholic Truth, acquired by long intimacy with Catholic sources, can enable any either to do or comprehend. Such discussion is for the folio and for the scholar's cloister. Besides, is not our whole world one vast picture, which God paints on eternity, for the contemplation of the soul—for its general teaching and education? And does not the soul hold itself off from a too trivial and microscopic study of the universal table? It respects the end too much to immerse itself in the means; and does it not then see something more important in the great Christianity of the past than ecclesiastical scandals or the niceties of criticism? Looking at those higher meanings, it becomes very incurious concerning persons or miracles, and not at all disturbed by chasms of historical evidence; it accepts from God the phenomenon as it finds it, as the pure and awful form

of religion—His Church—in the world. And such —was Rome! Who shall study the history of the Church before the sixteenth century, and its history since, and deny Her this? Though, by no means, do we give up or set aside the ancient apostolicity of the Church of England. Yet the time of Her development, it would seem, had not arrived. Rome ruled the world—Roman Christianity was Religion.

We may see much in darkness; we may believe that we see much that is tainted—for are not all things tainted here? Do we not live in a tainted atmosphere? Do we not live in a time out of joint? But we are not, therefore, to pretend that we see much more than we do, and raise new astonishments at what has been known long ago—or give a credit to unfounded imputations, which a nearer view has only shown us to be more foundationless than we had even believed them.

Nor are we going to profess that we hear in the deep voice of prophecy, significations that this is the certain development of the fearful spirit of the Antichristian power. A very energetic and equally talented Protestant lady, lately exclaimed in our hearing, "The Church of Rome is the Beast, and the Church of England the image of the Beast!" And this is, we confess, sounds strangely to us; for it would seem that that which presses close upon the senses cannot be seen in its prophetic magnitude. When the Messiah came there were far fewer who recognised Him, though the prophecies seem to us so plain and the fulfilments so satisfactory, far fewer who *knew* His Advent than now pronounce undoubtingly upon awful and dark predictions, which bear such a relation as these do to the whole course of time, and are so linked together by a

chain of causation, thoroughly discernible only by that Eye to which the past, present, and future, are alike co-existent. "The great and final Antichrist" to arise out of some great religious system, it is plain to the reader of prophecy, can have but one perfect fulfilment, and this is distinctly marked out as to be "in the last days;" and which are the last days can scarcely be known until they are come to an end. A faint chart of the True Church's course has been provided in prophecy for Her to steer Her way by; to guard Her off unfriendly coasts, or seas where glare the forms of monsters, or fearful rocks, or evil quicksands. She discovers indeed enough as each one comes and passes, to reconcile Her warning to avoid them—and *it is enough*:—for it is not these sea-marks that are to guide Her home across the weary waste:—they comfort Her with the knowledge that she is getting forward—but it is in the Pole Star of Her Faith beaming in the high heaven, and when that, alas! is sometimes overclouded, it is in the compass at Her helm of God's holy and perfect law—it is in these the Church reposes Her calm confidence as she sits above the wild waters of the world, guiding God's Argosie to its appointed port.

We will then ground our few observations on the following idea, which may come with some authority to all parties as an opinion expressed in that "Letter," well enough known to Students of the Events of the Day, by which one of Rome's most remarked and boasted conquests of last year signified to friends and foes the Fact of his "submission;" one to whom it is not unnatural that our thoughts should here recur, for he was our Spiritual Master, our Oracular Intellect. Hear him:—

"I do not think that mere abstract theories of church-

manship are very impressive to the mass of mankind. People judge of great practical subjects, not as they may be made satisfactory to their reasons, but as they come home to their 'business and bosoms;' as they affect their hearts, work on their consciences, cross them in their daily path."

We have here the Argument from Sympathy, if we may so speak, in distinction from the Argument from Proof. As the Letter continues—

"Without knowing definitely how Rome makes out Her pretensions from the history of past ages, I bow myself before Her, because She plainly corresponds with that Type of the Catholic Church which is deeply and habitually impressed upon my whole moral and spiritual nature, in those very particulars in which the Anglican Communion has, for some time, been failing, and has at length ceased to correspond with it."

We believe that here spoke the language of many, many, ardent hearts at the time when it was written; and as fully we believe that it would be a saddening task to appeal to those same now, twelve months after, to tell us how that Sympathy had been confirmed, that Type realised. The time has been short, but long enough for the night-bird of ruin to settle his wings to sleep in many a mind's fair temple, where the voice of the charmer is echoed no more, charm he never so wisely.

We shall not be contradicted by those who best know the *convertible* mind, when we say, that this notion of sympathy has led more into the Roman Church in these last few months, than any other motive. It is believed that those who preceded and followed the steps of its most effective preacher, as *his converts*, outnumber the whole collective body (we speak as to the laity) of those who took the same course from the influence of other clergymen,

even including his—"the Undoubted Intellectual Chief." All cannot reason abstrusely or follow far-reaching thoughts, but most on whom religious questions are observed to take a deep hold, are persons who *feel deeply*. Therefore, an Argument like this is like a wind among the reeds of the river, bending them as it will; and their disappointment is as great as their dreams were glorious.

It is not, as we have observed, that any violent change of feeling or creed is exacted: but were it so, so far is the difficulty from lying in this direction, that it is a remarked fact that Ultra-Protestants, on whom in such case it would press most heavily, once converted to Rome, scarcely ever feel it.

Extremes meet. They amalgamate. *They* have in fact, undoubtedly made an infinite gain. They come from a bleak and barren system, and generally rush, in an intoxication of some sudden view, into the path which leads farthest from that where education or fancy has hitherto held them; and they are filled with delight; the spiritual world seems, as it were, all at once unveiled before them. Symbols, and meanings, and figures, and natural things appear beaming on them every way: truly, from having nothing they gain much, and should be, and usually are, content. But with the Catholic Anglican, the case is far different. He has possessed before; has realised before; has been rich, very rich, before. He will compare and contrast his estate in this new country with that in the old. Already he has had a Church and Sacraments, and seen and found Sacramental grace in every law of *that* Church and doctrine, and point of discipline, and recognised these, even to their minutest rami-

fications, in regard to the Catholic Church in general. He has had his formal Ritual, in pure and impressive taste, if not of imposing splendour. He has felt himself a member of a Church with a History, and he has prayed in the Beauty of Holiness. But still he has been conscious of a *Want* to complete the imitation of his Ideal; and not considering that There only can the state and worship of the Church be perfect, Where the Assembly of the First Born are gathered, and the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the Temple of it, has looked to have this vacuum filled Here. There is one only development of a Church beside his own from which he can hope for this; One step only above is there to take; One central point and pinnacle whence, perhaps, the incongruity may be corrected. Certainly it must be, if Right is anywhere. But he ponders long, and lingers, and looks around, and half resolves to be content, fearing to find himself out of his true position. At last, he sets his foot upon the step that seems to rise alone between him and the towering Temple built on the Seven Hills. He is instantly assisted by helping hands from above; and he stands on the last ecclesiastical elevation and looks down——and there is a great gulf, below, around, from every pass, from every point. Have I come then so far? he exclaims in surprise. Far!—echo the deep voices of the mountain crags beneath. Can the distance be so great? Great!—repeats the everlasting whisper in St. Peter's dome. And, for a moment, the convert fears and staggers.

But he is not suffered to linger over such contemplations. Here are a thousand new grand things to be inspected; there are those who invite him to come with them and they will introduce him

into an excitement of pleasant business. And he looks about and sees some familiar objects, some furniture like that of his olden home; and he is comforted, and that little shadow of comfort rapidly rises to exultation. He no more just now needs outward fields of interest; for his own heart reminds him, with its proud beating, that he is in

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—

and in those mystic words there is matter to fill minds and libraries.

The Church that has towered on high these fourteen hundred years; whence, dispensing to the world peace and war, and good and evil, blessing and cursing, has acted Unquestioned Will:—Will—giving empires: guiding souls. Its walls are wide and vast. Its architecture stupendous, almost terrible. It compares with the Church he has left as St. Peter's with St. Paul's. Fit respective representatives. When we pass over the field of battle, or the scene of traditionary deeds, or through the silent halls of ancient castles, the spirit of the place affects us: for the time we identify ourselves with its past: we are its actors, its soldiers and banqueters. A *transhumanation* takes place. When we pass within the Roman Catholic Church, reminiscences crowd upon us. What page of the history of the world during these long ages has not been the result of councils Here! Much of its state may be dismantled now; but memory supplies its Leos, its Richelieus, and its Wolseys still. Its chapter and conference rooms may be now of seldom use: but the Aquavivas and the Bellarmines, and the Bossuets and the Medicis of the past, are unquiet ghosts about their shades, hovering round

their old council tables and impatient to be at work again. And under the long colonnades and in the mouldering transept aisles, passing to and fro, the new observer hears the light footfall and sees the flitting figures of a Theresa, a Chantal, a Heloise, a Spanish Isabella, an English Mary. His mind is bewildered with Event. It is a fine thing to find himself in the very company and family of a Xavier, a Dominic, a Bernard, a St. Francis of Salis, a St. Charles Borromeo. To look into the souls of those Mighty Fables, Ambrose, Hildebrand, Loyola, as only a brother can. To contemplate all the soothing incarnations of Virtue and Protection which Catholicism has canonised, and call them *his*. And to unwind in his joyousness, and as they suffer him to do for a while, coil after coil of envelopment from secret beautiful things; these make occupation and pleasant work for the first few weeks, or even months of his naturalisation in Spiritual Rome: and his heart exults sometimes till it is ready to burst, to feel that this wonderful place is *his;* his home: these wonderful people *his;* his brethren and sisters and fathers.

Then novelty and wonder wear off: and he feels again the gnawing worm of the old Want. But he has found, that while he has been gazing about, his energy God-ward has been dissipating and declining. This no doubt is the cause of the sense of Want. Poor man, he never yet thinks of the reality of the Want being the cause of the decline. He will correct this; and he turns to apply himself more diligently than of late to old habits of staidness and devotion. His closet and his books and thoughts of the life to come, are his resource:—and he discovers that they are all fettered and clogged with strange appendages which he had scarcely observed

as the change went on: it was wary and secret and slow: he was not alarmed: but now these things are no longer at all the same that made his comfort of old. Changed, gone, lost.

His "Anglican Books" he has given up at the desire of his Director. His "Bishop Andrews," his "Cosin," his "Wilberforce," and "Dodsworth" and "Hook:" the shelves that held them in such honorable burden are bare, or have their spaces filled with unfamiliar Guides and Manuals, Retreats and Memoirs. His "Newman's Works" have been excepted perhaps from the general sacrifice; and they occupy their station still: a goodly array.—A Phenomenon. A perfectly described Intellectual Circle. The first in the line is "Lectures on Romanism and Popular Protestantism;" the quadrants and degrees are marked by well-worn volumes—they have brought strength and joy to him as years passed and were memorable for their successive possession; and he venerates them, oh, how much——Sermons and Letters, and Histories and Translations, and Dissertations; and the remarkable line is completed by the "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine"! Ward's "Ideal" too, perhaps, is left: and it stands solemnly mocking him from its place. He turns in vain to his books for aid. And his prayers:—surely in these the breaking heart finds peace?—An awful strangeness has sprung up between him and his God; the names of many intercessors are to be invoked as the mediators of his appeal to Him; and his former peace in the deep trusting filial feeling towards That "Abba," Dear Father, who hears and pities all the sad, is gone from his place of prayer while his thoughts wander to the ends of the earth, seeking rest and finding none. And

the old Want, a thousandfold fiercer, devours his life.

He appeals to his Director for some help in this ill condition. *He* tells him—what? That his imagination is sick; that he is mistaking past shadow for needful reality; that he has *now* Fact, while he is lamenting the loss of Fiction.

Ah! it is quite easy to *tell* a miserable man who has just dislocated every joint by a tremendous fall, that he is suffering merely from hypochondriasis; by no means so easy for him to receive that assertion: and very easy is it to do the same in moral things, but the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and with the inner mind no eye can intermeddle; and he *knows* that That Past so summarily dismissed to Imagination and Shadow, was beautiful Reality, of which the last lingering vestige is departing now, leaving his heart all desert.

The days were when, with old George Herbert, he used to say of the appointed holy seasons in their recurring fast and festival,

> Sure these the pillars are,
> On which Heaven's palace arched lies.

The days are when he almost exclaims, as one comes round, "What a weariness it is, when will it be ended?" they were, when every hour of prayer through the day and night was a separate spring of joy; they are, when a short and hurried repetition in the morning and the evening is a trouble and a task; they are, when even that is left alone, because his heart is too heavy to rise to the Throne of Grace.

This most grievous state of things will probably wear off, and he will fall into usual routine, and practise religion as his duty and custom require:

but the heart, the heart is gone. No longer is it his anticipated joy, his welcome use. And here opens a mighty and unprovided danger—here begins the peril of the soul. Not in false forms or corrupted creeds, as we believe, lies the hazard to such a one, but in the almost certain failure of the vitality within. When the roots of his religion have been drawn from one soil, and have not taken their hold upon the other. *If* he passes through this time, he may yet do well—the transplanted tree may flourish in its new position—but the risk is vast. Greatest of all is that risk, when the convert has at once committed himself to a wholly retired Religious Life. Then, when this Shadow of Death of which we have spoken, comes over his spirit, the danger is, that tedium and langour, induced by forms novel to him, indeed, and Roman, but *unsympathising*, will not have left him strength to cast it off; and he will fall into the condition of the very heartlessest of outward professors, wearing a guise of supereminent Godliness; and go on his future years a living body with a dead soul—for no rousing circumstances will reach him within those walls; no thrilling voices of the events of Providence will startle his accustomed ear; when he awakes it will be wide and for ever, beneath the immediate scrutiny of Him who has said He will be worshipped in Spirit and in Truth. What avail his Vespers and his Nocturns and his Lauds, his Matins and his Hours, with his genuflections and his face of sanctity, if all this body is without the Spirit—dead?

We say such is the danger—that the tree removed from its first rooting-place, though carefully removed and tended, and earthed up and supported, will die, and stand thenceforth only progressing in *decay*—never growing more.

Oh, how affectingly might the song in many a Religious House run thus:—

Where are those we counted Leaders,
Filled with zeal and love and truth,
Fair professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth?
Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below,—
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Neither leaf nor fruit they show!

And in their measure these dangers apply to every convert; only perhaps the alternative of utter infidelity will too often be the miserable resource of the Secular. And if, by the might of a strong will, or a clear and constant looking to the end, these are escaped,—still the convert sighs in sadness of soul when he remembers how, months ago, he was confidently assured that he was taking a step of which he would never repent! Ah—is it so?—— Candidly he will tell you, that if the shadow of the dial of his life could go back those months, he would not do what he has done. But it cannot. What is done is done. And he is too widely awake to his bonds to dream of change. Well he remembers the day, when in that small chapel, where the waning summer's sun cast a melancholy light, in presence of a few chosen witnesses and with one friend beside him, he knelt before the Altar and repeated to the dictation of the Priest that Profession of Faith required of the convert. Well he remembers that it bound him with a deep vow to "true obedience to the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church, the Mother and Mistress of all Churches," such to render, and "Its faith most constantly to retain and confess entire and inviolate till his life's end." True, no chains forged of iron

in present days bind him, and the lower-principled might lightly throw off *these* bonds; but the proud would hold to them from the shame and scorn of recantation, and must not he be as steadfast who feels their awful moral pressure? They have tied his conscience and his soul for ever. He will not try to change, nor think of it; but this he will do—He will tell any he finds restless and discontented in the Church of their Fathers, to consider longer and more than he did before they bid farewell to their Home; that Home the Church which ere long the world may be looking towards as the Millennium's Great Rising Light, while they must be mourning how they have lost their part in her glory.

And now he has long melancholy hours to analyse his disappointment; and *why* is it? We will hastily enumerate a few of its parts, beginning with the smallest.

THE MANNER OF THE NEW WORSHIP.

Unaccustomed scenes of ceremony distract the mind; and the simple and true character of the English Ritual has generated a simplicity and truthfulness of taste which is offended by the gaudy show of his new religion. The gold and purple and floating lace of its ministration vestments consort oddly with ideas of the Successors of the Fishermen of Galilee, and Paul the Orator of Mars' Hill: and he contrasts it for beauty with the Surplice, the "fine linen white and clean." He is told that these gorgeous garments are all significant: that they represent the Purple Robe, and the Seamless Coat, and the Cords and the Crown of Thorns: Ah—who dares *act* the Betrayed and Sacrificed Redeemer of men! And the scenes of pompous

display of dramatised religion, how do they affect him? He is told that splendour is needful to attract the eye, and through it the heart, of the multitude. It may be so: but he then feels himself out of the brotherhood of the multitude, for to serve his God in this worship he must isolate his mind from the whole external scene, not yield himself to its guidance.

THE COMPANIONS OF WORSHIP.

This is a point of which we should speak least (remembering humbly our Master's prophecies), but which we feel most; most of all it comes home to us:—The severance of kindred ties. Undoubtedly for Truth's sake, for any position that can assimilate itself to those Prophecies, to forsake father and mother and brethren, and houses and lands with them, is great gain. Nor has the true mind an inclination to distinguish between private faith and feeling and public friendship. It would wear and weary such thus to make the daily life a falsehood. For *peace*-sake the weaker nature might incline to it, but the strong and high one says—No, it is impossible for communion and hearty fellowship to subsist between individuals whose notions on life's most important point lie "far as the poles asunder." We will then have no *seeming*—we will part. But in the mind of the Anglican convert to Rome rises the question—*Is* this all Truth, and that all Falsehood? and with the question heaving his heart, he walks lonely to his new place of prayer, and they, to the old House of God, go—missing him.

THE PLACE OF WORSHIP.

Is there nothing in *it?* Is it nothing to pass by that accustomed House of Prayer, when each ap-

pointed hour comes round, to seek a new and another one—unhallowed by association—unmagnified by love! A traveller of our day has written: —"Were I asked what was the object of greatest interest that I had met with and the scene that made the deepest impression upon me during my sojourn in other lands, I would say that it was the sight of the Jews gathering to mourn over the stones of Jerusalem. It was a touching sight to behold, in front of the Mosque before the western wall, one of the walls which formed the Holy of Holies of the ancient temple, where a few of those stones remain which the Romans 'poured out in the top of every street,' it was a touching sight, and one that years will not efface, to witness that mourning group and hear them singing the songs of David beneath the shadow of those very stones that once rang with the same swelling chorus when Jerusalem sat on high. But not now are heard the joyous tones of old, for here every note is swollen with the sigh of Judah's mourning maidens, or broke by the sobs and smothered groans of the patriarchs of Israel. But that heart must indeed be sadly out of tune whose chords would not vibrate to the thrilling strains of Hebrew melody chanted so sad and low by the sons and daughters of Abraham in their native city. Much as they venerate the very stones that now form the walls of the enclosure, they dare not set foot within its precincts: for the Crescent of the Moslem is glittering from the minaret of Omar, and the blood-red banner of Mohammed is waving over their heads." We leave the heart it most concerns to make the application of this.

That grey and solemn Church, where the tablets and escutcheons of his ancestors surround the

walls, and that great pew where his young steps were led so early and so constantly under the eye of a true-hearted father and most tender mother; where he first learned to lisp his confession and his Creed with the rest, and used to sit and ponder a whole sermon time on those mysterious words— "The hour of death and the day of judgment," "The means of grace and the hope of glory;" that old Church where his infant body was given in faith and earnest love at the font of Holy Baptism, to be purified to be a true servant of the imparted Spiritual Will; where he joined the youthful Catechumens and was prepared for Confirmation, and made his First Communion:—It is his no more. Another Baptism and another Confirmation have passed on him, lest these should be invalid. And that spacious and fair built Church, the necessity of modern days, which has so outdone the old in its appliances and architectural beauty, but oh, never in its dearness; where he has been with the gathered thousands, and heard one voice of all raised in the glorious chant, and murmured in the deep "Our Father;" where the Daily Prayers, and the Weekly Communion in the early Sabbath morning, have revived the spirit of the humble and rejoiced the contrite ones; where that sublime Symbolism, which is as far from puerility as it would remove worship from free irreverence, has been sanctioned and understood and loved; where the eager multitude of famished men from the scorching high-roads of the world, and the arid plains of human learning, have drawn to slake their thirst at the Fountain of the Water of Life—freely; where perhaps he has been Its commissioned Dispenser, and has preached sermon after sermon, with so many earnest prayers, beforehand and following,

that they might not be lost labour:—It is his no more. Another communion and other modes of prayer are for him. And those Bells that erewhile called him each evening and morning to the privileges of the worshipper or the duty of the pastor, must peal on now: they are for him no more. But they are not unheeded. He hears them plainly enough; every chime. His ear is keener than it used to be; the wind is contrary, but still he hears them.

THE BOOK OF THE WORSHIP.

Yes—There is something else that is other and new: *Another Bible.*

It *may be* a better, more beautiful, more exact version to the scholar's ear, but it is different from the Bible of his childhood: the venerable book, with its night-long stories of Joseph and Samuel and David, which, in the nursery and beside the grandfather's knee, first excited his young mind to love of virtue and hatred of evil, and admiration of greatness. It is not the Bible he heard in the ancient village Church read by a voice his childhood and youth loved so dearly and honoured so deeply.

Well—it is well: for it is not the Bible on which he made his oath of allegiance to his forsaken Church.

THE PRAYERS OF THE WORSHIP.

Closely associated with the last-named privation, we are reminded of one which will be quite as keenly felt by the generality of proselytes: by all who are not classical scholars, and even by those who are such in great measure;—the performance of the public devotions in a Dead Language. For however

elegantly the Latin Service of the Roman Church may be accommodated to modern ears by accomplished men with the sweetest Italian accent, it falls on the mass of modern hearts, even among the educated classes, as strangely in its monkish peculiarity, as would sound the dialect of a Provençal in the drawing-room of a Parisienne: and how much more to the poor must it be a strange tongue. We own we have often felt surprised at the patient and devout appearance of the unlettered class in Roman Catholic places of worship in England, where commonly their extreme removal from the Altar precludes their hearing even the form that is passing, to occupy their lower powers of attention. Surely God must be supplying what man defrauds them of: feeding His poor with His own hand, and leading them beside secret waters.

Now, we are aware that all these may be called mere factitious and unreal kinds and causes of distress—the sickly offspring of a morbid mind. Or that they are distresses at all, and not actual benefits, may be doubted by some, or others again may be of that peculiar cast of feeling, of which we have known one exemplification in the person of a young clergyman who, on visiting his amiable family after joining the Church of Rome, lamented as his chief cross, that *they* did not perceive the great gulf which now lay between them and him, but appeared to think as much affection as ever might be interchanged.—Their kindness cut him, not because it rendered the separation more bitter, but because it shewed that the separation was not yet in fact made! There may be such. With that stern class of minds our common ground must be very limited; but leaving these less vitally important questions, we will say a word on those chiefer matters which

affect the fundamental realities wherein the mind of the convert seeks its repose.

The Letter we have already quoted refers with great confidence to the blessing, as soon to be possessed, of the "Offices of Authoritative Teaching," (we transcribe its words,) "and Definite and Final Direction, together with the satisfaction of all those especial (as I may call them) Christian instincts which the Church Catholic is undoubtedly meant to satisfy, which she ever has satisfied, and which, in the communion of Rome, she does actually, as I believe, at this time satisfy."

Since the date of this, it has not been our happiness to see its author, or we might have learned by that "mind revealing eye" with which nature has so singularly gifted him, how stands his account with Hope now—has She honoured that large note of hand, whereon he pledged so vast personal security. But if these pages ever meet his eye in his retirement, we appeal to him—*Is he satisfied?*

Let us see what are these blessings which were so confidently anticipated.

CONFESSION.

Under the head of Direction must come, not technically, but practically, Confession, as its root and principle.

Confession the young Anglican has been accustomed to regard as one of his *secret privileges*. Scarcely ever *spoken of*, even in the most confidential intercourse, it is yet practised very extensively, and, as we believe, most beneficially, in the English Church. But its very reserve and partial character is one chief reason of its benefit. And it is the reaction of this benefit which has already lost the Altars and the hearths of England

some of her best and loveliest. The young sanguine striver in religious life imagines that as the good gained by Confession in this form is so great, it must be infinitely enhanced when it ranks among the Sacraments, and is regarded as the most imperative of all things. He is mistaken: and so he will find himself when he has made the trial, and this earnest privilege has subsided into a dull duty.

The Confessional and the Pastor's Study are very different places.

He will find it a widely different thing as he has sought the voluntary aid of his pious and single-minded Pastor to prepare him for a worthier communion, or correct some crooked tendency, and as he must visit the Confessional at his stated seasons to make his formal expiation. A very different thing was it to kneel as he was used always at parting with his beloved Minister, and with the anointed right hand laid on his head receive the fervent benediction,

> The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace;

and now to hear the rapid "Ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis," and pass away back into the world of work and sin, without the faintest shadow of solemn influence remaining from the duty he has performed.

The probabilities, too, of sympathy and efficient aid by correction and suggestion, how do they stand to us between the Catholic Priest and English Clergyman? It may be said the converts can soon now be supplied with their old Confessors again. But will they be the same men? The same hands and gait and voice they may have. Will

they bear the same heart under the long black robe that they took away with them beneath the vest and cassock?

Spontaneous Confession when the heart feels burdened and the lamp of the soul burns low, and Obligatory Confession at all seasons coming between the conscience and its God, are very different matters.

We speak confidently; Confession as now used in the English Church is the more perfect, the more aiding to the penitent. In the Roman Church it is as like a matter of worldly barter as can well be conceived: a certain amount of affliction for a certain amount of sin, arranged as immutably as the value of the exchange in currencies. And the worldly spirit which has overshadowed the rite eats into the penitent's mind. He finds that he is unstrengthened, that his heart has been untouched, so that he feels no purer or better than before: a certain number of sins are pardoned, he must believe; or will be so when he has fulfilled his penitential part of the contract, and this is all; and this under the very best of Confessors.

With regard to the Moral Influence of the Roman Confessional, we have only to say that we simply discredit the mass of the charges of impiety and impurity lavished on it by the impure and the impious. Michelet has been too much read, and S. John too little studied. We had indeed put into our hands lately a tract on Confession, written by a recusant Irish Priest, and inscribed to a Roman Catholic Bishop, which outdid Michelet a thousand times in all that is vile and disgusting. *If* then *such* men as this priest implies himself to have been in his official days, are not the mere fabulous creations of hatred and malice, all we can

say is, from such may the God who will reveal Himself only to the pure of heart deliver us, and all whom we esteem; and we thank Him that hitherto He has delivered us. Grievous beyond all words must be the failure of this sacrament from its first estate when the conscience of the penitent is polluted with the shadows of detailed sin where it should be enlightened by the pure ray of a holier and more innocent mind.

Passing by this as a long, overdrawn, and distasteful question, we must observe that the convert will be disappointed by the singular want of *strictness* he will meet with in the treatment to which he is subjected. What he feels to be grave faults and declensions will often be treated quite lightly, being merely denominated advanced self-knowledge. His penances will no longer be those severe rebukes to the rampant animal nature which he *has* found of such sure efficacy; *they* will be disallowed except in certain cases, and suffered only by express permission; and in their stead the recitation of a few prescribed prayers, perhaps the Litany of the Blessed Virgin for a week daily, or the Theological Acts, or any other of those slight forms to which the reputation of Indulgences is attached, will be the penalty for a long array of stumbles and falls and follies. Enshrined with our best remembrances of benefit derived from intermediate sources of assistance in the English Church is an abiding recollection of the perusal of one of the numbers of the "Plain Sermons, by Contributors to the Tracts for the Times," containing a discourse on Single Sins and the Daily Cross. We are not sure if such was the exact title, but it was the subject; and we imagine few could read that sermon without be-

coming strongly impressed with the beauty and propriety of the instruction it gives on the voluntary constant impost of privation and degrees of suffering for our soul's health. We are far enough from dreaming of human atonement for any sins whatever: neither the scourge of cords nor the fire and fagot, nor the death-strife with the beasts of the amphitheatre, nor years of asceticism, can do that for the soul which the Sacrifice of the Son of God was given to accomplish; but there are many ways in which we want education in our inward life. Sometimes the discipline is too plainly appointed for us to dare to add or diminish from it; we are subjected to the scourge by a Will independent of *our* will. But at other times, if earthly things are not taken from us, we should do well to put them from us—put them from us, not in unthankfulness and heartless deprivation, but occasionally and for a while learn to do without them; or in self-punishment deny their use. All the luxurious appliances of life, ah! and even pleasant friends, it is best that we put away from us sometimes, for they only form so many hiding veils between us and our destiny. And many and minute are the modes of penetential discipline with which, it would seem, all might wisely exercise *themselves*, without reference to an external mind; adding drops, at least, to the many showers which, as many sunshines, it needs should pass over the plant of grace ere it will have grown up enough to be ready to pass away to the harvest and the garner of God. From its reputed character it might be supposed that the Roman Catholic Church would be the very place wherein to find these things most accounted and impressed; but those who have been used to guide their conduct

by the austere rules preserved in books and traditions as the customs of past days, or by the strict instructions of many of the English clergy, will find themselves greatly disappointed when they have made the change of Church, and there is allowed them only the agency of the very easiest penances, lest—just as an Ultra-Protestant would say—they should grow into self-pride. Anxious friends and lamenting relatives need have no apprehension as to physical severities overwhelming the convert. They may be assured that he will be *prevented* from much suffering, which, if a "Puseyite," he has been used to self-inflict; but little new burden of that kind will be laid on him. But there *is* a requirement, and a stern one; one for which the Director supplants the Confessor.

DIRECTION.

The mind *must* be subdued—subdued to an automaton—subdued to imbecility—subdued to non-entity. Go on in your own way of personal indulgence, but you must have no voluntary thought, no independent feeling. Even in religious things, every volition of the heart has its "thus far, and no farther." A step behind is infidelity: a step beyond is presumption. The English Church invites the obedience of intelligent love: the Roman Church commands the utter unreasoning submission of a soul denuded of its power, and despoiled of its birth-right of independence: for though she would suit her dealings to the world's condition, she still treats present states upon past principles. She would consolidate her power. The universe of the saved is to be one fold under one shepherd; this the Roman Catholic Church interprets, that—She shall rule it all! She takes

the prophecy into her own hands, and with her own interpretation thereto affixed, wills to accomplish it. Her old principle of centralization, by which she won of old her political dominion, she concludes, will be the easiest and the speediest way to win this, and verify the comment on the prophecy. She strives to absorb the energizing principle of the universe of men's souls, for then the world may be ruled as the magnetiser rules his patient, and thus the prophecy will be fulfilled. Therefore a vast organization of Direction is created, and every Priest must, in this mysterious absorption gather into *his own* mind, the minds, the voluntary force of his quota of people; and the Priest's superiors again must absorb theirs, and so on upwards, till in the Head of the Church —not He Who is the First-born from the dead— the whole soul of the world is centred, thinking through him, acting by him, having its being in him alone.

For this end's advancement, then, has been created the principle of Direction; the whole consummation and full body, we suppose, of that joy-greeted Definite and Final, with the reference to which we prefaced these pages. *Definite* and *final* enough it is to the heart's content of those who long for it—but are they quite sure that by and by, when they come forward to give their last account, and say, "Lord, we knew that thou wast an austere man, so we laid up thy talent with care in secret; lo, there thou hast that is thine," they will not be the scorn of their fellow-men from the assembled universe, and be sentenced as unprofitable servants? At least let those be solemnly reminded who now look to Rome as the dispenser of all Christian grace, and the fountain of all

Christain power, that the concentrated reach of her authority can never absolve one soul from its individual accountableness, or deduct an iota from its separate responsibility. That she can do so is a sublime fiction, which we are born too late to read in faith. We shall stand at the end of the days each one for himself: the Director will not stand for the Directed, nor the Confessor for the Penitent, nor the Superior for the Religious. Who shall by any means redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him? Definite and final direction may be a pleasant thing to talk of as a relief to the mind searching for rest; but He who created the human soul constituted it rational and reasoning, and responsible to Himself, and He will claim His tribute. The torpidity of death may be courted, nay, may be drawn over the mind's powers long ere its cold collapse has released the natural heart from its beating—enviable attainment!—but will that moral suicide fare as leniently at the Bar of the Everlasting Tribunal, as he who resorted to powder and ball to destroy the body. It may be a fine thing to be talked of as *rest*, and very attractive under such a name; but what folly to speak of it. Moral Rest—as if such a thing existed! Moral Bondage exists indeed, and may be attained for the seeking; and there may be, in the experience of the convert, a melancholy paraphrase of the touching complaint made by Murillo's mulatto to his son,—"The white men have houses—money; they have liberty—liberty, child. But you know not what that is; you were born a slave. But I, I have been made one; I, I was born free, Sébastien!" *This* may happen, for it *has* happened.

And then—is there no resource? No mercy in the heavens of brass, and in the iron earth? We

know of but one thing that can save him who has fallen into this bondage, and, what is far worse, is full and haunted with the consciousness of it. We know of but one thing that can save him—reliance on his priest. It may sound like prescribing poison as a remedy for poison, or the knife and saw to finish what the sabre has begun; but (supposing, of course, that he feels his position, *as a member of the Roman Church*, irrevocable) to save him from profound misery, to save him from moral death, to save him from MADNESS, we know of no other way.

In that way, however, his condition may be greatly meliorated. Simple, earnest, faithful, loving confidence in his spiritual adviser may become to him in the place of many privileges of his ancient freedom. Strength and endurance it will give him. Respect and affection on the one side, and sympathy and kindness on the other, form a bond which is very beautiful and very strong between the Roman Catholic Priest and his flock. Knowing each one's concerns—not only the great business of the life of each, but its minutiæ of private cares and sorrows, and its faults and crimes—they who know the laborious priest testify that, while he is the judge, he is the advocate; while he is the punisher, he is the protector; and that very, very rarely he is the tyrant.

He is kind, for *he*, too, wears a sad heart; *he*, also, is a *slave*. As the noble lives within the limits of his rank, so, as to all inward communion, lives the priest within the precincts of his profession; and his confidences, like the familiarities of the noble, are reserved for his own class. But, ever and anon, a whisper is caught beyond the enclosure. Now Blanco White utters the deep

melancholy revelations of his soul; now Czerski, poor Czerski! describes the first morning when he trode the earth in the lofty loneliness of a Roman Catholic Priest,—"I inhaled long draughts of the fresh air, I gazed on the free blue sky in all the brightness of the glorious sun. But the sun and the heavens were changed to me, the world itself seemed narrow and contracted, *for my soul and spirit were in bonds.*"

Our Letter speaks further of—

CHRISTIAN INSTINCTS,

and their certain satisfaction in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. Elsewhere it says that "the Church stands to us instead of affections, and ties, and relations." There is something very tempting and encouraging in the sound of such words; and the reader the while remembers many a wrecked freight of joy and love that he has ventured on the sea of the world's recognised affections; he turns his eye along the inward way to many a weary conflict past: he remembers tears that have been very bitter, and struggles with sorrow that have made existence a load that would often gladly be laid aside: he longs to sink to sleep upon such a mother's breast.

And are we going to contend that this promise is visionary—this offered light an ignis fatuus on the lonely moor? Ah! surely not. We have proved it too well for that. Undoubtingly we know that such needs "the Catholic Church does at this time satisfy;" but we would testify, for it is not a matter for argument, it must be spoken as we experience, that for the satisfaction of every Christian instinct, as a medium for the utterance of the deepest heart's devotion and the fervour of hope and faith,

the Anglican Church is as perfect to those who trust and love Her, and to the children of her protection, as the Roman Church is to Hers.

And She has put no cruel constraint upon the free mind, such as to make it necessary for those who see various questions in this light, or in that, to declare themselves at war with Her. The things that are between God and the conscience She so leaves. It is but the belligerent doctrine of partisanship that those who receive less or more than a fixed measure of form or faith should quit, or be expelled from, her visible communion. Rome has sealed with the seal of authority, and administers in solemn credence, matters in which it is hard, very hard, for the mind always to see as it is bidden; with many strangely minor things she enlarges her demand upon human assent; hence the risks to the mind of infidelity and rebellion within her pale are infinitely great. But the wise and gentle spirit of the Church of England has limited her requirement upon ordinary Christians—for we speak not of those who hold offices under conditions of Subscription, though very much may be said of her generosity of *intention* there—upon ordinary Christians she lays no hand of dogmatic power: requiring only the pure expression of their faith in the Holy Trinity and in the Catholic Church, Their visible Minister—as a condition of abidance in her communion; with less, who would wish to remain there?—with more, rearing up on this foundation a many-storied and wide palace of glorious Faith for the soul to dwell in—who need leave it? Late days have originated a novel notion that the Church of England is essentially a Protestant Church, and that all who deny that name are *unconscientious* in belonging to her. Strange! as if

those old fanes had lain echoless till within the last three hundred years! As if those grey Anglo-Saxon Fathers had never been! As if Canterbury had learned its spiritual alphabet at Spires!

Did any essential *change*, even, pass upon the being of the Anglican Church at the Reformation? Has She herself made loyalty to the Reformation a condition of membership? Is any part of her Ritual such that a Christian, receiving the whole faith of Christendom before the sixteenth century, would find aught to erase? He might, in places, *add;* and where is the restriction upon his doing so? But surely he may live his silent life with God, and be still and wait, and see the latter days. To say that he may not and cannot *conscientiously* do so, because he does not *believe in* King Henry the Eighth and Cranmer, and their agitation, sounds like saying that a man cannot be an honourable Frenchman who does not sympathise in the Revolution; and much more reasonable it would appear to stigmatise the Cromwellians of these days as no Englishmen, while they offer their worship to the manes of him who made her King a Martyr.

But thus has never the Church herself straitened her communion. Whether the Reformation is received as a good, or repudiated as a scandal, or regarded as a partial influence—whether by the great body of her people, and the young especially, seeking her privileges, the Articles of Religion are devoutly subscribed in spirit, or put aside as extra, or unknown, her graces are given to all free and fetterless, to help them, as well as may be, heavenward. Is our own act, already confessed, cast against us? We did it *ignorantly—in unbelief*—and now, with our eyes opened, we turn in all love to those we have left behind, to caution them to

consider, first, what a great Church, and glorious and beautiful, is that Anglican Church, and to ask once more, earnestly, seriously, why should they who are in Her leave Her, and turn their hand against Her? They do it in a dream, but it is the movement that throws off the nightmare; some evil spirit has power over them for a moment, they are discontented and at unrest; they struggle, half rouse, and fling themselves into some open cell of La Trappe, or Capuchin, or Franciscan; and then their first reflective consciousness is, that they are *awake for ever!* and their next, that they are desolate and solitary, and their case is irretrievable. We do not mean or believe that any of the children of the Roman Church have, (certainly never have her converts), to complain of want of attention, the most individualising and the most careful; but, for all that, there is an inexpressible loneliness in the heart when we have left our ancient home for ever and for ever. We do not deny that some may be pointed out who wear a glorious look of triumph as yet in their chosen place—a look that half illuminates the gloom of the old Priory or the Convent shade; but wait—it is the first enthusiasm of the Vocation now; time, and the imperishable heart have been still yet; wait till long confinement in the cloister and strict adherence to strict rules, have wasted their bodies, and quenched their eyes, and banished the pulses from their brows, will there be no yearning then towards the olden home—no restless desire to die in their *own* place and be buried among their *own* people? Time alone can prove.

We have partly admitted that some misgivings have crossed us concerning the entire purity of Rome's conservation of "the Faith once delivered

to the saints," and although that *has not* much to do with the present course of our argument, we will say a word of it. God forbid that we should be guilty of presumption, or exalt our feeble reason to interpret the dicta of Holy Scripture, or the theological comment which we find encircling it, in an undue manner; but there is a simple front view of things, which is taken even unawares, and it may be, unwillingly. The eye is open, and the figure passes on the retina; we cannot help it.

Once,—somewhere about twenty years had passed over our head, and our mind had very lately received the enlightenment that Romanism was not actual heathenism,—we were ostentatiously displaying our new-born knowledge in expressions of charity, and even esteem, for the Faith of a thousand Fathers; qualified, however, by all righteous indignation against errors and deceits. A revered clergyman who was talking with us, suffered us to exhaust our zeal, and then, instead of commending so wide an extension of benevolent feeling, in his calm way inquired, "What do you object to in the Church of Rome?" We were taken by surprise—we hesitated; after so much eulogy we liked not to say "Every thing"—we had no refuge in generalities, it was a pressing moment. Better far had it been to say at once, "Ah, we do not know; we know nothing; we are but rash word-speakers—teach us:" but if memory does not deceive us, we replied, "Oh! to its prayers to saints!" It was all we knew—absolutely all. From our infancy accustomed to hear Holy Daniel's prophecies, and S. John's divine maledictions, applied unqualifiedly to "Popery," yet was this all the accusation of sin which, in the circuit of our mind, rose up against "the Apostate Church" when the inquiry was put—

What? This one thing, the evil of which the affectionate spirit forgets the soonest in *actual* Rome —which certainly since, while our eyes have opened to many causes of doubt, we have come to regard in a tenderer light. Such is the ignorance of the early essayist in religious discrimination. Our patient pastor regarded us for a moment to discover if indeed we knew no more, and a gentle smile, a little perhaps of amusement, crossed his countenance: but he thought we were not in great danger, if our speculations had gone no deeper. Much has intervened: years and events, and days and nights of the silent penetration of these questions into our heart, but his rejoinder lives with us. He turned and gazed thoughtfully over the thick wooded park land, towards which the window beside which he sat opened; a few large drops of rain fell, and the hot breath of a July noon was just sufficient to blow the commencing shower inconveniently within; as he rose to close the window, he quietly said, as if more to himself than to his auditor, "Yet—the saints may pray for us!" and then returned to Hooker, of whom he had been previously speaking. We had, as Fouché said of the French in Waterloo, committed "worse than a crime—a blunder;" and that little incident has often since admonished us not to speak of things we did not know; and very clearly its warning voice rises beside us now; yet, for the sake of those who are what we were then, we will, we hope in all humbleness, subjoin two or three things that we have learned since; so one page of a little book, may be to them instead of painful years.

Papal Rome's principle of empire strikes the mind the more it is familiarised with it, as its great constitutional and oppressive evil: we mean, in

the present state of the world. It, in truth, attempts to place the rule of the world under a Visible Divine Authority. In the words of an eloquent public writer, (for we would rather use testimony more powerful than our own in such a matter),—It aims—

To bring down as it were, if the words may be used without irreverence, the Almighty from Heaven, and from the darkness in which, for the present, He has wrapped Himself, and to enthrone Him upon earth before the eyes of men;—for this purpose, it creates one paramount Will and places it in an individual Mind (so subverting the grand principle of the world's probationary government); it strives to give to this Will every attribute of Deity; ubiquity, by universal dominion; omniscience, by infallibility; infinity, by removing or concealing all definite bounds to its authority; an empire, not only over man by the claim of the temporal sword, but over the world of matter by its ritual of charms and exorcisms, and over the spiritual by its doctrine of purgatory and canonization. Even the peculiar and incommunicable powers of knowing the thoughts of the heart, of forgiving sins, not ministerially but absolutely, and of repealing the positive commandments of God, it assumes, or suffers itself to seem to assume, more or less, by the popular belief which it admits of confession, absolution, and dispensations.

Thus, by the creation of one œcumenical Bishop to supplant the powers delegated to the general college of bishops,—for the purpose, (and time has proved it a means ordered by much wisdom to its end,) of spreading and upholding a spiritual dominion on earth,—has Rome given the occasion to those to whom all ecclesiastical authority is distasteful and unsacred, to wrest and apply to the Church the apostolic prediction of the evil power which should "set himself in the seat of God, and

exalt himself above all that is called God, or that is named."

We do not dare to assume that the principle, in its first stage and state of development, was evil or needless. When the dissolution of the Great Family of the Roman Empire suggested its adoption, it might be the wisest policy; it might be, too, a sweet bond of union to the scattered Christians of the world to acknowledge one patriarchal head their governor; it might much distinguish them in feeling from the people of the world—both looking to a ruler seated in a metropolitan city—but one a prince, the other a priest. But now that nations have multiplied on the face of the earth, and Christians have multiplied, and the infancy of human society is passed, and the young days of the Christian Church are strengthened to ripe age, all things expand to wider principles; and the great source of union which is to consummate this state, to hallow the enormous secular gatherings which the age demands and advanced science facilitates, must partake of the same limitless nature. Such we have *only* in an Almighty High Priest of the Church. Through sacramental grace and anointed power, from every continent, from every sea, from every kingdom of the earth, Christian men may seek to become one in, and abide in, the Universal Head—Invisible—within the veil—entered into the Heavens—but where could all agree in any thing or man of this world, subject to the senses and approachable by the reason? The doctrine of a Supreme Human Authority might be a less evil in the simple ages of unreasoning faith, when to hear was to believe; but now to say too much only is equivalent to saying nothing; and men try

words, and rights, and powers (we leave *wholly* untouched their guilt or innocence of presumption in so doing), and to hear such gifts as those we have spoken of assumed, turns away from the earnester truth the hearts not only of the "few" wise, and learned, and noble, but theirs, too, who—

Just know, and know no more, their Bible true,

For, My Kingdom is not of this world! And who shall say that that temporal tiara and that fealty of kings is aught but mockery of this, the assertion of the Church's True Head? What honest, upward-looking mind, unfettered by a volition-crushing rule, can contemplate that Triple Crown, the shadowy emblem of the awful sovereignty of matter of mind and spiritual soul, the claimant of territorial power in the earth above any of the kings of the earth, the fearful imitation of Him on Whose Head are "many crowns," and not lift up a lamentation with the spirits of the martyrs beneath the Altar—Lord! O Lord! how long?

Of the practice of Invocation we spoke above in a manner which may perhaps leave us misunderstood on that particular. However beautiful and soothing a hope it may be to the soul, that the Beatified in heaven truly intercede for us on our petition, yet surely it has been a great and crying and grievous wrong which Romanism has rendered to Christianity in the exaltation of the Blessed Virgin and of the Saints-Mediators to the position they hold in many of the authorized devotions, and in many of her ritual observances.

Roman-catholic has long been one word in the popular lexicon, yet Romanism and Catholicism seem to be different things, having each its immitigable and not to be mingled meaning; though

Romanism no doubt holds Catholicism as it were in solution, in actual fact, but separately they wear very diverse appearances.

Contrast them, as the one places before man good and evil, and calls on him by all that is holy to choose the good, but leaves him free at the same time—as God has left him—to choose the evil; and as the other allows no choice, gives its dicta, compels submission, annihilates voluntary agency, and, where submission cannot be forced, destroys. Admitting fully that the *principle of persecution* is not Roman peculiarly but distinguishing all earnest feeling when possessed of dominant power, yet must it be confessed as a blot and a blemish wherever found—*there* the most where most displayed; and while elsewhere it appears as an accidental and lamented deformity, coercion is a fundamental necessity of Papal Romanism.

Contrast the ancient faith and present Rome in the imperative tone of their morality—the one severe, unbending, pure, ever the same; the other yielding and adapting itself to circumstances and expediencies.

Contrast them in their inculcation of truth—both requiring, in common with Nature's self, that a certain portion of truth should be received on faith, without proof; but then the one using that first infant trust as a foundation of knowledge and understanding faith, the other taking it as the first stone whereon to build an intellectual Keep; where the warder shall be Ignorance, watching night and day, lest a bird of the air should bring a thought; and beneath which there shall be deep dungeons of punishment for the daring self-reliant, hemmed in by the moat of Superstition; and the drawbridge

shall be for ever drawn up—and for all its use might be decayed—from the bank of those fair and wide Savannahs which God has spread for the healthy exercise of His created minds.

And contrast them in their deeper doctrines of sacramental grace—the one making One Baptism for the remission of sins; the other, even like puritanism, allowing many remissions, as full and complete and purifying as the first. We remember how perhaps the greatest Catholic Divine of our day in the Anglican Church—(long may he abide in his place—one of its great lights) once expounded the holy principle of that cleansing rite—

> The Church has no second baptism to give, and so she cannot pronounce him who sins after baptism altogether free from his past sins. There are but two periods of absolute cleansing, Baptism and the Day of Judgment.
>
> If after having been washed once for all in Christ's blood we again sin, there is no more such complete absolution in this life—no restoration to the same state of undisturbed security in which God had by baptism placed us.

And in the second chief Holy Sacrament, the one declares the unseen existence of things *beyond* the senses; the other asserts the sensible presence of things *contradictory* to the senses. The practical Catholic Faith we feel has been embodied for us in its beautiful truth, concerning that mighty mystery, in the words,

> Whene'er I seek the Holy Altar's rail,
> And kneel to take the grace there offer'd me,
> It is no time to task my reason frail,
> To try Christ's words, and search how they may be.
> Enough—I eat His Flesh, and drink His Blood;
> More is not told, to ask it is not good.

I do not say with these that Bread and Wine
Have vanish'd at the Consecration Prayer;
Far less with those deny that aught Divine,
Or of Immortal Life, is hidden there.
Hence, disputants, the din which ye admire,
Keeps but ill measure with the Church's choir.

It might be, indeed, *expedient* in its day that these mighty miracles should be placed in popular belief at the disposal of the Priest, though they may throw into the shade all inspired records; but Rome, by her claim to absolute, irreversible, and unappealable Infallibility, has bound herself under her own sanctions and protests to say for ever, in all explicative doctrine, what she has once asserted. This leads the mind to the remembrance of another wide interval between these manifestations of religion.

The principle of the one is *progress*, the principle of the other *stagnation*. Every demonstration of the mind of the one appears to be an Ideal—something that may be carried on and beautified a thousand fold, yet imperishable because spiritual; while every fiat of the other is as a hewn rock, never by any power to be expanded or modified in nature, yet tending to destruction because earthly. An illustration, quaint it may be, of this stagnatory *rest* has frequently and forcibly presented itself to our eye and mind. The well-known Romish engraving of the "Apostolical Tree" represents the tree as well rooted, thickly branched, luxuriant of leaves, and abundantly fruitful, but cut off at top; shorn of its bud of growth; its principle of progress destroyed! It is a strange and unintended, and yet how apt a, symbol. The tree must vegetate or die; the stone must gather or lose; the religion must advance or decay; and to

force the freeborn mind within a circle of immutable dicta, who shall say it is not a cruelty and an unendurable usurpation? We will add but one word more.

Contrast these systems in their doctrine of the Unity of the Church—the one recognizing the unity of distinct, not separate, branches in one root; not by an amalgamation of parts, but by a oneness of nature; the other suffering but one stem under a visible head. And if this last be true, why is given the command for each man to abide in his several home of vocation?

"Let every man continue in the calling wherein he was called," is an apostolic injunction that would indeed seem needing to be reiterated in our days. The Church Anglican, as we have seen, has provided with some care for its observance, by refraining from any imposition of an immitigable form of law, which would cut off either the stricter or the lower from her communion. She is open to all who hold the faith in sincerity, to all she offers all her Means of Grace. Her provision is like the manna of the Israelites, they who gather little lack not, and they who gather much have nothing over. In this clearly she seems divinely suited to present times;—and how many proofs we might put forward to shew her apostolic truth. Now that we see her far off, and remember all the way she led us, now that we have lost our paternity in her for ever, we sit down in the strangers' land and weep for the thought of the sweet help she gave us to wean our affections from earthly things, and gather all their strength round the glorious eternal; in the many days of remembrance of the events of our Blessed Saviour's human history, reminding her children ever of His wonderful grace and merciful kindness;

and in the times set for meditation on the characters of the Holy Apostles, when she leads them gently to long for, and guides them in efforts to attain to, those high standards of moral virtue, and self-denying charity, and eminent spirituality; and her blessed Sabbath Services, when we have so often exclaimed with joyous fervour,

A day in the courts of the Lord is better than a thousand in the palace among princes!

when the voice of the people was as the sound of many waters urging forward to the footstool of the Holy One, and they made meek reverence in receiving from His appointed Minister the pardon and the blessing supplicated; those days, so hallowed and so hallowing, that after each recurrence of their hours we would involuntarily shrink from the returning secularities of weeks; and the continual sacrifice in every city of her dwelling where, in one holy house at least, prayer is made for the forgiveness of sin at morning and at evening every day, where praise is offered with the voice of melody, and they

Sing to the Lord with a merry noise;

and the vestments of her priests, holy garments for glory and for beauty, white robes, signifying that they who minister before the Lord must be pure as He is pure; and the wearers of those vestments, in their moral splendour, so often living witnesses in their places of that glorious Shechinah which is the everlasting light of the Heavenly Altar. We remember all these things, and we are sad, for we have lost our part in them.

We cannot now quote it at sufficient length, but we earnestly recommend to the reading of those in doubt, the well-known letter by Dr. Pusey, which

appeared in Nos. 147 and 148 of the 'English Churchman,' October, 1845; it concentrates the whole difficulty of the question, both of conscience and controversy, on the point—that our regards of the Church of Rome and our duty to the Church of England should be regulated, not by—whether the first have high gifts,—but by—whether the last have the Presence of Christ; and we only add, that to us it seems that every reason there advanced grows far truer, far more striking and distinct, when any one has left the Church of England for what he has conceived to be so much better things, than it appeared before.

And let not the doubting heart mistake a mere *view* for an *opinion*. If he sets his mind to work upon the vexed question, let him rather *consider* than *think about* it. We mean, that in considering a thing, our mind takes its colour, and we become as it were a part of it, and we feel in it and through it, and by this identification are more likely to come at its bearings and motives; while thinking about it, we look at it from some remote point, and bring foreign influences of mind to bear upon it, and our contemplation is likely to lose its truthfulness, though it may become more learned. Such is too often the kind of treatment given to the question of change of religious profession: sympathy is all accorded to the new before the verity of the old is well examined; but the command is,

Stand IN the way, and ask for the old paths.

It may appear as though we were dreaming of syncretic union between the Churches of England and Rome—but not so;—those who shall live will see what the Lord will do; but it is not for men to rise up and obliterate with their Eclecticism,

and their Rationalism, and their Syncretism—that evil and prohibited amalgamation of things which should be kept distinct—that principle of confusion which God has marked under each manifestation of His Mind, in the Old Testament and in the New, as sinful in his sight,—it is not for men, with these, to destroy the classifications of Religion, or in that, any more than in their native fields, remove the ancient landmarks. Mixture, religious mixture, undoubtedly Almighty God has denounced with His peculiar malediction; and we are in the membership and communion of Rome—we, as all converts do, have bound ourselves to her service with sanctioned vows; and as far as in any case such vows are voluntary, and made under no misconception of *immediate* circumstances, we confess we cannot see how the mind can reconcile itself to their subsequent repeal, even though further light may discover to it that it has certainly erred in judgment. "Through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault,"—the lamentation of the awakened convert may run, when he finds whither hasty and ill-considered steps have brought him;—but it is a grave question whether he is still not *bound for ever*. It may be (as has been said to one impatient under the peculiarities of the new position) that "nothing but obedience now can save him, or bring him safely through the crisis which is before him to his rest—he must go on, keeping his own conscience pure, or he is but lost." The time to pause, it may be, has passed away, and his "only path of safety lies now in perseverance, whatever it may cost him"—(unless, indeed, his "main grounds of faith sink under him," on experience of the Roman system.) Even *though* he finds that "his choice of it has not rested on those

grounds of immaculate truth and necessity on which he supposed it to rest,"—it may be that nothing short of his salvation can be a plea for absolving his soul of the vow which his lips pronounced.—And that Salvation, and those main grounds of Faith, we believe to be the one secured and the other strengthened equally completely by the Roman Catholic Church and the Anglo-Catholic Church to their several members. What some minor and pressing points of disappointment and dissatisfaction *are*, we have slightly, very slightly sketched —but this being a person's position, and these the views of the reflective mind within, how, it may be said, can be justified such a one's seeming so much to linger back upon the borders of the Old Communion, loving it so well, and looking on it with so intense an admiration? We meet this with the suggestion of what may be called an overbold idea. Yet does it force itself upon us from a thousand contemplations; from every view of things as they are, from every consideration of histories past, there rises before us clearly and irresistibly the thought—

Is not the Anglican Church the Preparing Type of the Church of the Latter Days?

That Church will be an ancient one. For the prophecy of the Book was sealed, the Canon of Scripture closed, the Founders of the Church finished their work, and were gathered to their rest, and there was to be no new Dispensation, though Luther might arise as a scourge, or Ronge as a warning voice. That the Church of England, independent of the Church of Rome as to powers and gifts, dates its origin from the Apostolic ages, many of her members believe, many of her candid

opponents admit. It would seem as if she had been held in quiet readiness, silent and considered, till the fulness of time. *That* Church must be a Powerful and Systematised Church, to correspond to the predictions of Her glory and dominion. Here Rome rises imposingly with her sceptre stretching over every clime, and her Pontiff the Suzerain of the world. But suppose, as many prophecies seem to shadow, and many circumstances lead to doubt—suppose her day of dominion has served its destiny, and her vocation is fulfilled—suppose she has worked out, and truly, the effect of a Divine Cause;—by her enthusiastic martyrs of the early time, braving wild beasts and ascetic rigours, first shewing forth Religious Heroism,—by meek submission to the haughtiest usurpations of sacerdotal power, in the next age, exemplifying Christian Obedience,—by the strife for Tradition, and the reverence for its elect depositories, exhibiting the beauty of Christian Faith,—by her brotherhoods and confraternities developing Christian Love,—by her world-covering singularity exhibiting the Oneness of the Church—and all this for the instruction of mankind, according to ages, and wants, and peoples:—suppose she was set to conflict with powers and principles to which her pretensions were exactly suited—to curb the overcrushing spirit of the temporal world with her strong and haughty arm, while she spread and fostered the Idea of Religion till it had rooted deeply enough in the universal mind to need no more the fence of encircling staves:—suppose she was set to educate the world with her stern consistency, and her lofty carriage, and her proud pretensions of authoritative dogma—and all was not only permitted, but upheld and intended, designed,

continued, by Almighty power, till the times and peoples had accomplished their non-age ; and that

> Her tale of splendour *now* is told and done,
> Her wine-cup of festivity is spilt—
> And all is o'er, her grandeur and her guilt.
> Her gold is dim, and mute her music's voice,
> The heathen o'er her perished pomp rejoice,
> Her streets are razed, her maidens sold for slaves,
> Her gates thrown down, her elders in their graves;
> Her feasts are holden 'mid the Gentiles' scorn;
> By stealth her priesthood's holy garments worn,—
> And that, in long and slow accomplished fate,
> Her house is left unto her desolate——

Suppose that a different system now begins to be wanted to be girded in strength ready to meet and battle with the great and final Antichrist—that though permitted to continue still as a Home of Grace to her own children, she is no longer the chosen and anointed to supply the wants and guide the destinies of the world—but that another Church, even the Church of the Latter Days, is arising to fulfil *Her* vocation, to finish the Lord's work, and make ready for the time when—

> Shall glorious as a gem
> Shine thy Mount, Jerusalem—
> Earth by Angel foot be trod,
> One great Garden of her God—
> Till are dried the Martyrs' tears,
> Through a thousand glorious years!

And then—*Who* is She that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners? *Who* is it that is endowed with might for the exigences of these coming times? That Church of the Latter Days, to harmonize its exaltation with the common

courses of Providence, must be the Church of an eminent nation.

England has risen to great territorial power, and her influence is supreme in the world's councils—it has long been so, but peculiarly now. Until the French Revolution, Rome ruled with a vigorous arm, wavering little with the decrepitude of age, supported by the grand papal bulwarks of France and Spain—that was the long date called "old times." Since then has commenced real Modern History—in fifty years men have lived five hundred, and since then England has markedly enhanced her power: and with her own the power of her Church. The French Revolution was a great Moral epoch—the effect of a great want, as when there is a vacuum of air, it thunders: —yet, as that same thunder, though terrific at the moment, is really a benevolent influence, it seems that the French Revolution much improved the healthiness of the world's atmosphere: it roused stagnant energies, and set in motion mighty engines, which, though they did terrible damage for a while, have made ready the way, by clearing much obstruction, for that true and beautiful philosophy of benevolence and God-glorifying feeling which now the hopeful eye sees growing up in the world. By the fixed and clear and long calculated laws of reaction, a Voltaire has given place to a Wordsworth, a Robespierre to a Guizot; the eminently monarchical Louis Philippe is the son of Philip Egalité; and Rome—papal Rome—the fierce and fearful ecclesiastical system that erewhile daunted the heart of the proudest autocrat—has waxed old, and is ready to vanish away, with the relics of past politics; while the simple apostolical faith, enhancing its beauty as it

increases its years, treads upward to the place of power by the paths of temporal authority and political extension occupied by her adopted country. See how everywhere, where England's sceptre rears its head, her religion is beginning to lift its light. Look at the Colonial Bishops in their separate loneliness, the very copies of primitive episcopacy—centres of vast circles of influence and sacerdotal power. Look at the edifice of the English church building under the shadow of Mount Zion—does that betoken nothing, while the conflict, both of temporal and spiritual forces, gathers and thickens round the East?

In these days, we *interpret* history. Its facts are no longer *mere* facts; the battle and the insurrection interest and excite us, only as they are demonstrative evidences. They give us philosophy and principles of reasoning; and such as are seldom found to fail, like abstract doctrines. The prescience of the disembodied spirit may, perhaps, be the full development of this habit and power of the mind. Let it tempt us to no presumptuousness of prophesying—but, we confess the thought becomes continually more distinct to us, that the Anglican Church is being raised up to be the Church of the Latter Days, prepared by every principle for their need, and arming fast for their mighty mission; and that it ere long will be The Manifestation of God's arm in the world, even as the Church of Rome in her time has been.

Is it said—What do we answer, then, to the great rallying cry of the visible unity of the Church Catholic always and everywhere?—We answer, in better words than our own words—sweet and earnest and melodious words—

"And when the spirit of unity comes into a soul, or

into a Church, it cometh from above. The Comforter brings it down. Discord is of the earth, or from beneath. The divisions of Christians shew that there is still much carnality among them. The more carnal a Christian is, the more sectarian will he be; and the more spiritual he is, the more loving and forbearing and self-renouncing are you sure to find him. And it is with Christian communities as with individual Christians. When the tide is out, you may have noticed, as you rambled among the rocks, little pools with little fishes in them. To the shrimp in such a pool his foot-depth of salt water is all the ocean for the time being. He has no dealing with his neighbour shrimp in the adjacent pool, though it may be only a few inches of sand that divide them. But when the rising ocean begins to lip over the margin of his lurking place, one pool joins another, their various tenants meet, and by and bye, in place of their little patch of standing water, they have the ocean's boundless fields to roam in. When the tide is out—when religion is low—the faithful are to be found insulated, here and there a few, in the little standing pools that stud the beach, having no dealings with their neighbours in the adjoining pools, calling them Samaritans, and fancying that their own little communion includes all that are precious in God's sight. They forget for a time that there is a vast and expansive ocean rising—every ripple, every reflux, brings it nearer—a mightier communion, even the Communion of Saints, which is to engulph all minor considerations, and to enable the fishes of all pools, the Christians, the Christ-lovers from *all Churches*, to come together. When like a flood the Spirit flows into the Churches, Church will join to Church, and Saint will join to Saint, and all will rejoice to find that if their little pools have perished, it is not with the scorching summer's drought, nor the casting in of earthly rubbish, but by the influx of that boundless sea whose glad waters touch eternity, and in whose ample depths the Saints in Heaven, as well as the Saints on earth, have room

enough to range. Yes, our *Communities* are the standing pools along the beach, with just enough of their peculiar element to keep the few inmates living during this ebb-tide period of the Church's history. But they form a very little fellowship—the *largest* is but little—yet is there steadily flowing in a tide of universal life and love, which, as it lips in over the margin of the little pool, will stir its inhabitants with an unwonted vivacity, and then let them loose in the large range of the Spirit's own communion.

Happy Church! farthest down upon the strand! nearest to the rising ocean's edge! Happy Church! whose sectarianism shall first be swept away in this inundation of love and joy! whose communion shall first break forth into that purest and holiest, and yet most comprehensive of all communions—the communion of the Holy Ghost! Would to God that Church were ours*!

* Who knows what blessings might be vouchsafed to sustained MUTUAL INTERCESSION! If each serious-minded member of the whole Church would daily make an Act of fervent Faith and an Act of earnest Charity, before the Hearer of Prayer, who could tell but He would open the windows of heaven and pour out this inestimable benediction of His grace! Since this book has been in the press a jubilee has been proclaimed throughout the Roman Catholic world—wherein the faithful are, with penance and almsgiving, to supplicate the great gift of the direction of God's Holy Spirit for the new Pope, called to his pontificate in these arduous and troublous times. It is a beautiful command—God speed its purpose! If He Who is the Angel of the Covenant to the Churches, has promised to be present wherever two or three shall gather together to ask anything in His name—how far more may we hope He will give heed to the united prayer of so vast a number of His

But to return to the superficial and evident tokens of the Anglican Church,—how bright are the encouragements that invest Her.—In parishes where, ten years ago, there existed only a formal state religionism adopted as inculcated once in the week by a world-loving clergyman, now is seen operating a system of fervent piety and self-devotedness, daily prayers and frequent communions, schools rising and flourishing, and societies organising for the temporal and spiritual relief of the destitute poor; all under the fostering and anxious care of some pure and lovely character, at once the venerated teacher and affectionate friend of his people.

Surely the Voice of the Lord has been in the change. What other voice could have worked as has this in the few years that have elapsed since a Presbyter of the Church came forward to warn to their awakening his slumbering brethren?—and now they are *all* awake, where almost *all* were

people. Oh, that Anglicans would *in this thing* imitate Romanists, and pray likewise for the presence of an Almighty Pilot amidst the waves of this troublesome world. If only all the earnester and more considerate at present in the English Church would, with fasting and charity, set themselves to truly and continuously beseech Him "to inspire the Universal Church with the spirit of truth, unity, and concord,"—if they would more extensively and devoutly use that "Form of Prayer for Unity and Guidance into the Truth" which has now been several years in their hands,—if they would but daily with true hearts recite the Lord's Prayer thrice in honour of the most Holy Trinity with *this* intention—who knows what Heaven might be implored to do!

asleep: if they love and mind the voice, it has waked them well; if they contemn it, still it has waked them.

Had the change been of man, it may be supposed that such an awakening would have been the work of one of the great men, a Primate or a Bishop, or perhaps accomplished by a chosen convocation; but He who came to Gideon, where he threshed his father's wheat, and said,

> Go in this thy might and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites: have I not sent thee?

He, who chose not of the nobles of the land, nor of the seven elder sons of Jesse, but would have David anointed for his work—He who directed Elijah to cast his mantle on Elisha the son of Shaphat—acts ever in the mighty sovereignty of His own will, yet also in visible wisdom:—had these chosen of our day occupied *any other* ecclesiastical position than that which they do occupy, their influence could not have had the range it now has; had they been merely parochial ministers, or had they filled high prelatical stations, their sphere would have had its limit; but placed as they were among the educators of the rising race of the clergy, and the teachers and leaders of the future governing senate of the land, and having committed to them for training thus an unparalleled amount of earnest intelligence, their influence, sentimental and active, on the kingdom that influences the world was necessarily boundless and incalculable. Who then can look over the facts of the Anglican Church in these years of its revival, and not piously exclaim, "What hath God wrought!"

True, there are hours when circumstances or events are adverse or unexplained; hours when the heart of the most devoted Anglican will almost fail within him. Hours when it seems to him that his Church assumes too low a place, too low a tone, for an anointed messenger of the Most High King; when he thinks how it beseems not knees that are so often bended to the Deity, to press the ground in honour of men; when his brow burns and his heart beats to assert the independent inviolability of his Church: for he knows that it is in no way on its establishment by human law that its claims should be rested; the authority and the blessed hope of the Church of this country abiding on the foundation of His help who knows her works, and has set before her an open door which no man may shut, because she has not denied His name, but for ages and generations, while dark heresies have spread around her, acknowledged

> The Father of an Infinite Majesty;
> His Honourable, True, and only Son;
> Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter;

on His power Who has said,

> Because thou hast kept the word of My patience, I also will keep thee in the hour of temptation *which shall come upon all the world.*

There are times, too, alas! of intense trial: times such as that Sabbath in the end of the autumn of '45, whose record is burnt into many a heart—when He, a Prince in the camp, was missed from the congregation of his Israel. *That* Sabbath-day who that *felt* will forget ere the leaves of the Tree of Life shall have healed the agonies of

time? *The news* had spread everywhere: friends and scoffers knew alike the fact. To Oxford he would be no more a son. To Oriel he would be no more a praise. To St. Mary's he would be no more as the morning in its beauty. To Littlemore he would be no more a father. The deeper hearts of the sons and daughters of the Church of England were heavy with grief and thought that day. A Great Light was dark. To many, we believe, it was as if the Lamp in the Sanctuary had gone out. *Such* days there are. Such are enacted over again, in lesser measure, in many recurring instances. The shepherd is smitten, and the sheep are scattered. It seems as if the Mother, The Church, had forsaken her children, as if God had abandoned His people. But who shall call in question His inscrutable purposes? Who shall fathom His designs with His Chosen? It would seem that for centuries He has appointed this Church to veil her vocation; and now that His hand appears to be lifting the covering from her fair countenance—shall His mercy be doubted now?

Though He try her Himself in the furnace, it will be but to bring her forth more perfect. And they who have forsaken and risen against her, who knows what their judgment may be? Soon they find that they have made a *great mistake*, that where God has permitted one branch of His Vine to be established, they may not with impunity sever themselves from it, and seek a self-chosen station with the excuse that here they have no *sympathy*. "No sympathy" will be the reiterated and bitter cry of their hearts for years after. Great unhappiness falls on them. A just correction. They do not, we humbly hope, lose their salvation,

but they lose their comfort, for they have done wrong, tempting God, and interfering with His providence, and whoever does this will find God too strong for him: in one way or other will feel His hand.



Conclusion.

"Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt cœli et terræ gloriâ tuâ. Hosanna in Excelsis."

Common Canon of The Mass.

There is a little lonely fold,
Whose flock One Shepherd keeps,
Thro' summer's heat and winter's cold,
With eye that never sleeps.

By evil beast or burning sky,
Or damp of midnight air,
Not one in all that flock shall die
Beneath that Shepherd's care.

For if, unheeding or beguiled,
In danger's path they roam,
His pity follows thro' the wild,
And guards them safely home!

WHEN the Nun, St. Teresa, was about founding at Toledo a Convent of her Order of Barefooted Carmelites, a young woman applied to be admitted to the habit, but added, "I will bring with me my Bible." "What," said the Saint, "your Bible? Do not come to us. We are poor women, who know nothing but how to

spin, and to do what we are bid." And her biographer who records this, is at no pains to extenuate or explain it, but rather presents it before his readers as a very beautiful instance of his heroine's humility, and lauds the temper of it as most exalted virtue. This and similar incidents in the lives of canonized Saints, are put forward now in every popular form for the imitation of the faithful in England in their manner and degree.

Borderers on Rome—Yet a little while is the Light with you. Walk while ye have the Light, lest darkness come upon you; for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth.

While the sun or the light, or the moon or the stars, be not darkened; nor the clouds return after the rain:

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern: Use these days, for they are precious, and may be few, and when the Book of your Faith is taken out of your hands, let it be no matter, because you have it in your hearts. Perhaps the very thing that has seemed to our weak judgments before now, a folly of man, the unrestrained circulation of the Holy Scriptures among all classes, even the most ignorant and abandoned, has been in reality the wisdom of God providing for the exigencies of coming times; by which He has been laying up the Truth with His "little ones" and His "poor," that their love may keep it from loss at a period of which Eternal History may have to record even as of times heretofore, "The Word of the Lord was precious in those days, there was no open vision."

Here and there some gaping stitch in the seam

of the veil reveals to us forthcoming possibilities, such as, when the Rule of Rome shall have been recognised, will bring conscience to perform a very close work of investigation and trial of position.

The convert among us now has leave to use his Bible, but it is given him *as a permission*,—not as a matter of course to every Christian. And while any thing is held, whatsoever it may be, in this way, as a conditional favour, as something needing especial leave, the power is recognized in him who confers to withdraw and sequester: and that the doctrinal portions of God's word are withdrawn from the multitude wherever it is possible so to do, the most filial adherence to Rome cannot cause to be forgotten. Preceptive Scripture is selected and separated, the deep practical importance of the Doctrinal Word being passed over or concealed. There is, however, one point of a thoroughly Roman character in regard to the use of the Scriptures, which is already imposed on those who adopt the badges of that Church, as well as strictly observed by Her legitimate people. We have slightly spoken of it before. We refer to the restriction to the reading or possession of the Roman Catholic Version.—That commonly read in the Churches of England is repudiated as imperfect and corrupt! and replaced by one—we dare to say it—which will better serve an end and cater to a purpose.

Therefore, to say nothing of such *translations* as, "And Jacob *worshipped the top of his staff!*" which may be coloured over by the ambiguity of Hebrew figures, such comments as these fill the margins of the New Testament, wherever printed in the vulgar tongue under Roman sanction. On St. Matt. xvi. 22, 23, rendered—

And Peter taking him began to rebuke him, saying: Lord, be it far from thee, this shall not be unto thee. Who turning said to Peter: Go behind me, Satan, thou art a scandal unto me; because thou savourest not the things that are of God, but the things that are of men.

That is, taking him aside, out of a tender love, respect and zeal, for his Lord and Master's honour, began to expostulate with him, as it were to rebuke him, saying, Lord, be it far from thee to suffer death: but the Lord said to Peter—Go behind me, Satan. These words *may* signify—Begone from me; but the holy Fathers expound them otherwise, that is, *Come after me, or follow me:* and by these words the Lord would have Peter to follow him in his suffering, and not to oppose the divine will, by contradiction: for the word Satan means in Hebrew an *adversary*, or one that opposes.

1 Cor. xi. 28—

But let a man prove himself: and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of the chalice.

Drink of the Chalice. This is not said by way of command, but by way of allowance, viz., where and when it is agreeable to the practice and discipline of the Church.

2 Cor. ii. 10—

And to whom you have pardoned anything, I also. For, what I have pardoned, if I have pardoned any thing, for your sakes have I done it in the person of Christ.

The Apostle here granted an Indulgence or pardon in the person and by the authority of Christ, which pardon consisted in a releasing of part of the temporal punishment due to sin.

But this book is before all English Churchmen, and open to their examination, however sealed *their* Bible may be to those of the other Communion.

This prohibited English Bible Margaret took with her into her convent dwelling. It was one that she had brought away from her husband's study table when she visited that room last; it was the Oxford diamond edition, and the one he had used ever since she knew him, in the pulpit, and in visitations, and in his place of secret prayer: and every text she had heard him discourse from was interlined and had been chosen there; and many a flood of precious thoughts came back as one date after another in the margin would attract her eye, and brought before her so distinctly all again the days of her rejoicing. Its letters, and its very binding and its golden clasp, she reverenced. And perhaps she was learning more clearly than she had known before the value of the Word of Comfort in itself, and then that Own Bible was the natural resource. Be this as it may, she had herself bestowed the little book in the travelling case containing the needful articles of dress and comfort she was to take to *——*.

When Augusta assisted her in arranging these after they had arrived at their destination, she remarked the Bible, and recommended her sister to lay it aside, or resign it into the hands of the Superieure.

"Why should I do so?" said Margaret. "I cannot think it can be displeasing to God that I should read His Word in common with so many of the holy and highly esteemed of His children in our own Church."

"Dear Margaret—do not express yourself so. You know the Established Church of England is not Our Church any longer. We are members of The Church, and our aim should be to identify ourselves with Her in every thing. It may not be

a matter of great consequence, yet, as a proof of obedience and filial feeling, it may *become* important; and St. John of the Cross says—that every slight attachment, every thread, may hinder you from flying to God, and from being wholly His."

Margaret's gentle nature soon yielded—the book was given up—and so her last home-consecrated possession was gone. No—not the last. She had still her infant daughter—and to the opening and training of her mind she now gave the little time reserved from her enjoined religious duties.

Thus is that deep and earnest worship of rejoicing, which the lilies of the field and the birds of heaven fore-teach us, crushed at every point, and a dry and terrible code of heartless forms substituted, wherein, by bereaving ourselves of all His outward mercies, we are to fancy that we best utter our thanksgivings to the Lord of all Good Gifts, and with loveless hearts render the most pleasing homage to the God of Love. And this, though apparently, is not in fact, inconsistent with the laxity of *penitential* discipline, to which we have referred. This—still—is the crushing of *the mind.*

And so months passed on. And the summer was gone, with its sad yellow sunlight that used to look so strange, spread everywhere in the convent courts: so different to the sunshine on the green meadows of summers before. And the autumn was come, and cold shivering days, and then it was first observed in the house that Margaret looked ill and weak, and was often absent from her place in the choir at the morning prayer. Being as yet unprofessed, a less rigid adherence to rule was now therefore exacted from her, and she

had much more leisure permitted. Her sister had settled down into the occupations of the house, with all the ardour of her strong nature; and as Margaret was generally supposed to be engaged with her little girl, inquiries were seldom made as to her employments, while the evident growing pliability and quietness of her disposition satisfied for the present the Superieure and her Spiritual Father. But still she was observed to be evidently sinking in health; and as more attention began to be bestowed upon her, and her sister was importantly engrossed with her course of religious preparation, and also in several ways in the service of the Church,—the invalid was allowed to choose from among the nuns any one she wished to accompany and assist her in the minor hours of the day. Her little daughter had however already made the irreversible selection, by attaching herself with all her infant fondness to a young lady, also a convert, who had but lately taken the black veil, and who was called Sister Mary Beatrice. This young nun was also in a state of failing health, but she had one of those dispositions which will not succumb to the last, but bear on proudly in the course they conceive theirs; as in her case, in endurance, in some others in action, and in others again in some eccentric wilfulness, till an impassable external barrier, or the Fate of Nature, or the Hand of Providence, is laid across their way.

Very gladly she undertook the charge of the interesting inmate, whose coming to their retreat, and affecting story, had been the universal subject of conversation among the sisterhood long after its novelty had worn off; while the baby child, whose little heart had entwined itself with that which

beat so warmly and so true under the sombre habit, was all in rapture with her acquired unbounded liberty of acquaintance.

The Sister Mary Beatrice had been one of those sudden converts whose joining the Roman Catholic Church was the comment of the daily newspapers, and the wonder of those whose thoughts moved in such a direction, many months anterior to what we may denominate the Great Secession. The Young, the Enthusiastic, the Thoughtless, went first—they are ever ready to lead the van—the marvel is how the Learned and the Wise and the Staid came to follow them.

It was often now a matter of pleasure to Margaret to draw from her companion the tale of her conversion—a tale under any form, and of whomsoever told, to her most painfully full of interest; but in this case affording also matter for much curious speculation, the Sister having come, as she learned, from the ranks of extreme Ultra-Protestantism. Many days they walked together in the enclosed gardens, the little Margaret playing round them, and plucking here and there a stray and sickly-looking flower fluttering in the autumn wind: many long sweet evenings they spent together in the quiet cell devoted to Margaret and her child, while the little one slept sorrowlessly on her pillow, the two friends holding strange conference by the hearth-side over their embroidery, or as Margaret reclined, too weak for exertion, on the couch beside her child.

One evening while the young Sister was helping her to prepare some warm attire for winter use, a little book fell from among the furniture of the wardrobe, and the nun, ever eager for a book that is not the Breviary, hastily caught it, and dis-

covered it to be a copy of Wilberforce's 'Eucharistica.' Margaret expressed surprise, having believed, as she said, that she had brought no Anglican book there except her Bible, which she had resigned by her sister's wish; but strong emotion had almost overpowered her companion.

"You have some hidden sympathy with that book, dear Mary," said the still more wondering Margaret.

"Ah, do not call me 'Mary,'" she sobbed, "it is not *my* name; call me Ernestine,—Ernestine is my name."

"Well then, dear Ernestine, what is it in that little book that brings all these tears?"

"Its name—itself. Oh, Margaret, it was the pledge of my union with my own—our own True Church! Why did I find it here to bring back the vain, vain thoughts of all that I have lost!" and she threw herself on the floor in a passion of tears.

Margaret raised her and gradually restored her to composure, and then said soothingly as she sat by her side, and put back the disordered coif that half hid the excited countenance of the young nun.

"I am to call you Ernestine, dear sister, tell me why: Mary Beatrice is a very pretty name, and I think your name in the world was not Ernestine?"

"No, not in the world, but in the Church, in *my* Church—my sweet and holy home—the home God gave me with His own hand. Ah! do not call me Mary," she exclaimed again, "our Blessed Lady forgive me, but it is the remembrance of a day that was not of God. Day of penance, day of passion, ever as the year comes round;'" and again she wept long and bitterly.

The hour of retirement came, and they were obliged to separate; Margaret, for the first time for months, to lie full of waking thoughts of other bitterness than her own, and the Sister, by a night of severe self-punishment, to pay the penalty and guard against the recurrence of this evening's ill-restraint.

From that time Margaret seldom saw her: deeply as she was interested in her history and in herself, she made many efforts to discover why her favourite was withdrawn and another Sister appointed to fill her place in any needful ways: but all that she could conjecture was, that the scene of the last evening of their intercourse having been related in confession, it had been thought expedient for the Sister to return to her accustomed duties in common with the rest of the household. One day when the Superieure visited her, Margaret ventured to inquire after her young friend, and half-request her return.

"I will desire Sister Anastasia to do for you all you need, my daughter," replied the Superieure; "and she shall be ready to walk with you in the garden whenever you wish that assistance."

"But, Reverend Mother, is Sister Mary Beatrice ill? She has left her embroidery here; will you not allow her to fetch it? and my Little Margaret is continually calling most piteously for her friend."

"Infant preferences are soon settled and soon unsettled, my daughter. As for the embroidery, I will carry it with me. The Sister Mary Beatrice is at present under discipline, which I and her Spiritual Father think salutary, and in which I am happy to say, she herself concurs."

The Lady rose to go, and Margaret, compelled to be satisfied with this scanty information, resigned

herself to receive the attention, which her rapidly-increasing weakness made necessary, from the hands of an elder and discreeter sister. But of Ernestine and her history she often thought; and afterwards, when, very shortly before her death, she met with another young enthusiastic girl just preparing to follow the same course, she told her the sad tale, and she was warned.

She who would be called Ernestine had been educated, as we have said, in Ultra-Protestant principles, and these had left within her ever-reaching, searching, striving soul, a mighty void. She was led to believe that this unsatisfied feeling arose from a want of *what those about her called* "true religion," and so, as her heart was wild and thoughtless, and her increasing years still took their colour from it, she did not spend much consideration on these inward feelings, of which she was nevertheless continually conscious. Some very deep and excessive sources of distress, however, quieted the quick beating of her joyous heart, and turned inwards those gushes of energy which had been used to overflow; and, as is often the course these things led on the thoughts to the "better land," "the rest," "the hiding-place." As was to be expected, her eyes and ears and hands were opened for the satisfaction of their need to the religious body with which birth and association had linked her. Thither she turned, and was unsatisfied. (Let it not be imagined that in relating this simple fact we are wishing to put scorn on those of whom we speak. Far from it, indeed; we only say that we have known those whom their possessions and their gifts were insufficient to content.) Leaving aside all questions about that inward grace, which our devoutest creed recognises as dwelling ALONE

in the Church, (our friend, the afterwards Nun, had not yet learned this,) the bare and rigid worship of her childhood became unpleasing to her as soon as she began to seek religion with a sincere mind. We know that we shall be told this showed a primary fault; in fact, a want of faith and true grace; for it may be said that, as the material body of man is to bring to perfection the mind that is housed in it, and then itself die, so the form and ceremonial of religion may be all dispensed with the moment love and service to God become the character of the life, and worship in every thought, and will, and action, grows a habit, as in the Christian it should.

Yes, it is true; only you regard this as the miracle of a moment, we as the work of years. Yes, brethren, they are all done with then; and let him among you who has arrived at this pure, perfect state, cast the first stone for the demolishing of them all. He who needs no admonition of duty, has no wanderings in his devotions, and requires no pardon night by night for offences against the law of love; let him dispense with the daily calls to prayer, the strict and steady form, and the consoling vicarious absolution; to him ceremonial remembrancers are useless and intrusive. *We* look for no such vanishing away of the cumbering material yet; we wait till the time of the new heavens and the new earth, when the last ordeal shall have been added to perfect our spiritual education, and we shall enter into the Holy City to dwell there, of which it is told by the Apostle, among its singular and unheard-of peculiarities, that there is "no Temple therein!"

The seeking mind found no hold in the outward, and turned to deeper things, expecting there to

find a steadfast rest: but commandments and doctrines of every conflicting phase were then before her; explanations the most opposite of important things were each and all avowed to be the teaching of God's Holy Spirit; and often, where the common words of Scripture could bear but one evident meaning, possibilities and assertions of incorrect translation were put forward to make it multiform. She, too, then, interpreted for herself, producing original meanings, and eliciting new secret lights! But this would not last long. The earnest mind cannot feed upon confections, be they ever so rare. She was all at sea—confusion doubled itself with confusion; she had no guide, no teacher, and she was just throwing herself headlong into the abyss of unbelief.

That she was ignorant of the existence of what was called a Church and Church principles, cannot be said; but that no realizing fact was in any way attached to the knowledge she possessed may be safely asserted, as it may of the hundreds and thousands who continue in these days in their birth-schism. She had scarcely ever attended the Church service, but a new Clergyman having come to the parish of her residence, curiosity led her thither with the multitude. The first sermon (which was to her then the absorbing part of the service) was from the words, "They have forsaken the fountain of living waters, and hewed to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water."

The preacher was eloquent and earnest and true. Every word was a volume. Then first she heard of the Church as a practical, actual thing, the glorious fountain which God had filled with His own grace to supply the world's great need—the

Holy Catholic Church. He spoke of its antiquity, its universality, its transmitted authority; and here was firm footing, solid rock.

The idea of the Catholic Church, the first and final and all-sufficient Appeal, was received with joy and gratitude. And oh! the gladness of succeeding days, while light after light broke into the chambers of the mind touching sacraments, and holy mysteries, and doctrines, and observances, and details, all one in the perfectness of this glorious Thought, this Catholic Church. Soon she was made by Holy Baptism a member, a part, an identification with this object of her dreams and joy, and ground to her of growing most sweet peace. And, not in Baptism, but from those who were its friends and hers, her warmth, almost wildness, and devotion of heart, had gained her the name in love of Ernestine.

So it went on, Ernestine learning and rejoicing more and more. Her veneration became more and more settled upon those in the Church of her Baptism who were called the "extrême droite" of Oxford: it was not wonderful that it should so be settled upon men to whom many who held their principles in little favour testified, as not only admired for their abilities, but respected, revered, and beloved for the meekness with which they bore insult and injury, and for their abundance in prayer, in all holy observances, and in all good works; for their lowly, mortified, self-denying lives; for the lofty flights of their devotion; for their severe conscientiousness in all things. It was not wonderful that it should be so: and when she lost her first instructor's never-questioned light, by his removal far away, she committed herself wholly to watch and follow the course of these, who seemed to her

most nearly resembling him in principles and character. And they led their disciples with them whither they have many of them gone; and Ernestine was among the number who *waked* and *found herself* a traitor to her Faith, an exile from her Home, a wandering mendicant to the Roman Church. Her after-feelings are sufficiently shadowed in the little scene we have already described in Margaret's chamber, when the accidental sight of a formerly familiar book recalled the vivid past.

To return to our immediate history, Margaret was now perceived to be sinking by slow and evident degrees. Consumption had laid its finger on her, and its chosen victim rarely escapes. Her sister, who had never been satisfied with the kind of submission she appeared to yield to the Church, into whose visible communion irresistible circumstances alone, it was plain, had borne her, began now with serious labour to set before her what she conceived to be those true lights of religion and grace which can alone secure a certain good future —confidence, free and unreserved in, and full devotedness of heart to, the Roman Catholic Church. Bitterly grievous it was to her to find that Margaret, instead of having grown of late in these principles, had receded far from the line her self-encouragement had marked some time before. One hope she had of impressing the affectionate and plastic mind—and the time for the test of that had arrived. Her own Reception was arranged to take place, and though Margaret was far too ill to participate in the ceremony, as she had before determined, it was anticipated that the scene would affect her to renewed dutifulness of heart towards the Church, in whose most solemn ties her best and dearest would then all be bound.

Augusta, henceforward the Sister Mary Agnes, was prepared for her final step—the last act of free agency. She had scourged her heart, and mortified her mind, and chastened her will to the very dust—and the day of entrance on her novitiate had arrived.

Many spectators were gathered in the chapel at *——*. Idle and curious spectators many probably were. Little do these gazers think of all the under-current that sustains the glittering scene of their amusement and often profane levity. There was silence; that perfect stillness which occurs where a deep feeling of devotion, or even of excitement, pervades a large assembly: that utter stillness, which, when accompanied by splendour of religious scenery and absorbing religious feeling, becomes to the mind, so occupied, a near approach to the idea of the Heaven, where immediately the Throne of God is. Then the first notes of the great organ startled the ear, and the thrilling chant—

O! Gloriosa Domina excelsa super sidera,

commenced the service. Then they sang—

Praise the Lord, all ye nations, praise Him, all ye people,
Because His Mercy is confirmed upon us, and the truth of the Lord remaineth for ever.

Two young Priests then walked slowly from the chancel round the choir, sprinkling holy water from crystal basins, which their Acolytes carried before them, singing the Anthem appointed before Solemn Mass,—

Asperges me, Domine, lavabis me;

which was answered,—

Miserere mei, Deus;

and again the Gloria Patri, and the antiphonal Asperges me, Domine.

The usual Service of High Mass then proceeded; the whole Ritual being performed with great solemnity. A sermon followed. In the preacher was recognised again a convert; a late Minister of the English Church. The motto of his address was the simple words, "Him that overcometh;" but it was a great subject, and as he treated it, in reference to the immediate scene, singularly impressive. He showed how great and glorious are to be the rewards of the person distinguished as "Him that overcometh"—he shall be clothed in white raiment —I will write upon him My new name—I will make him a pillar in the Temple of My God—I will confess his name before My Father and the holy angels, and he shall sit with Me on My throne. Then he spoke of the nature of this overcoming: its highest and most splendid point being regarded as that exemplified before him. The struggles and the strife, the bitter tears of penitence, the painful vigil, the long fast, the bodily distress, the giving up, the crushing down every idolatry, every, not strictly holy, thought, the sacrificing a right eye, the cutting off a right arm, the bearing after Him, who bore it for us, the Cross of His Passion and the Crown of Thorns. All this was beautiful and true, and spoken of as they alone can speak who have made such sacrifice, and found it—gain. Then came the inconsistency of the pomp and vanity of the world with these high necessities: the blessing of being thus separated from them all, and from its darker temptations; temptations, and sins following, that cloud every vision of its boasted happiness, laying up stores of wrath to absorb as nothing its famed felicity. "Does the battle seem

hard, the victory far off? Yet the Church offers, in Her holy services and sacraments, daily renewed strength. The grace of Baptism, the benefit of Penance, the most adorable power of the Holy Eucharist, have carried thousands through the strife, who are now beyond the battle shouts and whirlwinds of the earth, on the shore of peace; and their stepmarks are before us, and their influence, in some sacramental way, is about us, and their prayers assist us, and their hands help us. But there is she whom the Lord himself sustains, whose battle He fights, with whose enemy He contends, and for whom He conquers—this is the Bride, the Chosen of the Lord."

He then proceeded to speak much, in a way which is usual in convents, of the espousals of the Religious with the Lord; applying, as it seems to us, by a grievous perversion, the figure of Marriage used in Scripture as emblematic of the union of Christ with His Church, in a familiar and colloquial manner to those present who were putting off their secular habits and assuming the conventual vows. Awful, however, as words like these seem to the novice, there was no shrinking from their application expressed in the faces of any of those to whom especially they then referred; so habituated do the heart and ear become. The thought is forced on the simple mind by such words—of the infinitely more glorious than this, and purely mystical character, of that High One, of Whom it is written in prophecy, "The Marriage of the Lamb is come, and His Wife hath made Herself ready"—how, as yet, the time of Her manifestation is not arrived, for Her members are scattered and Her beauty is scorned; but how the Lord the Spirit dwells in Her, and throughout Her, and

when the appointed time shall come will gather Her and adorn Her for Her espousals, and Her Lord will own Her His Glorious Church—His Affianced Bride. But even so does Rome materialise the most beautifully spiritual things.

The sermon and the ceremony went on. The countenances of many began to express deep emotion—those to whom the tumultuous agitations of a temporal career were but the faint remembrances of the past; and those yet living in the world, in its pleasures, in its sins, which are but its pleasures exaggerated, who were rejoicing in its possessions as life's chief end and good, all felt the awe of that solemn eloquence and that affecting scene.

The Lady Superieure now descended from her stall, attended by two Sisters, and standing by Augusta, and the others who were to be Professed in the Order, who knelt in the lower part of the choir, read to the latter in Latin a statement of the various duties and obligations they would be required to fulfil; to which, in a clear voice, audible to all present, the novices repeated the directed responses. They then led the postulant to a small private chapel, and the worldly garments, worn till now, were exchanged for the dress of plain stuff, the habit of the sisterhood, which had been previously sprinkled with holy water and consecrated. Her hair, the last relic that remained of the earthly scenes among which she had moved, was then cut off. A long veil was thrown over her head, and she was led back through the choir to the steps of the altar, where, kneeling on the lowest, the Holy Sacrament was administered to the Professed, and they all received the benediction of the Bishop and the superior priests;—

Ecce quam bonam et quam jucundam,

was softly sung—and all was over. The crowd dispersed, and the Sisters retired to spend the remainder of the day as a high holiday.

Margaret, faint and feeble with the long and exciting ceremony, was about to return to her cell, when the thought crossed her that she had not recognised the face of her friend Ernestine under the hoods in the choir; and a strong effort of resolution turned her steps towards the refectory, where, from some among the assembled Sisters, she hoped to gain news of her favourite.

Many inquiries were vain, but at length one less reserved than the rest, told her that the Sister Mary Beatrice was certainly under punishment, of what nature she could not say, but she thought it was probably only retirement in her cell. Much more industry was needed to discover any clue to the fault for which she suffered, but the Nun at last whispered that a Protestant Bible, and she crossed herself rapidly many times, bearing her—Margaret's—name, had one day been left lying in the refectory, and the Sister Mary Beatrice had taken it from the other Sisters, saying that she would restore it to its owner, and conjecturing that it might have been brought there by the little girl.

After this nothing was positively known, but that one day at collation, as one of the Lives of the Saints was being read, the Sister had made a hasty remark in contradiction of a sentiment there urged, quoting as her authority a verse in the Bible, as she said, which was strangely and sadly enough perverted from its position in the Missal; and from that time Mary Beatrice had

never appeared among them. All furthur inquiries were useless; it was evident no more could be elicted or was known about the matter.

Margaret was very sad; the loss of her sister and the mysterious disappearance of her friend troubled her heart. She still continued to receive the occasional visits of the Superieure, and to make her confession on the eve of the chief Festivals, but otherwise she became thenceforth an isolated being in the house, exchanging no sympathies and seeking no intercourse. And why was all this, when we might have supposed that months and fast-failing health would have linked her more and more confidingly with those around? This was the reason;—she had a simple, faithful mind, unused to sophistry, unschooled in dextrous reasoning; she tried everything by the sense and consciousness of a child, and what was by that standard found wanting, she rejected. She had joined the Roman Church, and entered a Religious House, purely from her desire to satisfy the wishes of her husband; and she had trusted to time and habit to reconcile her feelings, at least, to the change of religious scene, feeling confident that there could be no wrong in essential things in what the mind, which had been her guiding light, recognised and loved. But she had now been several months in the Convent, and her uncomfortable feeling in her embraced faith increased rather than diminished; added to which, the strange doubt in which she was left with regard to her young friend's fate, excessively troubled her. These causes, acting on the sensitive nerves of the weakened frame, were too visible in their effects; restlessness fatigued, and fever consumed her.

A few days subsequently to the Profession of

Augusta, the Superieure visited the invalid, and finding her much worse than when she had seen her last, inquired if she would like to try the effect of change of air; in which case her sister would be willing and allowed to accompany her to visit any friend whom she might select. Margaret seized on such permission with an avidity that for the moment startled the Reverend Mother, who said—

"I trust, however, my daughter, that you have not found yourself unhappy among us."

Margaret's eyes fell, for she felt that much pains and consideration had been expended on her comfort, and it seemed too ungrateful to allow herself to express a discontented feeling; and now, too, when she might be leaving for ever the asylum that had been opened to her sorrow. She was silent—but the Lady pressed for an answer; and then she told her all her homelessness of heart in the new Faith she had adopted, and how much, very much, of its doctrine and practice appeared to her impure and untrue. It was a long and engrossing conversation, and terminated in the arrangement, that the following morning Margaret should send forward the intimation of her intended coming, and herself commence her journey, with her sister and her little daughter, to their friends in the North of Scotland.

Short sleep was it that the burning brain would suffer her that night, and at an early hour her sister appeared to make the needful preparations for their journey. Few words now passed between them, neither reproaches on the one side nor reasoning on the other being likely to be attended with any result. As the hour drew near for their departure, Margaret went to take leave of the

Sisterhood and the Superieure, leading her little girl to bid good-bye also to the friends who had treated her very lovingly. Long and many were the affectionate lamentations expressed, and Margaret left the child with the Sisters while she sought an audience with their Reverend Mother. This obtained, and the last words said, and the last blessing received, she ventured to inquire if it would be allowed her to take leave of the Sister Mary Beatrice.

The Superieure evaded the request; but as it was repeated more earnestly, she suggested, that in Margaret's weak state, the interview might be too overcoming to her affectionate feelings. But still more the desire was urged—and, passing her arm within that of the young invalid, the Superieure led her towards that part of the house in which the refectory and the chapel, and some other large and seldom-used apartments were situated. Margaret wondered at the direction of their steps, for she knew that the cell of the Sister they sought was very near to the Superieure's own room; but they passed on in silence; and after looking for a moment into the refectory, where the baby Margaret was still taking her farewells from the assembled Sisters, they walked through the chapel, by one of the side aisles, of which the key was always kept by some of the authorities of the house. At the end there streamed the broad flaming light of a deep red cross in a high and darkened window, only visible when, as now, the morning sun shone straight upon it. They made their accustomed reverence to the sacred symbol; and the Superieure, taking from her pocket another key, led the way through a low short passage into a large apartment, which Margaret had before observed from

the garden as flanking the north side of the chapel building.

For a moment nothing was distinguishable in the dim light, which reached the place only through narrow loopholes high in the wall at either end, but the eye adjusted itself, and the Superieure led her companion forward into the room, closing the door behind them.

Before them, in the middle of the floor, lay a low bier, covered with a long black cloth, beside it were folded up and laid together the garments of one of the sisterhood, the gown, the coif, the cincture, and the Rosary and Breviary lay above, and on the top of all, a wreath of faded and crumbling flowers. A cold chill struck from the place—the Superieure removed the cloth that covered the bier, revealing, pale, cold, and lifeless, in the common habit of the dead, the Sister Mary Beatrice—the gay, joyous, bounding Ernestine.

Margaret uttered an involuntary cry, but the lady placed her finger on her lips, and said in a low voice, while her piercing eyes looked full in those of her companion,

"You wished to take leave of her—daughter."

"But why is she here," exclaimed Margaret, "and lying in this manner? I know the Sisters when they die usually lie in the choir before they are buried, and are dressed in their habits, and crown of flowers, as they are on the day of their espousals, as they call it—and how did she die, and does no one know that she is dead?"

"She died—daughter—*unabsolved, and without the Sacraments*—and will be buried as a dog is buried."

With a sick heart Margaret returned to her room to be attired for her journey.

As they travelled, she asked her sister for some

explanation, which she felt sure she could give, of poor Ernestine's fate: but Augusta was no longer the indulgent sister she had been; the petrifying waters of Rome had passed over her heart. All that Margaret could prevail upon her to communicate was—that the Bible she had resigned was one day accidentally left by the Superieure in the refectory, as she was taking it to point out something to the Confessor,—that Sister Mary Beatrice had taken it away, supposing it should be restored to the person whose name it bore—but being in the course of the day directed not to visit her room again without particular leave, in consequence of an incident regarding an Anglican devotional book which she had related in confession, she had retained the Bible without the knowledge of the Superieure, until some time subsequently it was discovered by her quoting passages in opposition to some Catholic instructions—and after that, she had even refused to make her confession, being, "as," said Augusta, "she most blasphemously declared, a Penitent of the Great High Priest, and prepared to meet Him in the Confessional of Conscience."

Little sympathy now remained between the two once fond sisters; and when, after a long and fatiguing journey through the bleak roads of the Highlands, they arrived at the more truly Highland hospitable mansion of early companions, Margaret inadvertently destroyed the last lone hope preserved of her ultimate true conversion, by the expression of unusual joy that escaped her at having returned to friends of their childhood's Faith. Her sister reasoned with her, that she was a member of the Catholic Church, and must be constant to her vows.

"True," she replied, "a member of the Catholic Church, and one with ——— (her husband), and also with dear Ernestine, in the whole family in Heaven and on earth."

"How can you speak so of a heretic, Margaret? You must feel that you are participating, to say the least, in mind, in a great sin."

"They are not heretics, my sister," said the gentle invalid, growing stronger in voice and energy as she spoke, "who worship God the Father with true hearts, and adore the Blessed Name of God the Son, and reverence His Holy Law—but they who *separate* the truest and the best from among us ——" and then her words failed with emotion, remembering her own special separation, though that was of a different character.

"'Runs not the word of Truth through every land,
A sword to sever, and a fire to burn:'"

said Augusta severely.

The stroke went home, for those words had been quoted to the broken heart before. But the strength of excited feeling rose again, and she replied—

"It does so, to sever the Evil from the Righteous, the Holy from the Unholy, the Service of God from the Service of Mammon. But, oh! surely it is a dark perversion to apply such words to the introduction of a sword into the Church for which Christ prayed in His last and tenderest prayer that It might be all One."

"The Church for which our Lord so prayed *is* One," said Augusta, "always and everywhere—The Sure and Unerring Church—the foundation of St. Peter, and the especial Care of God;—whereas the Sword refers to the cutting off of the

Unfaithful from Her Pure Communion, that Her Unity may never be disturbed, as otherwise it would be most sorely."

"Yet," replied Margaret, "while you restrict the Church to the foundation of St. Peter alone, I recollect that in the Book of the Apocalypse, the New Jerusalem is described as having 'twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb.' It would seem from that as if each had founded a Church or trained a branch of the Living Vine; and as to the Church of England I will say, sister, that I rejoice in believing that 'The Lord will rehearse when He writeth up the people, that this and that man was born in Her.'"

"There is much in the English Establishment that is very fair-seeming; but have you forgotten the impression you felt when you read that most touching lamentation for the loss of HIM who tried his utmost and his best to restore the religion of his country to the ancient way, and was spoken of at last as 'though separated, only gone to labour in another part of the Vineyard,' and it was answered —that such Latitudinarian notions were unrecognized by the Catholic Church, that the Lord's Vineyard is indivisible as His coat is seamless, and that no possible right of possession in Her can be allowed but through original union or unqualified submission."

"I remember it well, and I thought, my sister, yes, I thought that such an answer to such a Letter as that you refer to was worthy of the spirit that boasts of its unchangingness; unchanged since the terrible Sicilian Vespers, since the Vigil of St. Bartholomew, since the reign of the Inquisition."

"And can you really speak considerately in this

manner of the Church through whose medium you trust for salvation?"

"Of late," replied Margaret calmly, "since I have lost my right in one Communion, and found no comfort in another, I have turned to trust immediately in the Lord, the Head of the Church, and my destinies are in His Hand; I look back to my original Baptism as my true grafting into the Living Vine, and from that I hope His Mercy has not cut me off. But in retracing my life in these awful hours there rises sin, sin every where—mingling in all, triumphing over all—sin and imperfectness, that no penance, no fasting, no mortifications, no outward means ever could cover or atone for; and this, instead of overwhelming me with despair, creates its own hope, for then one doctrine of the Holy Catholic Faith stands forth in its great and single brightness—the vastness of the sense of want throws the soul instinctively upon the infinitely vast fountain for its supply—the Death of the Son of God is seen to be a sufficient atonement, and the spotless righteousness of the Son of God *that only* which may be pleaded before the pure Eye of God. He is seen to have wrought the work alone, and the bereft and weary soul remembers that it was for man, for all men, for whosoever will, and merely and confidingly it throws itself into His hands by a strong spiritual act, turning from the dark record of its own sins, and casting away the last rag of even its own righteousness, hides itself in His mantle, and feels and knows that it is for ever *safe*, for He will never cast out one who comes to Him. I wish now, indeed, to leave controversial matters, and give myself humbly to preparation for my end; but as one comes nearer the eternal world, one's perceptions of Truth do not deaden."

"And what of your husband and children; are you content to be separated from them by the barrier which must intervene between the children of the Church and those who are false to Her?"

"I am not false to the Church, dear sister. I love Her deeply and devotedly, even in all her parts, and where I think I see the saddest imperfections; and for him who was my husband," and her voice did not fail now, "I have given him up into the hands of God, sure that He will never leave the earnest Truth-Lover to die in error; and I have the most full confidence that he will return to the Church of his first and dearest ministry when more light has been vouchsafed to him. Our children I leave in their orphanhood to the care of the Father of the fatherless."

We must pass over weeks during which Margaret grew nearer and nearer her end. She was tended with indescribable affection by those to whose care as to this world she had committed herself. At last, in the early spring, the news reached her of the death of her little boy. She shed no tears then, and expressed no sorrow.

"I shall see him again," said she, "sooner than I thought; he is gone before me."

Though she had not expressed such a desire before, and of course nothing of the kind had been pressed upon her, she wished after this to be visited by the Clergyman of the neighbouring Episcopal Church. To him she communicated the sad detail of the history of the past few months, and left it in his hands to advise her whether she would be justified in making her last communion in the Church of her heart and youth, or whether it would be rather her duty to remain in death where

certainly solemn vows had subsequently placed her. His unhesitating opinion was given for the former course, and in accordance with that, therefore, the solemn and most comfortable Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood was administered to her among the assembled household of her friends deeply affected with the touching ceremony.

And death drew on apace. No worldly cares afflicted her now, she was ready to depart and to be with Christ. She consigned her little Margaret to the protection of the friends among whom she was about to breathe her last, "until," as she said, with a joy-prophetic smile, "*he* claims her from you to be a light and blessing to his renewed home fireside."

As the last hours seemed wearing away, Augusta said to her,

"You have begged the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints in your final struggle? you cannot believe that to be a useless form?"

The glazing eyes lighted up once more and looked bright, bright as they used to look before tears had dimmed them, and the sweet music-toned voice of other days was restored from utter weakness for one moment, as the dying Margaret answered,

> "*They may stand near to the pearly gates,*
> *May be close to the Ear of Heaven,*
> *But who would dwell in the servant's lodge,*
> *When the mansion-house is given!*"

And she died—Requiescat in pace. Immediately after the funeral, the Sister of *——*, reluctantly leaving her orphan niece in heretic hands, made a rapid journey back to the Convent of her profession. She contributes no further to our history, except that we may observe, it was

believed she had a vocation to one of the severer contemplative Orders, and she has been transferred to "L'Eglise d'Espagne, *La Perle de la Catholicité*." where, in a secluded house of the Order of the Reformed Carmelites, she will live under the most rigorous rule. The mortification of the will and the senses, the exercise of assiduous mental prayer, strict confinement, and almost perpetual silence; the most austere poverty, without any settled revenues, the habit of coarse serge, and sandals instead of shoes, to lie on straw, and never eat flesh, are a few of the severities which a delicate Englishwoman has gone to give herself to suffer this present year of 1846.

Yes, these are no fables—but the things of the time and the months we live in. Monks are no longer to us the mere illustrations of old stories of romance, but we know them of families among whom we have grown up,—we count among them our friends; the cowl and tonsure are familiar to us in fact, as they used to be in pictures. And a Nun no more seems to us the creation of a poet's fancy, some fair idol of the past. They who have moved in our drawing-rooms, and made the mirth of our fire-sides, are Nuns; those whom we have sat side by side with in the churches of our land, whom we have met in the streets, with whom we have walked in the fields, are Nuns. Perhaps we are speaking now, through this voice-trumpet for time and distance, to some who are meditating a like course. Sisters, one word with you. If these purposes come into your hearts, far be it from us to talk of setting aside the Lord's vocation—only be sure that it is such. It is a day of excitement and influence; be sure that these do not carry you away whither you are not aware.

Once placed in the convent, remember it is for ever. You may imagine it would be easy to retract a repented step. Are you so humble, so careless of the world's jeer? Try your hearts; and if otherwise you determine to persevere, however stern, however comfortless the way, remember it is for years, and years, and years, and years—on—on—on—on—the same. In a moral point of view more gravely, but more vividly in a circumstantial, it is an awful and a fearful thing to embrace the Holy Life without a True Vocation. *Now*, there may be eclât and something like fame among contemporaries attending these unusual steps, but the last echo of that will die away from your heart as the Convent gate closes behind you. Among those you join you may be received with many demonstrations of love—you may be, for a while, the heroine of the house—and favours may meet you, and much flattering care from those in authority—but, has it ever occurred to you, by and by *you will grow old*, —old in years, and old as an inmate there; and then who will care for you among the crowd! The same scene will have been enacted many times as at your profession, and new favourites, young and fresh from the joyous world, will have come and faded, while you are left far in the rear. You depend on your mental capability of preserving yourself remembered. The Nun has no mind—it is crushed, extinguished, annihilated in obedience; and if she had, she has no power to use it, no space for its display, in the way we speak of. She reads aloud in the refectory in her place and turn; she recites her offices in the choir; and makes her hurried, scarcely noticed, penitence in the confessional. All she has to do is to perform the routine of a machine. See to it well, then, that no excite-

ment, no *romance*, lead you into imagining a vocation from God which does not exist. Bitterly you will rue it if you do. High, very high and glorious is the true calling of those who shall follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, for they are virgins; but of mistake, or misconception, in this matter, beware, for it is a Lie.

Ours are times of stirring interest; perhaps more universally so than any period since that which immediately preceded the First Advent of our Lord. In every department of science and philosophy, in politics and national relations, in the organisation of society, and in theoretical religion, there is a movement and an increasing agitation. An agitation, not like the every-day ebbing and flowing of the waters, but like the uneasy heaving which warns the fisher that he must back to his anchorage, for the Spirit of the Storm is arousing from his sleep in the under caverns. Strange notions are afloat of right and wrong. Doctrines are taught which, in the Dark Ages, men would have blushed to set their names to. Whatsoever thing is new, in the place and time, accords with the public taste, and is held in public approval. The people of this age are fed upon a strange compound of deep research and shallow reasoning, and it is not the many, but the very few, that know to refuse the evil and to choose the good. There is a doubt, and an uncertainty, and a wavering in men's minds. They ask, and they are informed; and then they question the veracity of their instructors. They work, and are not satisfied with their labour; they are idle, and do not rest. An industrious instability, an energetic feebleness of purpose, it would seem, is the historical character preparing for this meridian time of the nineteenth century.

Yet are these but so many several testimonies that Truth, disturbing, oversetting, error-exterminating Truth, is busy with the mind of the million.

Amidst all this variance and change, and passing to and fro, the earth is growing old. Nature has developed the mightiness of her power. Art has exhibited her endless combinations of wonder. The multitude have gazed and departed. The learned have studied and laid aside their books. Human intellect has measured the heights of the high heaven, and sounded the depths of the deep sea. Man's research has brought for the people the tale of the past, and they know it all and are weary now with its repeating. And they have asked a prophecy of the future, and intellect and research have faltered and failed. And the people are restless about the future; and they ask every man his brother the interpretation of his dream. Six thousand years are nearly filled since God created man. The Saturday Evening of the World is come; and the whisper and the murmur, and the cry is spreading—What shall be on the morrow?

That morrow *we* anticipate with hope and consolation. In the secure confidence of the Church we study the omens of the age—and they are *enough*. The intercourse of nations, the tendencies of education, the death of time-honoured monopolies, great conventions—are fast making men great Catholics, politically and morally; and the bond of the mighty brotherhood will surely be perfected in its highest sense, religiously, in His time Who is One Lord, Whose name is One, and Who will have His Worship and His People One. It may need that Rome be changed—changed by internal restoration, not by exterior revolution—it may need

that the Greek Hierarchy lower her lofty crest and repent her bitterly in the dust for her many misdeeds;—it may need that England be yet sternly shaken from her centuries' slumber ere she can sound the world's réveille—and if it need all this, He doeth after His will in the armies of heaven and among the people of earth, and already He has provided for the necessity—as if He proclaimed the Vigil of the Consummation. Romanists become schismatics if they advance before their Spiritual Sovereign; therefore, to legalise, as we may say, their activity, the Pope must be in the van of all improvement. Mark, then; a Pontiff of unusual power and manly energy and deep religious feeling, a man given to the times, has this year ascended the throne of Rome! Who can prophesy the results? The Patriarch of the East and his prelates, we are told, are watching with keen eyes and yearning hearts the phenomena of Christendom:—they lead their clergy and their people under an implicit confidence: the course of the ecclesiastical senate is the course of the religious of Moscovy. England, with her democratic tendencies and jealousy of concentrating power, requires another dispensation; and her need, also, is provided. The untitled clergy, the unbeneficed clergy of *the people*, have been called and anointed to the new work. She loves heroes: she ever fondly murmurs her homage round the shrine of individual miracle; and to content this craving, and turn this doubtful inclination to a good, her champions have been given to her.—One, doing pious and costly sacrifice with continual prayers, every one, as it were, the weight of a talent, for the outpouring of God's grace in the midst of this nation.—One, who has created no

small stir,—born to govern men and to lay his fingers on the mainsprings of society.—One, distinguished, set in high places, stationed to secure in the centre the line which is sweeping a vast circle:—the Uma's nest is built above his head, and when great things are doing he will be in the midst, and his deeds will ratify the augury.—

England of Saints! thy peace will dawn, but not without the fight;
Then come the contest when it may, and GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT!

LONDON:
HARRISON AND CO., PRINTERS,
ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

NEW WORKS

IN MISCELLANEOUS AND GENERAL LITERATURE,

PUBLISHED BY

MESSRS. LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,

PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

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